This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY
BY THE RHODES TRUSTEES

826. 18 ~ .9

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE MELBOURNE REVIEW

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1883

GEORGE ROBERTSON
MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, AND ADELAIDE
1883

[*The Right of Translation and Reproduction Reserved*]

Digitized by Google

RHODES HOUSE
OXFORD
LIBRARY

MELBOURNE:
PRINTED BY WALKER, MAY, AND CO.,
9 MACKILLOP STREET.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
ARCHER, W. H.	Sir John O'Shanassy: a Sketch	235
ARISTARCHUS	"Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century"	33
BLAUBAUM, Rev. E.	Judaism	74
CLEZY, J., M.A.	Ion's Morning Song	88
ELLIOT, Gilbert	Esoteric Buddhism	403
FITCHETT, Rev. W. H., B.A.	The Sunday Question	341
HAMILTON, E. B.	Promoters of Companies	207
HARPER, A., M.A.	The Sunday Question	325
M'CRAE, G. G.	A Rosebud from the Garden of the Taj—I.	10
,,	,, II.	186
,,	,, III.	283
,,	,, IV.	396
MEUDELL, G. D.	A Popular Fetish	289
MONTGOMERY, A.	The So-called Corruption of Modern English	199
NANSON, E. J., M.A.	Electoral Reform	115
PETHERICK, E. A.	European Enterprise in Australia—I.	363
RENTOUL, Rev. J. L., M.A.	The Sunday Question	307
SLADEN, D. B. W.	Spiritualism	454
STEPHENS, Edward	Tasmania	448
STOUT, Robert	Governor Gordon and the Maoris	164
STRONG, H. A., M.A.	Curious Survival of an Ancient Language	1
SUTHERLAND, A., M.A.	Religion in State Schools	60
,,	The Sunday Question	208
,,	Adam Lindsay Gordon: a Memoir	424
TUCKER, Rev. H. F., M.A.	The Sunday Question	320
TURNER, H. G.	An Unsuccessful Patriot	49
,,	The Story of a Loan	150
,,	Mr. Higinbotham on Pulpit Influence	377
WEBSTER, Mrs.	Natural Religion	89
,,	The Sunday Question	335
WILSON, A. C., M.A.	"In Memoriam"	17
,,	Tennyson's Idylls	133
,,	A River Famed in Song	261
THE LIBRARY TABLE		101, 213, 349, 457

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MELBOURNE REVIEW.

No. 29.—JANUARY, 1883.

CURIOUS SURVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT LANGUAGE.

FEW phenomena in the history of language are more singular than those exhibited in the history of modern Greek. It is constantly impressed upon Englishmen by a certain school of historians that they are wrong in speaking of Anglo-Saxon at all, which is, it is alleged, merely old English. Others have described the Romance languages as merely modern Latin, and no doubt both of these descriptions, if rightly understood, are correct. Still, when an ordinary Englishman sits down, unaided save by the light of nature, to try and decipher a piece of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, or when an ordinary Frenchman merely trusting to the knowledge of his own language tries to interpret Latin into modern French, he finds himself fairly non-plussed. On the other hand, a student who can read Xenophon or Arrian, or the Greek of the New Testament, will find little or no difficulty in making out the sense of a great part of a modern Greek newspaper. Literary Latin is essentially an artificial dialect. Literary German, again, differs widely from the ordinary spoken German of common life. It differs alike in the words it employs, in the order in which it employs them, and in the length of the sentences which the written German by preference uses. The literary German has, in fact, laid itself out to copy the artificial arrangement of words of the literary Latin, and has thereby rendered itself alien to the genius of those in whose mouths it is the vernacular. Modern Greek, however, is actually ancient Greek with slight variations. This strange preservation of the Greek language in comparative purity is due, in the first place, to the fact that the Hellenes of all times have agreed to recognize

Digitized by Google

9 MAY 36

the most perfect type of their language in classical Greek literature, and also to the very intimate relations between the Greek Church and the people, and the reverence with which the patristic writings and formularies have constantly been regarded by the Hellenic people.

Modern languages commonly differ from their ancient prototypes in three main ways :—

(a) Modern languages show a great tendency to cast off inflections and suffixes: in fact, to become analytic, instead of synthetic.

(b) Modern languages exhibit a great change in the meanings which they attach to certain words; and further, they actually replace many classical or native words by loan-words or by words taken from their own language and used in a fresh sense.

(c) The pronunciation of a modern language is commonly very much altered from that of the ancient language from which it springs.

In the first two of these particulars modern Greek differs less from ancient Greek than does Italian from Latin. On the difficult question of ancient Greek pronunciation it is my intention to touch but briefly, as to discuss it exhaustively would require more time and space than the limits of this brief article permit.

It is well known that the pronunciation of modern Greek differs from the so-called Erasmian pronunciation of ancient Greek in that modern Greek is pronounced by the accent. The syllable on which the accent falls is pronounced with a stress, and little, if any, difference is made between long and short vowels. Thus, ἄνθρωπος is pronounced ¯ἀνθρώπŏς, εὐθὺς as *efthéess*. The obvious question arises, to what end were the accents introduced in ancient Greek if the ancient Greeks did not observe them in pronunciation? The answer to this seems to be that in ancient Greek the accent marked the place where the voice was raised. Suppose in English I am told that Jones will meet me at a certain spot, and I am not sure of his identity; I should naturally ask, "Who is *he?*" In this case it is true the stress and the raising of the voice fall on the same syllable. But a few words even in English might be quoted in which the accent marks merely the syllable where the voice is raised, the long syllable coming after it, as in the case of lándhōlder, cábdrīver.

Digitized by Google

It is fair to say that this theory is disputed by eminent modern Greek scholars like Mr. Geldart, who points out—(1) that the supposed conflict between accent and quantity is due to our application to Greek of the principles of Latin accentuation; (2) that there are many long syllables in Greek which it is impossible, even according to the Latin system of pronunciation, to accent; (3) that the peculiarities of English pronunciation directing us, as they do, to discard accents, do actually lead us to confuse long and short vowels, as in the case of the long and short υ, the two sounds of which letter are commonly in England pronounced in the same manner—namely, as *you*. The result of this is that when we want to show the difference between long and short υ, we have no other means open to us than that of laying a stress on the long υ and leaving the short unaccented. In ἠὐτύχει and ὑπεύθυνος we pronounce the υ as *you*, *i.e.*, really long; and we only distinguish between the long υ in the one case and the short υ in the other by flying in the face of the Greek accent and reading the words respectively ἠὐτύχει and ὑπευθύνος. In this case, so far from preserving the true quantity by the loss of the Latin accent, we are only covering a false one.

β is pronounced like the English *v*; δ like *th* in *then* (Welsh dd); χ like *ch* in *loch*, or in the German *doch*.

I subjoin a short sentence, with an interlinear English transcription embodying the chief peculiarities of modern Greek pronunciation, taken from Mr. Geldart's grammar:—

Ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ οὐκ ἐπλάσθησαν εὐθύς, ἀλλὰ ἀνεπτέχθησαν ὀλίγον κατ'
O ooranos tkĕh ee yee ook eplástheesan ephtheés allá aneptoékhtheesan oleégh on kat'

ὀλίγον· οὐδ' οἱ ἄνθρωποι οἱ υἱοὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ ηὐρέθησαν ἐξαίφνης τέλειοι ὡς
oleégh on oodh ee ánthropee ee ee-eé too theoó eebhrétheesan exéphneees téle-ee oos

καὶ νῦν, οὐδ' ἐκ τοῦ βάθους τοῦ σκότους καὶ χαοτικῆς συγχύσεως ἀγγέλων
tkĕh neen oodh' ek too bháhthoos too skoa-toos tkĕh khaoteekees seengkhéesĕoos angéelo an

σάλπιγξιν προεκλήθησαν, οὐδὲ τὸν πόλεμον φύσει ἀγαπῶσι, ἀλλὰ περὶ τῆς
sálpeengxeen proekléetheesan oodhé ton-bólemon féesee ah-gh-ah-poósee ahláh peri - tees

ἑαυτῶν σωτηρίας φροντίζοντες, φεύγουσι τὴν - ἀοπλίαν, καὶ ἐμπίπτουσιν
eh-ahphtoan soateereéahs phrondeézondes, phébhghoosee teen ah-oa-pleé-ahn tkĕh embeéptooseen

ἔριδι· καὶ μάχαις, καὶ τὴν αὐδὴν τοῦ Ἄρεος φθίγγεσθαι μανθάνουσι.
érreedee tkĕh máhkhehes tkĕh ĕeen ah-bhdheén too 'Ahrĕos phthénggestheh mahntháhnoosi.

In modern Greek the auxiliaries are employed to a very great extent in the verbs: thus there are two futures in modern Greek—the first expressing a continued or repeated action, formed by θά

Digitized by Google

and the present subjunctive: or by θέλω and the present infinitive; as—

θὰ πηγάινω καθ' ἕκαστην,	I shall go every day.
θέλω περιπατεῖ κάθε πρωί,	I will walk every morning.

The second future is used when the action is to be performed once without prolongation or repetition. It is formed by θά and the aorist subjunctive, or by θέλω and the aorist infinitive, as—

θὰ ὑπάγω σήμερον,	I shall go to-day.
θέλω περιπατήσει ἀπόψε,	I will walk this evening.

Again, the modern perfect is formed by the present of ἔχω and the aorist infinitive (both in the active and passive) ἔχω λύσει, ἔχω λυθῇ. Some writers have seen the origin of this form in phrases like the ancient θαυμάσας ἔχω of Sophocles, and it is true that forms like this foreshadow the analytical state of language which must follow; but still it must be observed that in ancient Greek ἔχω was used as something more than a *mere* auxiliary, and θαυμάσας ἔχω meant, in classical Greek, "I marvelled, and still marvel."

The loan-words in modern Greek are borrowed chiefly from the Turkish; but it seems surprising, in view of the long domination of the Turks over Hellas, that more of the conqueror's words did not make themselves at home in the Hellenic language. Instances of such words are: λουλούδιον, for a flower; and ἔφεντι (effendi), which still in certain cases replaces the regular word for "sir," κύριος. The most curious instance of the classical word being replaced by another word is afforded by the vernacular for "horse" (ἵππος), which in modern Greek appears as τὸ ἄλογον (the unreasoning animal).

A marked feature in modern Greek is the prevalence of diminutives. It is well known that in ancient Greek these commonly ended in -ιον: as τό παίδιον—the little boy. In the vernacular the final syllable is commonly dropped, and the nominative singular ends in ι. Sometimes the beginning of the word has fallen away, as in τὸ μάτι, the eye—*i.e.*, ὀμμάτιον, τὸ φρύδι, the eyebrow. Other instances of diminutives are—τὸ ψωμί, the bread; τὸ κρασί, the wine; το ταξειδε, the journey or voyage.

The capacity of modern Greek for survival is shown in its power of forming compounds to answer to modern requirements. Thus, whereas almost every modern language has adopted some form of "poste" to express the delivery of daily letters, the Greek

Digitized by Google

naturally and simply coins the word *ταχυδρομεῖον*, the "swiftly running institution." The tobacconist is *ὁ καπνοπώλης*, "the smoke-seller." An advertisement in the newspapers is *γνωστοποίησις*, "a making known."

It is truly wonderful how the language of Pericles has adapted itself to the requirements of these artificial days. Let us consider a few instances of this :—

(1) The railway pays 8 per cent.

ὁ σιδηρόδρομος πληρόνει ὀκτὼ τοῖς ἑκατόν.

(2) I shall go down by the half-past two train. It is only ten minutes to Phalerum by rail, so that we can come back to Athens by the four o'clock train.

Θὰ κατέλθω διὰ τῆς ἀμαξοστοιχείας τῶν δύο καὶ ἡμισείας μ. μ. Μεχρὶ Φαλήρου διὰ τοῦ σιδηροδρόμου εἶναι μόνον δέκα λεπτά, ὥστε δυνάμεθα νὰ ἐπανέλθωμεν εἰς Ἀθήνας διὰ τῆς ἀμαξοστοιχείας τῶν τεσσάρων μ. μ.

(3) They made an excursion (picnic) to Eleusis, but when they began luncheon, they found that the knives and forks were missing.

Ἐξέδραμον εἰς τὴν Ἐλευσῖνα καὶ ἐν ᾧ ἤρχισαν τὸ γεῦμα τῶν εἶδον ὅτι ἔλειπον τὰ μαχαίρια καὶ τὰ περούνια.

(4) They take about a week. A letter posted on Thursday reaches London on Wednesday, and one posted on Saturday will be received on the following Saturday.

Χρειάζονται μίαν ἑβδομάδα περίπου. Μία ἐπιστολὴ ῥιφθεῖσα εἰς τὸ ταχυδρομεῖον τὴν Πέμπτην φθάνει εἰς Λονδῖνον τὴν Τετάρτην, καὶ ἄλλη ῥιφθεῖσα εἰς τὸ ταχυδρομεῖον τὸ Σάββατον, θὰ ληφθῇ τὸ ἑπόμενον Σάββατον.

(5) Sir,

I beg to draw your attention to the following cases of negligence on the part of the Post-office. On Thursday last the mail came in at 11 a.m., but the postman did not bring my letters until late in the afternoon. On Saturday the mail came in at 10 a.m., but I did not receive my letters until late at night. As the mail for Europe goes out on Thursday and Saturday at 6 p.m., I was unable to answer the letters I received, and am forced to wait until next week. This is a matter of the utmost importance, and I request that you will inquire into it, and make every endeavour to have it rectified. I am, etc.

Ἀξιότιμε Κύριε,

Λαμβάνω τὴν τιμὴν να σᾶς παρακαλέσω νὰ ἐπιστήσητε τὴν ὑμετέραν προσοχὴν ἐπὶ τῶν ἐξῆς περιπτώσεων ἀμελείας τοῦ ταχυδρομείου. Τὴν παρελθοῦσαν Πέμπτην τὸ ταχυδρομεῖον ἔφθασεν εἰς τὰς ἕνδεκα π.μ., ἀλλ' ὁ γραμματοκομιστὴς δέν μοι ἔφερε τὰς ἐπιστολὰς εἰμὴ ἀργὰ μετὰ μεσεμβρίαν. Τὸ Σάββατον τὸ ταχυδρομεῖον ἔφθασεν εἰς τὰς δέκα π.μ., ἀλλὰ δὲν ἔλαβον τὰς ἐπιστολάς μου εἰμὴ ἀργὰ τὴν νύκτα. Ἐπειδὴ τὸ ταχυδρομεῖον διὰ τὴν Εὐρώπην ἀναχωρεῖ τὴν Πέμπτην καὶ τὸ Σάββατον εἰς τὰς ἓξ μ.μ., δὲν ἠδυνήθην ν' ἀπαντήσω εἰς τὰς ἐπιστολάς τὰς ὁποίας ἔλαβον καὶ ἀναγκάζομαι ν' ἀναμένω τὴν προσεχῆ ἑβδομάδα. Τοῦτο εἶναι ἀντικείμενον ὑψίστης σπουδαιότητος καὶ παρακαλῶ ὑμᾶς νὰ ἐφευνήσητε καταβάλλοντες πᾶσαν προσπάθειαν πρὸς διόρθωσιν. Διατελῶ κ.τ.λ.

Digitized by Google

(6) What are you quarrelling about? Achilles has taken my doll and broken its nose. That's a lie; Calliope pulled my hair. Be quiet, or you shall both suffer for this.	*Διὰ τί μαλόνετε;—Ὁ Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐπῆρε τὴν κοῦκλά μου καὶ τῆς ἔσπασε τὴν μύτην.—Εἶναι ψεῦμα· ἡ Καλλιόπη μοῦ ἐτράβηξε τὰ μαλλιά.—Καθήσατε ἥσυχα! ἄλλως θὰ πάθητε καὶ οἱ δύο σας δι' αὐτό.*
(7) Go straight through the town, and take the road to the left, which will bring you to the railway station. You cannot make a mistake.	*Πήγαινε κατ' εὐθεῖαν διὰ τῆς πόλεως καὶ πάρε τὴν πρὸς τὰ ἀριστερὰ ὁδόν, ἥτις θὰ σὲ φέρῃ εἰς τὸν σταθμὸν τοῦ σιδηροδρόμου. Δὲν ἠμπορεῖς νὰ κάμῃς λάθος.*
(8) How much do you get a month? Only 300 francs a month as Professor, but I make something more by writing for the papers.	*Τί μισθὸν λαμβάνετε κατὰ μῆνα;—Μόνον 300 φράγκα κατὰ μῆνα ὡς καθηγητής, ἀλλὰ κερδίζω ἀκόμη κάτι τι γράφων εἰς τὰς ἐφημερίδας.*

On the other hand, many modern phrases startle us by their closeness to classical usage: thus we find "Clean my boots, please," rendered in modern Greek by *καθάρισον, παρακαλῶ, τὰ ὑποδήματά μου.* The above examples are taken from the admirable "Handbook to Modern Greek," by Vincent and Dickson (Macmillan and Co., 1881).

My particular object, however, in writing this paper has been to call attention to the fact that there are in certain districts of Italy, even now, certain Greek dialects surviving as spoken language. These are found, at the present day, in the two most southerly points of Italy, in Calabria and in the district of Otranto. The names of the modern Greek-speaking towns are Bova, Amendolea, Galliciano, Roccaforte, Rogudi, Condofuri, Santa Caterina, Cardeto. There may be some young Victorian philologists who may find it interesting to make a note of this, as Brindisi is getting nearer to Melbourne every day, and the cities I have mentioned are within a day's journey of Brindisi. The specimens which I shall cite are taken from the valuable and, I believe, rare collection of "Saggi dei dialetti Greci dell'Italia Meridionale, raccolti ed illustrati di Domenico Comparetti" (Pisa).

The first instance is a sacred song of Bova. The verse is rendered first in the Latin characters in which it is written, secondly in the Greek, and thirdly in English:—

O juro pu en echi jerusia
  Niftanimera panda to lodiguo.
Ene ena monacho, somata tria,
  Ecino crazo ce ecino pisteguo.
Ene dio pu tu cannu sinodia.
  Panda gonatisti ton adoreguo.
Crazzonta tin ajo apanaghia
  Sed afti tundi zichi raccomandeguo.

Digitized by Google

Ὁ Κύριος τοῦ ἐν ἔχει γερουσία
Νύχταν ἡμέραν πάντα τὸ lodεύω.
Εἶναι ἕνα μοναχὸ, σώματα τρία,
Ἐκεῖνο κράζω καὶ ἐκεῖνο πιστεύω.
Εἶναι δύο ποῦ τοῦ κάνουν συνοδία.
Πάντα γουνατιστὶ τὸν adoreύω.
Κράζοντας τὴν ἅγιο Παναγία
Σὲ ὅ' αὐτὴ τούνη τὴ ψυχὴ raccomandεύω.

The Lord who has no old age,
Night and day ever I praise Him.
He is one alone, three persons,
Him I invoke and in Him I believe.
There are two who bear Him company.
Ever on my knees I adore Him.
Invoking the holy Madonna,
To her I recommend this soul.

The next piece is one of the popular songs of Bova—in this case I add the Italian version as well:—

Pateguo podda guai ce e mu importegui
Ce tuni agapi de finegui mai;
Sa passeguo ettutte ce e mu plategui
Tuno ene o signo ti su me gapai;
Me tudda lucchi mavra m'ammajegui
Me tudda chili rusa mu jelai:
Tuti agapi zeri pote finegui?
Sambue o ilio ganni ta rai.

Patεύω πολλὰ guai καὶ ἒ μοῦ importεύει
Καὶ τούνη ἀγάπη δὲ finεύει mai·
Σὰ passεύω ἐδῶθε καὶ ἒ μοῦ platεύει
Τοῦνο εἶναι ὁ signo 'τι ἐσὺ μὲ 'γαπάει·
Μὲ τοῦνα τὰ lucchi μαῦρα μ' ammajεύει,
Μὲ τοῦνα τὰ χείλη rusa μοῦ γελάει·
Τούτη ἀγάπη 'ξέρει πότε finεύει?
Σὰν ποῦ ὁ ἥλιο χάνῃ τὰ rai.

Soffro molti guai e non m'importa,
E questo amore non finisce mai;
Quando passo di qua e non mi parli
Questo è il segno che tu mi ami;
Con codesti occhi neri mi ammalii,
Con codeste labbra rosse mi ridi;
Questo amore sai quando finisce?
Quando il sole perda i raggi.

Digitized by Google

I suffer many pains and little recks it,
And this love never ends :
When I pass hence, and thou dost not speak to me,
This is the sign that thou dost love me :
With those black eyes thou dost kill me :
With those red lips thou dost smile on me :
Dost know when this love doth end ?
When the sun doth lose its rays.

The interesting point in this extract is that the patois has wholly retained the Greek grammar, while adopting so much of its vocabulary from the Italians who surround it. The concluding extract shall be a version of some verses of the Stabat Mater in the dialect of Calimera :—

Vresi e mana ponimeni
Sto stavrò, afzicomeni,
Pu crematza to petì

Ti psichì ti marameni
Priche tosso ce cammeni
Ti trapanepse o spasì.

Βρέθη ἡ μάνα πονημένη
'Σ τὸ σταυρὸ, ἀψυχουμένη,
Ποῦ κρεμάσθη τὸ παιδί.

Τὴ ψυχή τη μαραμμένη
Πρικὴ τόσο καὶ καμμένη
Τὴ trapanευσε τὸ σπαθί.

Stava la madre addolorata
Presso alla croce, lunguente,
Dove fu appeso il figlio.

L'anima di lei appassita
Amareggiata tanto, e abbattuta
La trapassò la spada

Posu ponu ce fotia
Incue è mana es tin cardia
To pedaci manecò !

Posa tamnia e sventurata
Pirte riftonta es ti strata
Risa catu es to stavrò !

Πόσο πόνο καὶ φωτιὰ
Ηκουσε ἡ μάνα εἰς τὴν καρδία
(Γιὰ) τὸ παιδάκι μοναχό !

Digitized by Google

Πόσα τάμννι ἡ sventurata
Ποῦ ἤρθε ῥίφτοντας 'ς τὴ στράτα
'Ρίζα κάτω εἰς τὸ σταυρό !

Quanto dolore ed affanno
Sentì la madre nel cuore
Pel suo figlio unico !

Quante lagrime la sventurata
Venne spargendo sulla via
A' piedi della croce !

I have merely to add that it were to be wished that our government would take some means to commit to paper the remains of the dialects spoken by the Victorian blacks. In a few years they will be utterly extinct, and were a competent philologist now employed to undertake this work, much useful information might be gathered as to the origin and relationships of our "blackfellows." It is known that Mr. Curr has been for some years laboriously endeavouring to collect specimen vocabularies of the aboriginal languages and dialects of this continent, and every scholar must wish success to such an undertaking. But there are many other facts about these languages which we should wish to see recorded beyond the mere words which compose them. How far are they able to express abstract conceptions, and in what way do they proceed to carry out their wish? how do they signify numbers and genders? are their suffixes significant or apparently arbitrary? how are their verbs modified to express conceptions of time and place? how far have loan words entered into their dialects? and whence are such loan words borrowed? Such and similar questions are well worthy of engrossing the attention of the philologist of to-day before the material from which such questions may be answered has completely disappeared.

H. A. Strong.

Digitized by Google

A ROSEBUD FROM THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ.

PROLOGUE.

THE FINDING OF THE ROSE.

A WELL-WORN desk one night I found
  Within an attic's elbow-bend.
Though grim the spot, 'twas holy ground—
  It held the relics of a friend.

I lifted it; I gently blew
  The dust therefrom—it seemed the pall
That veiled the cipher from the view
  Upon a coffin virginal.

The lock was gone—the lifted lid
  'Mid airs of sandal fragrance rose;
Beneath, 'mid ribbon'd bundles hid,
  Lay storied leaves of joys and woes.

A gold mohur, two children's books,
  A satin play-bill of the past;
And, shadowed on a card, the looks
  The Sun of bygone Beauty cast.

Ah! here she blooms as fresh and fair
  As when she wore that bridal dress—
That halo of enchanted air
  Encircling all her loveliness.

And like a votive offering lay
  Beneath the pictured, fairy feet,
A fardel fastened in a way
  We only use where use is sweet.

Digitized by Google

In Persian characters were there,
Mayhap stray stanzas of a song,
Some tale of Love and bootless care,
Or mingled jealousy and wrong.

And 'neath these twining, dotted signs
I read, in language quaint and terse,
These fairly-writ but simple lines
In faded ink and English verse.

* * * *

"A Rosebud fair I culled to-day,
At Agra, Urjumund Banoo!
Beneath the 'Taj,' where founts at play
Leap toward the Heav'n's glad vault of blue.

"But higher leaps my woman's heart
Beyond yon sky. Dear shade—to Thee!
Not all thy pomp of marbled art
Nor sceptred sway unsisters me.

"This chalice close of paly gold,
Once glassed in yonder cool canal;
This bud in fragrance shall unfold
To breathe of Moomtaz-i-Mahal."

* * * *

Thus far the superscription rare,
The sere, autumnal paper shows—
I loosed the silken bonds with care,
And lo! within—the faded Rose!

Nor did it lie unfriended there;
Within its sandal-odored cell
I found a bright "word-picture" fair
Of snowy Taj-Mahal as well.

Digitized by Google

I write the words the bride began
With ink-stained reed long years ago,
But ne'er o'ertake the stream that ran
With silvery ripples in its flow.

* * * *

THE TAJ.

"Approach with reverent pilgrim feet,
Beside the gateway stands the guide;
Mount tow'rd the stars—the air is sweet,
The citron's breath on every side.

"And through this hanging archway view
Yon garden-prospect past the court,
A noble cypress avenue,
A marble path where fountains sport.

"And up the path, and through the gloom
Of waving cypress, palm, and pine
That rise 'mid airs of soft perfume
Behold yon marble minars shine!

"Those swelling domes and gleaming walls,
Those pillar'd pinnacles of fire,
That feathery foam, which lightly falls
Or dances on the cypress spire.

"One backward pace—*now* view the scene
Set in yon archway's picture-frame,
The foamy founts—the gardens green—
The domes of snow with peaks aflame.

"And all uplift on terraced height,
Far o'er the grove and garden trees
One glittering galaxy of light
Plays o'er the marble in the breeze

Digitized by Google

"Like Heav'n-descended cloud which broods
O'er some sun-mellowed distant peak
Behold her bosom, through the woods,
Pure as a dream of the antique.

"And far behind, around, above
The sky's blue mantle widely spread—
One peaceful atmosphere of Love
Broods o'er the Garden of the Dead."

* * * *

The Rose replaced, I burned to read
The Eastern text that met my view,
My beauty-hungering soul to feed
With praise of Urjumund Banoo.

But, ah! no Oriental lore
Was mine, nor could I hope to trace
The hidden sense, nor yet explore
The jungle of that lettered maze.

Then of a scholar-friend I thought,
And took the scroll that shrined the Rose
To read through him the tale I sought,
And ere another day should close.

And these the lines he wrote for me—
His fingers fleet, and flying pen,
Turned the smooth Persian poesy
To English and to verse again.

THE TRANSLATION.

"Who in her bosom wears this Rose
For every wound shall find a balm,
And lose remembrance of her woes
In sweet content and holy calm.

Digitized by Google

"Go! Rose—whose sisters petals strew
The marble pathway to the tomb,
The shade of Urjumund Banoo
Shall hover o'er thy sever'd bloom.

"Go! nestle 'neath her pillow'd head,
And charm with dreams her soft repose;
Though flowers may fade above the dead,
Still breathes my spirit o'er thee, Rose!

"And let these charmëd words be hers
When night's cool shadows gently fall
And when the fragrant night-breeze stirs
The palms around the Taj-Mahal."

End of the Prologue.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

An Austral winter, raw and wet,
A town of English mire and mud,
Beside a Southern Tiber set,
A sluggish stream of yellow flood.

The wind is bitter, and the rain
Smites sharply on the traveller's cheek;
The foul storm-water leaves its stain
On rolling wave and rushing creek.

Not this the clime the Poet sings,
Not these his soft Italian skies;
Our sun a doubtful radiance flings
O'er stream and town—then darkly dies.

And I, who lead a townsman's life,
Remote from forest, field, and strand,
Plod on in dull ignoble strife,
With shoulders bowed and pen in hand.

Digitized by Google

Lost amid fastnesses of brick,
  Where blackened chimneys stand for trees,
And cairns of coal for stack and rick,
  And city drains for lakes and seas.

Where ragged beggars, one by one,
  Stretch hands for alms in every street,
A Lascar, pining for the sun,
  Stands frozen stiff, with shoeless feet.

The turban's faded crimson roll
  Droops o'er his eyes in loosened fold;
The brow is shrivelled like the soul,
  And all except the heart is cold.

Transported hither, Eastern blood
  Must thicken, crawl, and slowly freeze;
Those feet, now ice-blocks in the mud,
They used to dance beside the flood
  Of sun-warmed waves and Tropic seas.

He stands—Behind those features keen
  What wealth of vision'd sunshine shed!
He treads the slope with plantains green,
  And cocos nodding overhead.

Sees the canoe poised high in air,
  Just pause awhile, then madly dive,
As with a sudden, swift despair,
  'Mid surge that leaps, and surfs that rive.

His lithe young brother, seated there,
  Laughs to the steersman of the craft.
Both, warm and happy, brown and bare,
  Joy in the waves that wash and waft.

Leave we this theme; full well it shows
  How memories prisoned in the brain
Restore the fragrance of the Rose,
The freshness of the breeze that blows
  Beyond the boundless main.

Digitized by Google

And so, what close companions are
  Both Grief and Joy and Frost and Shine,
The darkest night, the brightest star,
  The dross and treasure of the mine.

Misfortune chastens, sages say;
  As others tell, 'tis she acquaints
Strange bedfellows—the sad, the gay,
The golden-haired, the silver-grey,
  The sinners and the saints.

I seek my home, I pass the halls
  Where wealth arrayed in rich attire
Threads the gay dance 'tween pictured walls,
  Or crowds to hear th' Orphëïc lyre.

Without, the children of the streets
  Contrast their pallor with the bloom
Of well-fed selfishness one meets,
  All destined for the worm—the tomb.

* * * *

Digitized by Google

"IN MEMORIAM."

If I were asked to name the poem which appears to me the most powerful of the century, I should answer (always with that diffidence with which one ought to predicate such superlatives) either "In Memoriam" or the "Ring and the Book." Were the whole of the latter poem of the same intensity and transcendent nobility as the story of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, the "Ring and the Book," by reason of its length and sustained power, might tower above the literature of our century as "Paradise Lost" over that of the 17th. But the very scheme of the "Ring and the Book" renders this equality of excellence throughout impossible; for the epic grandeur of Caponsacchi must of necessity sink low in the dramatic truth of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis. "In Memoriam," on the other hand, though a shorter poem than the "Ring and the Book," is yet of sufficient length to give it the dignity of a sustained flight; and though it deals with many moods, it seldom—if ever—descends from its high range of poetic excellence. If there is any serious falling-off it is in the epithalamium which ends "In Memoriam," for this, though beautiful in itself, somewhat interferes with the purpose of the poem. One is hardly satisfied, after following the poet through the darkling mazes of his grief, to be ushered at last into the light of common day, and to be asked to sympathize with the wedding bliss of Hallam's widow-bride. Who to us seems fit to take his place? Poetry demands that one worthy so to be sung should have no rival or successor.

But whatever difference there may be about the rank which this poem ought to take in the literature of the century, there are few who would not give it the first place amongst Tennyson's poems. "In Memoriam" is a work which, from the nature of the theme, will always be a partially-sealed book to many readers. Youth, it is said, is the season of poetry; but the immature mind will strive in vain to sound the depths of this great work. What then? Must it remain unread until we have the life-experience, the ripeness of judgment, the powers of reflection, necessary for its proper

Digitized by Google

comprehension? Not so. "In Memoriam" is not a poem for an hour, a day, a year, but for a whole life-time. A full knowledge of the work is in itself no mean education. It is a firmament of thought in which every fresh perusal will discover beauties of truth before unrevealed. When viewed through the optic glass of study and experience, "In Memoriam" discovers a universe of thoughts bound each to each in perfect harmony. The poem must not be unread because it cannot be fully understood. Each careful reading will reveal enough amply to repay the reader, however often he may read. We talk glibly enough of our admiration of Shakespeare's creations, and attempt in tones of futile analysis to expound our appreciation of them. In our easy-chairs we read and re-read, and imagine that by our comprehension and intelligence and sympathy we share the glory of his mind who created. We make his words our own, and we retail them to those who are willing to hear. And yet how many of us understand to the full what we read with such admiration and recite with such enthusiasm? Who but the mother bereft can understand the mental frenzy of Constance? Who but the father who feels how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child can conceive the horror of Lear? Who but the woman forlorn can know the desperate calamity of Ophelia? Did we fully understand these things we should melt with grief and pity, we should freeze with horror as we read. But though we do not, perhaps cannot, fully realize and comprehend, is it not good to know in part? Who would give up his Constance, his Lear, his Ophelia, because his knowledge is only partial? We understand what we can, and are thankful. So in the "In Memoriam" we must be content here and there not to understand. It is a treasure guarded by more than one lock, and he who will reach the inmost chamber must have all the keys. Every new mood will bring its meaning. Every observation of external nature that we make, every joy and every grief that we feel, every fact in science that we learn, each book that we read, each friend that we gain or lose, each new step in our knowledge of men and things, will throw more and more light upon the pages and help us to decipher much that is writ between the lines. But when we have done what we can to make the poem our own, there will still, probably, remain a passage here and there not to be by us unriddled. Possibly even the inspired mind of the holy prophet himself would have again to recur to the mood in which he wrote, would have to surround itself with the same

Digitized by Google

associations and conditions, before he himself could clear up certain obscurities.

A striking feature of the "In Memoriam," as indeed most of this poet's work, is the harmonious character of the versification. The stanza in which it was written was not invented by Tennyson, having been used by Ben Jonson—but to a limited extent—in his "Underwoods;" but in the "In Memoriam" for the first time the full force and sweetness of the metre have been unfolded. I have often, and in vain, tried to find the secret of the wonderful music in the lines of this poem. The only poet who, in my opinion, can compare with Tennyson in the purity of his word-music is Milton. The "Comus" and "In Memoriam" are from first to last one whole and perfect melody. The skilful management of the rhyme in the "In Memoriam" contributes a good deal to the musical effect: though there is much more in it than skilfully managed rhyme.

> "The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
> No wing of wind the region swept,
> But over all things brooding slept
> The quiet sense of something lost."

We are conscious of the presence of a perfect rhyme; but the separation of the first and fourth by two intervening rhymes has the same mellowing effect that distance has upon a peal of bells. We are not shocked, we are not harassed and nauseated by that everlasting *cæsura*, that maddening recurrence of jingle, which in the poetry of the Queen Anne school falls like a continual drip of water on the brain. The rhyme is not obtrusive; it is far away: it no more disturbs than the stir of wind among the tree-tops, or the distant lap of wavelets on the shore. But how to explain the rhythmical beauty of the lines—why certain collocations of words should have such a power of music in them—is as much beyond my power as to anatomize the liquid notes of the bell-bird.

But what is there, it may be asked, in those groups of verses to entitle the "In Memoriam" to be called the poem of the century? Granted the perfection of the form, wherein consists the virtue of the matter? The poem is the record of a great and good man's experience in circumstances more or less common to us all; it is the history of a great grief, of doubts, of fears, of longings, of noble aspirations, of fightings with despair, of strivings after truth and light, of the victory of that in us which believes all good over that which thinks all evil.

Digitized by Google

In "In Memoriam" Tennyson laments the death of his early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. Of two young men, in the first flush of youth, congenial and highly gifted souls, each looking forward to a life of noble achievement—the one has been taken and the other left. Hallam was Tennyson's college companion, his intimate friend, and rival for university honours. In the finely cut lines of the sensitive face you may read the confirmation of the poet's praise—

"Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk.

"Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course.

"And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

The close intimacy continued after the university days had gone, and was about to be cemented by a nearer alliance between the families. Whilst travelling on the Continent, however, with his father the historian, Hallam met a sudden death at Vienna—"God's finger touch'd him, and he slept."

"But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man."

His dead companion was brought home and buried in Clevedon church, on the banks of the river Severn—

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

"The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song."

Digitized by Google

From time to time, as years roll on, the poet takes "the grasses of the grave and makes them pipes whereon to blow," finding eloquent voice for his grief in strains of exquisite poetry. The earlier parts of the work are, as we should expect, somewhat morbid, but none the less on that account a truthful history of the grief-stricken mind. He is at this period attracted by the gloomy circumstances of his friend's mortality; later on he dwells rather on his convictions of his friend's immortality. At first he cannot tear his mind from the fascination of the churchyard. The old yew grasping at the tombstone, netting the dreamless head with its fibres, and wrapping its roots about the bones, repels and yet attracts him. The silent hours of night are filled with the vision of the white memorial-tablet gleaming in the moonlight that streams through Clevedon church. The sky is overcast for him with a universal cloud, dark and lowering—

> "And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
> With all the music in her tone,
> A hollow echo of my own,
> A hollow form with empty hands."

In imagination he follows the vessel that brings the dark freight from the Italian shore, and he prays for a fair voyage for the ship that contains the body of his friend—

> "Sphere all your lights around, above;
> Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
> Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
> My friend, the brother of my love."

And a doubt of mischance to the vessel haunts him—What if

> "The roaring wells
> Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
> And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
> Should toss with tangle and with shells?"

The series of poems which follows the voyage of the ship is from first to last so beautiful, so tender, and so true that it is difficult to choose parts for quotation. It follows the divergent lines of the two souls—the poet's on earth alone, alone, to where he sits, "the shadow cloaked from head to foot"—the friend's not on earth, but somewhere in the viewless winds, out of human ken, holding communion with the circle of the wise, seeking noble ends,

Digitized by Google

and moving up from high to higher—yet not unmindful of the old friend he has out-distanced in the race.

Nothing short of careful study of the poem can give any idea of the minute observation and fine treatment of external nature, of the admirable poetic use of scientific facts, of the philosophic statement and counterstatement of speculative points, of the humble religious sense—opposed to the dogmatism of the sceptic on the one hand, on the other to the dogmatism of the creeds—which characterize the "In Memoriam" throughout. How many, for instance, have observed the yew tree so closely as even to understand those stanzas that so well describe its ways?—

"Old warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

"And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower."

So in the "Holy Grail" he again notices the clouds of pollen-dust that rise from the yew—

"They sat
Beneath a world-old yew tree, darkening half
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puffed the swaying branches into smoke."

Again, whose heart does not leap with admiring recognition of the truthfulness of that bit of landscape-painting in the 15th poem?—

"To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

"The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

Tennyson makes a plentiful use of scientific facts in his poetry generally, and in that allusive fashion which gives a delightful surprise of recognition to the reader who happens to understand the allusion, but which is apt, like many of his allusions to the recondite in literature, to be very puzzling and unintelligible to those who are not familiar with the scientific facts. Reference has already

Digitized by Google

been made to the "fruitful cloud and living smoke of the yew," the meaning of which must necessarily escape those who are not observers of plant-life. So, in speaking of those vague flashes of a previous existence that sometimes sweep across the mind, he refers to the fetal, or at least ante-natal, existence as

> "The days before
> God shut the doorways of his head,"

where the "doorways of his head" must be unintelligible to those who do not know about the gradual closing of the sutures or articulations in the bones of a child's head. The same period of existence—if existence it be—is referred to in "The Two Voices," where the poet speaks of the time

> "Before the little ducts began
> To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
> Their course, till thou wert also man."

In the 56th poem we find an instance of how the poet sometimes places himself in antagonism—not to science, for that he never does, but to a certain class of scientists who persist in drawing faith-destroying inferences from their scientific knowledge. He has been discussing that wish for immortality inherent in the human soul, and considering whether Nature be really at strife with God—she being so careful of the type, so careless of the single life, of fifty seeds bringing but one to bear—and this is how he reasons:—

> "'So careful of the type?'—but no.
> From scarped cliff and quarried stone
> She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
> I care for nothing, all shall go.
>
> "'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
> I bring to life, I bring to death:
> The spirit doth but mean the breath:
> I know no more.' And he, shall he,
>
> "Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
> Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
>
> "Who trusted God was love indeed
> And love Creation's final law—
> Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

Digitized by Google

"Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music, match'd with him."

Much has been said, and no doubt much will continue to be said, about the religious convictions of the writer of this poem. One creed has claimed him for its own, and another creed has fancied he belongs to it; and there have been found men arrogant enough to deny that the writer of "In Memoriam" had any religion at all when he wrote this poem on his dead friend. If religion means a reverent consciousness of being bound by laws emanating from a Divine Being whose ways are past finding out, then religion breathes from every page of this noble poem. If religion be that firm entrenchment within the barricades of absolute knowledge, that absence of honest doubt, which some call dogmatism, then "In Memoriam" is an irreligious poem. It must be confessed that the poet does not enunciate the axioms and postulates of a hereditary creed; that, indeed, the life-springs of his inspiration are those very alternations of light and darkness, of hope chequered by doubts, of humble, often despondent, questioning, followed by exultant assurance. We may expect that, in trying and proving all things, in revolving in his mind the mysteries of life and death, the poet should glance now at this creed, now at that. The question that runs through the whole poem, disappearing now and then, but inevitably breaking forth again like the theme in a piece of music, is the question of immortality. Is there a life after this? Is it a life in which we preserve our personal identity—in other words, in which we retain our memory of the past? In glancing at that form of pantheism which would make the divine part of us, at death, merge into the divine whole from which it originally proceeded, the poet thus states his conviction of an eternal individuality:—

"That each who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and, fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

Digitized by Google

He even conjectures that the formation of this separate identity may be the chief end of our bodily existence. In the 45th poem the growth of the "Ego"—of the consciousness of self—is sketched from the time that the baby presses his tender palm "against the circle of the breast," when he has as yet never thought of his own existence, on to the time when he rounds into a separate mind and when "his isolation grows defined;" and—conjectures the poet—

> "This use may lie in blood and breath,
> Which else were fruitless of their due,
> Had man to learn himself anew
> Beyond the second birth of Death."

The argument for immortality which seems most convincing to the poet's mind is that of the unfinished purpose. Why so far, if no further? If this be the be-all and the end-all, what a miserable, aimless, soul-deceiving, and monstrous existence is this earthly flicker of life. If life live not for evermore, the beauty of the green world and the splendour of the sun are but fantastical—mere phantoms, such as might lurk in the mad brain of some frenzied poet. Were this so, then what hope is left for man? What is there for him to desire except to have it all over—after life's fitful fever to sleep well—

> "To drop head-foremost in the jaws
> Of vacant darkness and to cease."

Two voices are with him throughout the poem, and occasionally a still small voice whispers scornful doubts into his ear. There are times when his whole horizon is dark, when

> "Faith is dry,
> And men the flies of latter spring,
> That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
> And weave their petty cells and die."

But, as in "The Two Voices," this dark doubting voice is not the poet himself, who rather is to be recognized in the silver-clear voice that tells him this life is earnest of another.

The mysteries of life and faith are treated throughout with becoming reverence and humility, and Christ is acknowledged as the True Exponent—the only adequate exponent of those great and mystic truths which have their seat deep in the human soul.

Digitized by Google

He alone has written those truths in such an alphabet as may be understood not only by the wise and prudent, but even by the babes, and has effected by the parable what could never have been effected by merely abstract and verbal truth. He announced the good message by His works as much as by His words,

> "And wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds
> More strong than all poetic thought."

It may be remarked, however, that it is rather the perfect manhood of Christ that is dwelt upon than His divine nature; and this because the poet is considering Him in respect of those human sympathies which, from their very fulness, made Him necessarily the first of all human teachers, the only Teacher who could make divine truth really current coin.

In connection with a poem so sacred as this has become, one hardly cares to mention such a belief as Spiritism, which, whatever may be the psychological and mysterious truths that underlie it, has certainly attracted to itself an enormous amount of quackery and deception. But a part of the poem, and that containing thoughts and words by no means the least beautiful, is remarkable as disavowing a certain gross kind of spiritism, but at the same time admitting the possibility of a certain qualified spiritism which may be perhaps correctly described as an influence from beyond the grave—literally a flowing in of the departed spirit. Such manifestations as are palpable to feeling and to sight he sets aside as not in the order of things, and says he would not believe, even if he saw the likeness of his friend and heard it speak truths afterwards to be made good. The vision would be but a phantom of the brain, and the prophecies only

> "Such refraction of events
> As often rises ere they rise."

But whilst thus holding impossible the grosser manifestations, there is a more subtle sort of intercourse of ghost with ghost which he thinks not impossible, probably because he eagerly wishes to think it possible. "When all the nerve of sense is numb," may not the Spirit from its viewless world "descend, and touch, and enter?" Such communion can be only to the pure in heart.

Digitized by Google

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

One of the things which serve to give an individual tone to Tennyson's poetry, taken as a whole, is the pre-eminent felicity with which he touches English scenery and English family life. And it is doubtful whether any other than an Englishman can ever apprehend and appreciate the subtle delicacy with which his pictures of refined English life are treated. This power is exemplified as fully in the "In Memoriam" as anywhere. Sometimes a single word, an epithet, suggests a whole scene as forcibly as if it were minutely etched in a hundred lines. Many are the household pictures—English interiors sketched with the loving care of a Dutch painter. We have the three Christmas Eves—the first pervaded with an awful sense of loss; the second, when the keen grief had been toned down by the consoler Time; the third, sober Christmas within the strangers' land.

Then there are other domestic pictures—the sober father amongst his boys; the maiden in the day when first she wears the orange-flower; the gifted man whose life began in low estate, and on the simple village green; and that delightful picture in the 95th poem of the two twilights, evening and morning:—

"By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

"And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

"And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

"While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field."

The description of dawn, which finishes the poem, has a far stronger infusion of the higher poetic and imaginative element:

Digitized by Google

there is a less strict adherence to the mere faithful description of details, but a certain weird human personality in harmony with the hour pervades the various objects, which is wanting in the opening verses—

> "Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
> The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
> The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
> Laid their dark arms about the field:
>
> "And suck'd from out the distant gloom
> A breeze began to tremble o'er
> The large leaves of the sycamore,
> And fluctuate all the still perfume.
>
> "And gathering freshlier overhead,
> Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
> The heavy-folded rose, and flung
> The lilies to and fro, and said,
>
> "'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
> And East and West, without a breath,
> Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
> To broaden into boundless day."

Not the least touching verses in the poem are those in which Tennyson takes a regretful farewell of the Lincoln home, and in which he dwells with a poet's minutely observant and fond affection on certain features of the country-side which to a profane eye would probably appear unpicturesque, if not positively dull and dreary. Once more, before leaving for ever the threshold that had been his father's, he goes over ground which many a time in days gone by he had trodden with his friend Hallam. Even indifferent objects are invested with an interest of sadness and regret when we know that we look upon them for the last time; and the sombre-coloured landscape of the fens, dear to Tennyson, familiar from his earliest boyhood, and associated with the memory of his friend, assumes yet a deeper shade of sadness, and appeals more tenderly to his affections than ever before, when he is preparing to leave them. The moss-encrusted flower-plots of the moated grange, the lonely sheepwalk on the windy wold, the trenched waters that run from sky to sky, the runlets from the rock, the heron-haunted brook white with its myriad cresses, the whispering reeds, where the

> "Evening mist
> Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
> And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
> Homeward returning——"

Digitized by Google

All the lines of the old familiar faces, all the features of earth and sky and water, are dwelt on with the lingering regret of one to whom they are soon to be things of the past. By-and-bye the threads of other human histories will weave themselves in, and about, and around the well-known scenes; but those who have known them so long and so well, so sorrowfully and so happily, will henceforth know them no more for ever; for the father and the friend are dead, and those who are not dead are transplanted to other homes. Have ever words breathed a tenderer sense of the mute associations which encircle a home than these simple lines?—

"Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unlov'd, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

"Unlov'd, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flame her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

"Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child."

It is such lines as these, and in such lines as those descriptive of the dawn in the 95th poem, that convince one of Tennyson's possessing that essential quality of a poet, failing which any other quality is dross—sincerity of feeling.

So the poet leaves the old home and finds a new one, where all is strange, and where the bells of Christmas eve awaken no answering sense, but that they are speaking with a stranger's voice. The Christmas in the new home is in strong contrast with those that have gone before. When grief for the absent friend was yet green, amidst "an awful sense of one mute Shadow watching all," the usual merry-makings of the Christmas time were still kept up. The holly-berries were as red and the yule-log burned as bright, and the games, and the tableaux, and the dance, and the song were as much part of the season as in the days before their loss. But now, in the land of the stranger—though the lapse of time has dulled the first edge of grief—there is no holly, no wassail-bowl, no music, and no dance. In a strange place they are no

Digitized by Google

longer bound to keep up the customary mirth when the heart is sad—

> "For change of place, like growth of time,
> Has broke the bond of dying use."

As the poem draws to an end the mood becomes less and less troubled; the deep melancholy which at first took a sad delight in dwelling on images of Death grows more and more tempered and serene, till at last the prevailing mood is one—if not of joy, at least of sober cheerfulness. Perhaps the onward movement of this truly magnificent poem reaches its fullest swell in that triumphant pæan in which optimism sings her victory—

> "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
> The flying cloud, the frosty light:
> The year is dying in the night;
> Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
>
> "Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
> For those that here we see no more;
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.
>
> "Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> "Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace."

In estimating the "In Memoriam" the mind naturally seeks for parallels in literary history; and they are not difficult to find. The "In Memoriam" is an old, old story, once more well told. It has become one of the tritenesses of literary criticism to pair off Tennyson's poem with the "Lycidas" of Milton. More than two centuries ago Edward King—he, too, a youth of promise, fresh from academical honours—met sudden death, by shipwreck, on the coast of Wales:—

> "Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
> Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
> He must not float upon his watery bier
> Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
> Without the meed of some melodious tear."

Digitized by Google

In King's memory were written no fewer than thirty-six poems, some in Latin, some in English. Of these only one takes a high place in literature—the "Lycidas" of Milton.

Unfortunate as Dr. Johnson was in much of his Miltonic criticism, it is in his criticism of "Lycidas" that he has pilloried himself for all time coming—bringing on himself a volley of disapproval from subsequent literature which only his Titanic reputation could withstand. "Easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting"—Who could pardon such language spoken of "Lycidas?" But yet there is the undeniable grain of truth in Johnson's criticism. Beautiful as "Lycidas" is in its imagery, varied and pleasing in its numbers, musical in its rhythm and its rhymes, neither easy nor vulgar, but stately and refined, graceful in its diction and noble in its import—it is yet impossible to mistake it for the language of passion. It is not the language of deep grief. Milton's was not the temperament easily exalted with joy or oppressed with grief. This had he of Godlike in his nature, that as prosperity could not elate, so could not adversity cast him down. His was that even balance of the lofty mind which would not be disturbed by violent affections either of love or hate. His was the cold-cut nature, purged of the baser fire, breathing a purer ether of its own—mighty, collected, calm. The poetry that has the closest affinity with Milton's is, in my opinion, Tennyson's. The same spotless purity, the same noble dignity, the same musical assonance and accuracy of knowledge characterize both poets. But Tennyson has more of the mortal husk than Milton—less of the seraphic, but more of the human. Milton is a demigod superior to intense passion; Tennyson is a man aglow with human sympathies. There is an essence common to both: but each has his well-marked difference, and this is nowhere better seen than in the poems of "Lycidas" and "In Memoriam." Whilst "Lycidas" will ever be the poem of the scholar, who will unravel the allegory in which it is cast, and by patient study discover the beauties veiled in its obscurities, "In Memoriam," no less the scholar's delight, will come home, besides, by its overwelling humanism, to the hearts of thousands whose only diploma has been gained in the school of grief.

But the story of "In Memoriam" is far older than Tennyson, or Milton, or Shakespeare. The love of friend for friend is a theme that poets have loved to sing since the days when the world was young. Solomon—born in the purple though he was, and surrounded by the hollow hearts that always follow the fortunes of

Digitized by Google

a king—yet knew of the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. And a greater than Solomon—if not a wiser king, yet a greater poet—has left an "In Memoriam" that will touch the heart of man as long as humanity suffers—

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother, Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful—passing the love of women."

ALEXANDER WILSON, M.A.

Dunedin.

Digitized by Google

"LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."*

To say that the "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," as each page of the work before us is headed, suggests the opening of a chapter in literature of absorbing moment to ourselves would be only to repeat the truism that the matters which interest us most are those which concern us most nearly. But those who take up the book with the object of obtaining portraits of the writers of the century in which they live, or a disclosure of the influences which were directing them, must prepare for a disappointment. Scarcely any of the names mentioned reached half-way into the nineteenth century; by far the greater part belong to its first quarter; while several of them had passed away before the eighteenth century had closed. It is impossible not to regret this. The critical sketches of Justin M'Carthy, thoughtful, accurate, and pleasing though they be, are too few and slight to fill the field that still lies unoccupied. Mrs. Oliphant's true object is possibly that indicated on her title page, and there only. But in this the fault is radical. The literary principles set in motion at the close of the last century are still actively at work. Nay, in many directions they have only come to their perfect flowering in these latter days. No adequate, that is, no critical, prospect can be obtained by anyone who does not throw his glance over the riper as well as the earlier development of this wonderful phenomenon. It is out of the question to criticise any part of the forces which have combined to evolve our present-day literature without viewing that literature as a whole. But Mrs. Oliphant seems only to take notice of one or two of the features which distinguish it, never seeking for its true significance or its full individuality. And yet, when all but a few of those she discusses are almost forgotten of the world, the inquiry into the spirit of this age will retain its fascinations, and continue to provoke speculation and yield instruction. Few

* *Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Digitized by Google

studies can be more interesting than the search after that which unites and holds together the varied fabric of our nineteenth century literature. Take a very few examples that suggest themselves at once.

First comes one, and the only one to which Mrs. Oliphant makes much allusion—and that is an indirect one—the simplicity of its style and method. This feature obtains notice because it so definitely distinguishes the world of Cowper and Burns from the world of Pope and Johnson. It is curious to see how far this revolt from stilts and mannerism carried men at a later day. To it we owe the gentle maundering of Wordsworth after his Betty Foys and Goody Blakes. From it, too, has sprung the much later "realistic" school of poets, whose apostles are Swinburne, Rossetti, Walt Whitman. And if Byron occasionally passed the border line that divides sentiment from sentimentalism, the influence of the natural reigned supreme over the language in which he wrote. The marvellous purity of his English diction has never been sufficiently acknowledged. If such a stanza as that beginning "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," and ending "cherished earth," be examined, it will be found that in the course of thirty-five lines, containing some two hundred and forty-five words, less than thirty words are other than Saxon. And the historian, the novelist, and the divine might readily be employed further to point the tale.

Another striking principle which pervades English literature in the latter part of the eighteenth and in the nineteenth century may be described as its seriousness. It is not that this seriousness is, for its amount, less relieved by the higher kind of fun and frolic, less lit up by the play of first-rate humour than can be recorded at any other period of our history, true as all this is; but that through its liveliest and gayest movements there ever runs a graver tone. It is a melody continually returning into a minor key. Like the feasters of ancient Egypt, we may make merry indeed; but we can never forget the mummy at the door, recalling our thoughts to the dark mysteries of death and life. It is easy to see its difference in this respect from the preceding epoch. But that epoch was also without a heart. If it be said that the religious, political, national deadness of the time was due to accidents, such as the connection with France, the manners of the Restoration, the position of the Church, and the like, all which were happily absent in the later period, compare it, then, with the standard epoch of our literature

Digitized by Google

—the Elizabethan age. Of its drama, which typifies all coeval literature, Dr. Dowden finely says—"It is the outcome of a rich and manifold life; it is full of a sense of enjoyment, and overflowing with energy; but it is, for the most part, absolutely devoid of a conscious purpose." The frank gladness of that day is now tinged with a grey and sober colouring. We love to gaze on the silver lining of a cloud; but we never forget that it is a cloud, after all, that carries it. Everything must disclose a "conscious purpose." Now-a-days "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;" our best novels seek to expose the vices and follies of men, or to point out the iron destiny that hedges in our souls, or else they serve as texts for preaching political or social reform. In its seriousness it resembles, indeed, in a remarkable way its typical product, that institution whose fetters are only now beginning to be relaxed, and which did not establish its complete sway over England until the middle of the present century—the institution known as the Puritan Sabbath, but which has no more historical connection with the Puritans of the Stuarts than it has with the Puritans of the Reformation. It is the direct legacy of Whitefield and the Wesleys.

Another and the last remarkable peculiarity to which we may allude as distinctive of the present age is what may be called its introspective quality. Everywhere around us the tendency grows to analyse and examine—to grope beneath the surface—to bring, if possible, to light the deeply-seated springs of life and feeling, of belief and action. To what all this is due we need not stop to inquire; or whether it be most helped by the development of the modern scientific spirit, or the revival abroad of interest in Plato's doctrines as many assert, or, perhaps, the most fruitful cause of all, by the bent given to the strongest emotions of the English character by the drift of the Evangelical movement in the latter half of the eighteenth century. To its influence on literature it is that attention is now directed, although in our art, theology, and physical studies this same principle shows itself steadily in action. Compare the utterances of any poet from Cowper onward, not with the felicitous trivialities of the school of Pope, but with the richer and deeper tide of the era of Elizabeth. Take, for instance, Tennyson's apostrophe to the sea—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!"

Digitized by Google

and contrast its tone of subjective suggestiveness with the treatment of a similar glory in nature by Spenser or Milton. Or compare the mode in which George Eliot employs the art of the novelist to dissect and probe in their inmost secrets the emotions of joy and sorrow, of love and hatred, of good and evil in the soul, with the carelessly vigorous, if somewhat coarse, portraitures of the outside of life, its clothes or "vestural tissue," as Teufelsdröckh would say, drawn by a Fielding or a Smollett. Our painters, poets, novelists are —the greatest of them—in the best sense pre-Raphaelites in their work. It is needless to try to collect other characteristics; but we have no hesitation in saying that, had the subject been treated in a more comprehensive and scientific manner, this "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century" would have been trebled in value, and have secured a far longer tenure of the attention of posterity.

There are some other points which must be considered blemishes in Mrs. Oliphant's literary workmanship. Allusion is not intended to her selection of names for insertion, nor to her awards of intellectual precedency, nor to her elevation of some and disparagement of others. All these are matters of opinion, in which she may legitimately differ from her readers. But exception must be taken to her treatment of her smaller characters. It is not that her longer biographies are very much better than her shorter ones, but that usually she passes these latter by with the least possible attempt at criticism, often without any at all. To give the birth and death of a writer, and a few more or less interesting anecdotes from his life, without some endeavour at a critical appraisement, is not the way to treat his *literary* history. No doubt faults of the opposite kind are possible. Undoubtedly, for example, Johnson, Hallam, Hazlitt, among ourselves, too often thought it incumbent upon them to cast the critical plummet where the waters were too shallow to make it worth while—and the consequence was occasionally a blunder. But such a practice showed a truer appreciation of their task than Mrs. Oliphant's more feminine plan of dwelling on points of relief and ignoring the more difficult, those retiring or in shade. Better leave many of the passages out altogether than give us a mere reference to biographical facts, devoid of all literary speciality. A still more unpardonable fault is her carelessness. Perhaps our latter-day activity and bustle, or her own pre-occupations, left her little time to re-read or revise. She appears continually to quote from memory, and often inaccurately. We might excuse this version of a very common couplet—

Digitized by Google

"And that the soul, that very fiery particle,
Had let itself be snuffed out by an article"—

of Byron's well-known lines on Keats in the eleventh canto of "Don Juan." But what defence is possible when, only two pages later on, this is given us as Shelley's?—

"We look before," &c.
"Our divinest laughter
With some pain is fraught."

"Divinest laughter" is modern æsthetic nonsense. A moment's consideration will probably satisfy the author of this paraphrase that Shelley meant "sincerest" when he wrote "sincerest." Lapses of this description are strewn through the book, and might be too easily obviated to be condoned even in the multifarious writer, who would allow probably that her goal is the present-day book-market rather than the study of the critic or the bookshelves of the scholar. But when the reviewer has made all the deductions needful for the due discharge of his critical conscience—and a few more have yet to be made in these pages—enough remains to compel the opinion that Mrs. Oliphant has written a singularly charming and attractive book. If she is not often very original, she is mostly instructive, and never uninteresting. If there is little that evidences unusual power, her taste is of the most truthful, both in the choice and the treatment of her materials, while in not a few places her language rises into exalted eloquence. Pure in tone, tender and sympathetic in feeling, as might have been expected in such a novelist, the pictures which she brings before the mind are, in all cases, such as we would be willing to carry away with us. Among several sketches of high excellence there are two or three which alone would make the book worth writing and worth reading. Over the first, and one of the best of these—William Cowper—the pioneer of the movement which has given us the modern poetry of England—we are unwilling to linger; but a passing word of gratitude is due to the woman who has undertaken to replace that "amiable poet," as Macaulay is content to style him, once more on his rightful, though well-nigh forgotten, pedestal. We cannot refrain, however, from expressing an opinion that less than justice is done to Cowper's religious views and the bias he received from the religious temper of his time. For the most part earnest and thoughtful men and women—and indeed nations—from time to time attach themselves to that cult

Digitized by Google

which reflects, if not the best form of religious emotion, yet that which is generally the best possible to them. While they learn its dialect, and in lesser points force their mind and life to accommodate themselves to its dogmas, it also quickens into vitality the noblest part of their nature. If Cowper occasionally quivered beneath the dictation of a friend so "masterful and remorseless" as Richard Newton, it must be remembered that to the latter he owed the suggestion to lay aside mere translation for more important work; that all his life he gave himself over into bondage to some spiritual taskmaster; and that this movement of the Wesleys, which transfused Cowper's soul, was to influence the whole course of literary effort for more than a century after. The remarks which conclude the notice of Cowper are admirable:—

"But while he was bound in spirit he was free in his genius, as no man else in his generation was free. Academical rule and precedent had no sway over him; he went out of the schools of the poets a gentle rebel, casting all their leading strings to the winds, not saying a word of revolt, but with a quiet obstinacy taking his own way. He would not be bound even to logic or sequence, but waved all those limitations lightly from him, and did as fancy bade, with no defiance, but only a gentle natural waywardness. He saw, with eyes as clear as truth itself, what was before him in the soft fresh outside world, in which there was no intoxicating loveliness, but only a modest English landscape; and taste and inclination at once refused to bring in any foreign images, finding that enough, and the genuine humanity that peopled it. He was bold to say what was in him, and to say it his own way; he had the courage to step back in the course of time, and bring his model from higher sources than those of the Augustan age. He broke the spell of Pope, and opened the way to Wordsworth and all the singers that were being born, while he languished and agonized. The world would have been a different world for them if Cowper had not been."

In Burns the writer meets with one with whom through nationality, taste, and above all sex, she is prepared to sympathize. When considering his character and poetry, his simple directness, his heartfelt tenderness and sensitiveness, his subjection to emotion, his rapid transitions from one feeling to another, we have often felt that it requires a woman's heart to fully understand Burns. In the seventy pages that are occupied with the Ayrshire singer, our authoress develops to advantage another valuable qualification that she possesses. Mrs. Oliphant is a teller of many stories, and as a rule has told them well. In her exhibition of character, in her seizing of the picturesque side of incidents for treatment, in her vivid and easy narrative, her labours at the novelist's desk have served her in good stead. For Robert Burns's life is one which might be

Digitized by Google

dropped into the middle of a nineteenth century tale with pre-eminent propriety. In the sketch before us the poet takes a position quite second to the man. The writer loves to dwell on such pictures as the following:—

"Imagine the ploughboys in their winter evenings gathered about the solitary candle on the table, or smoking little oil-lamp, with those sober treatises before them, reading 'with avidity,' while the cheerful glow of the fire lighted up the one homely room which was kitchen and parlour and hall, and the mother's quick cheerful coming and going, and her songs, not loud enough to disturb them, gave a lively, kindly background to the little group—work over, supper preparing, warmth and rest about them. . . . These peaceful evening scenes were often painfully interrupted; sometimes threatening letters would come from the factor—letters threatening roup (auction) and gaol, the two horrors of the poor—which 'used to set us all in tears.' No separation of interests here, or division between the elder and younger, but that perfect union which made the family one. Sometimes there would be a rare visitor to interrupt the studies. On one distinct occasion, of which a record exists, the young dominie who had taught the boys spent an evening in the smoky, cheerful farm-kitchen. He brought with him of all things in the world the tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus,' and by way of passing the evening he began to read the play aloud. 'We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party were dissolved in tears. A female in the play' (says Gilbert Burns) 'had her hands chopped off (I have but a confused remembrance of it) and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave it with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it.' Most likely the young dominie considered the raw head and bloody bones business (which surely Shakespeare had nothing to do with) would be the right kind of excitement for the farmer's children; but the future poet was a bold critic in the indignant purity of his young imagination. Is there not something in these scenes, over which the mind lingers more tenderly than if this boy's education had been in the hands of the most learned scholars? And when the books were laid aside, and the porridge eaten, and the homely yet hospitable table cleared, came the family service, the 'Let us worship God' which, in the confidential intercourse between the brothers, Robert told Gilbert had always seemed to him the most solemn of utterances. A sketch of family life more pure, more true, or more touching, was never made."

Throughout the sad history of his later life, "misled by fancy's meteor ray, by passion driven," nothing of its waywardness is concealed, scarce even extenuated; yet, be it confessed, without subtracting one jot of our esteem for the poet or of our exceeding pity for the man. As we shall shortly pass to the critical part of these volumes, we cannot forbear seizing the opportunity to place alongside the above another picture of similar kind, given not more as a second example of Mrs. Oliphant's power of sympathetic description than as an instance of her courage in laying under

Digitized by Google

contribution the best authorities she can find, the extent to which she carries this principle raising largely in our opinion the value of her work. A considerable part of the quotation which follows will be recognized as Talfourd's own work, or the suggestion of Talfourd. It depicts the whole life of the gentle Charles and Mary Lamb in the little rooms high up among the attics of the Temple :—

"Thus they lived together, and kept each other happy—between the acts, as Lamb says. The acts were those terrible intervals when she was away in the asylum, and he alone. While they lived in the Temple—the best and happiest part of their lives—the brother and sister held little weekly assemblies, which Talfourd, their biographer, compares to the more splendid gatherings in Holland House. In the one, everything that was noble and imposing, almost royal—stately hospitality, guests honoured and proud to find themselves there ; in the other, the homeliest friendly meeting, the fire playing cheerfully, lighting up the low dark walls ; the whist-tables set out ; the substantial, plain supper in the corner ; 'Lamb himself, yet unrelaxed by the glass, sitting with a sort of Quaker primness at the whist-table, the gentleness of his melancholy smile half lost in his intentness in the game.' But when the moderate play was over, and the supper discussed, and 'the hot water and its accompaniments' produced, the conversation became more animated. 'Hazlitt, catching the influence of the spirit from which he has just begun to abstain, utters some fine criticism with struggling emphasis. Lamb stammers out puns, suggestive of wisdom, for happy Barron Field to admire and echo ; the various driblets of talk combine into a stream, while Miss Lamb moves gently about to see that each modest stranger is duly served, turning now and then an anxious, loving eye on Charles, which is softened into a half-humorous expression of resignation to inevitable fate when he mixes his second tumbler.' Sometimes Wordsworth would appear at rare intervals, and to hear him recite the noblest passages of his own poetry, and discuss its theory and power, drew the little company together in rapt attention ; while still more, when Coleridge came, every other question was laid aside, 'argument and humorous criticism were hushed ;' and if a card-table had been filled, or a dispute begun before he was excited to continuous speech, his gentle voice, undulating in music, soon—

"Suspended whist, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience."

It was a happy fancy of Talfourd's to digress to compare this little society—one that will be remembered as long as the English tongue is spoken—with the brilliant, restless, envied, and now nearly quite forgotten contemporary assemblies at Holland House. The occurrence of the most terrible of the "acts" alluded to, the fatal outbreak of that disorder which so often creeps like its shadow behind genius, is thus described :—

"Mary, ten years older than her brother, had always been the most tender of sisters and daughters. But there was insanity in their blood. Charles himself had spent 'the six weeks that finished last year and began this' (1796)

Digitized by Google

'very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton,' and Mary had suffered from more than one attack of the same kind. But nobody, it was evident, dreamt of any danger in connection with the gentle, homely young woman, the provider of her household, when one dreadful September day, when the cloth was laid for the mid-day dinner, a sudden fury of madness seized her, and with one of the knives from the table she killed the invalid mother whom she had been watching with unremitting tenderness night and day. 'My poor, dear, dearest sister,' writes Lamb to Coleridge, with an agony of restrained tears in the very sound of the words, 'in a fit of insanity has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I hear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses; I eat and drink and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt.'"

There is scarcely a stranger accident in the history of all literature than the sorrowful lives, and still more sorrowful endings, of most of the great men of the period chronicled. Truly the bards of that time found many an occasion to learn in suffering what they taught in song. Of the brilliant constellation which lit up that time, hardly one went to his setting in a serene and peaceful sky. The placid old age of Wordsworth stands out in almost solitary relief amid the pain or the punishment of Cowper, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, and their compeers.

But, unquestionably, Mrs. Oliphant has secured her chief triumphs in the pages devoted to æsthetical criticism. In this field she develops, and somewhat unexpectedly, qualities of all but the highest order. And probably she touches her best when she comes to that illustrious band who used to receive the title—which has often struck us as being neither forcible nor felicitous—of the "Lake Poets." So much has of late been written about these men, their very names have been so well worn, that it would be no ordinary compliment to Mrs. Oliphant to say that on this subject she is not only readable, but interesting, though she is far more than this. Her pages on Wordsworth are worthy of the poet, though it may be considered certain that many will be found to dispute the pre-eminent position assigned to him. It is a question, indeed, whether the flaw is not an irremediable one in a poet's reputation when he is found issuing the spurious rhymes which he persistently holds to bear the stamp of the true poetic mint. The admirers of Byron and Shelley may argue with force that neither of these ever sank so low; yet it is incontestable that in lofty intellect, noble gifts of the heart, command over the resources of poetical expression, and the possession of a true artistic conscience, Wordsworth

Digitized by Google

was always the equal, and often the superior, of all the literary giants of his day. But this poet has received so considerable a share of critical attention since his death that it is impossible that very much of what Mrs. Oliphant says can be decidedly original. That which has been written on Coleridge will probably commend itself to the reading public as entitling her to a distinct place among the commentators of the day; and this, whether we consider the delicacy and truth of her perception, or the admirable language in which the criticism is conveyed. In the entire three volumes there is nothing better than the analysis of the two great poems, which, with that named "Love," are set down as the enduring memorials of Coleridge's genius—"The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." It is impossible, from their length, to give both; the reader must be content with the close of the former, and the writer's wonderful exhibition of Coleridge's purpose in the divine creation of Christabel:—

"This unexpected gentle conclusion brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we can remember in poetry. The effect is one rarely produced, and which few poets have the strength and daring to accomplish, sinking from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. The visionary voyage is over, we are back again on the mortal soil from which we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and invisible bear to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have passed the borders of the unseen.

"The same period which produced the 'Ancient Mariner' produced also 'Christabel'—as much of it as was ever written. It is said that Coleridge had planned the second part of this poem, and meant to finish it, but it is well that his wayward indolence came in, backed for once by the voices of judicious friends. Charles Lamb was one of those who said the fragment should never be completed, and that is something the more which we owe our beloved Elia. This further investigation into the unknown was not published till years after, but it was read in the brotherhood, and known, from this happy and fertile period. It is a more distinct revelation than the other. The first was, so to speak, introductory—an uplifting of the veil—the disclosure of a vast unseen world, full of struggles and mysteries. The second is the distinct identification of a mystery of evil—an unseen harm and bane, working secretly in the dark places of the earth against white innocence, purity, and truth, and carrying on with a new dread and awe the continual conflict between good and evil. The poet does not stop to explain to us how this can be. Philosopher as he is to the depth of his soul, he is yet so much the more poet as to see that any theory of spiritual hate against the happiness of earth would confuse the unity of his strain, and probably transfer our interest, as it has done in the 'Paradise Lost,' to the despairing spirit whose envy and enmity arise out of that hopeless majesty of wretchedness, great enough to be sublime, which devours his own soul. But Coleridge gives no reason for the hideous and terrible persecution of which

Digitized by Google

his lovely maiden, 'Christabel,' symbolical even in name, is the object. The poem is a romance of Christianity—a legend of the saints. For no fault of hers, but rather for her virtues, are the powers of evil raised against her; and one of the most subtle and wonderful touches in the poem is that which makes us sensible of the ignorance of her innocence, her want of any knowledge or experience which can make her aware what the evil is, and how she is to deal with it. The witch Geraldine has all the foul wisdom of her wickedness to help her sorceries, her supernatural knowledge, her spells and cunning. But Christabel has nothing save her purity, and stands defenceless as a lamb, not even knowing what the danger is, exposed at every point in her simplicity, and paralyzed, not instructed, by the first gleam of bewildering enlightenment. Never was there a higher or more beautiful conception. It is finer in its indefiniteness than the contrast of Una and Duessa, the pure and impure, the false and true, of a more elaborate allegory. Spenser, who lived in a more downright age, keeps himself within a narrower circle, and is compelled by his story to acts and deeds; but his very distinctness limits his power. The sorceress or disguised demon of Coleridge does not attempt to ruin her victim in any such uncompromising way. What she does is to throw boundless confusion into the gentle soul, to fill its limpid depths with fear and horror and distrust of all fair appearances, and even of itself—a still more appalling doubt; to undermine the sacred foundation of that love and honour in which Christabel's very name is enshrined, and to establish herself a subtle enemy, an antagonistic power, at the pure creature's side, turning her existence into chaos. Una is a foully-slandered and innocent maiden, but Christabel is a martyr soul, suffering for her race without knowing it, struggling in a dumb consternation against the evil that holds her spell-bound. And all the more pathetic, all the more enthralling, is the picture, because the Christ-maiden is entirely human—too young, too childlike, even to understand the high passion which has fallen upon her. She knows nothing, neither her own position—a sight for angels to watch—nor all that depends on her steadfast adherence to her white banner of religious faith and purity; but her enemy knows everything, and has an armoury of subtle spiritual weapons at her disposal: 'Jesu, Maria, shield her well!'"

Space would not allow us to enter at greater length into the varied and excellent work displayed in these volumes. But it is right to give a specimen of the author's powers of critical comparison. An effort of this kind, to be successful, requires a capacity much more unusual than the mere dissection of a poem. A certain degree of delicate taste is often sufficient for the latter; a large acquaintance with the subject, an accurate judgment, and a considerable faculty of reasoning are essential to the former. That Mrs. Oliphant can do one as well as the other will be thought to be evident, we fancy, from the following:—

"Byron and Shelley were the children of the Revolution. The spirit of wild discontent on one side and wilder visionary longing for a new system and form of life on the other had got into their veins. Obedience, discipline and order, and all the established sanctities of home and family, of law and government, were to them tyrannical prejudices of the past. Their minds

Digitized by Google

were restless all their life long with that fever which they had sucked in at their birth, which so many secondary circumstances account for, yet which may well be believed to have taken its origin from the wild ferment in the air—the hot and fiery commotion, the blood and flames that reddened earth when those angels of divination, confused yet receptive, first lighted upon it and took their earliest survey of its affairs through wondering childish eyes. They did not know what they would be at, any more than the populace did which found a vent for its blind misery in spreading the like around it, and exacted a wild vicarious atonement indiscriminately from the innocent for the wrongs done by the guilty. To both these uneasy souls the conditions of revolution lasted all their life long: they never got out of that fatal atmosphere. Wildly rejecting all guidance, without leader or following to steady them upon their way, they had but their own uncertain instincts, their own wild impulses, to guide them; and to glorify these impulses, and make of them the only divine guides, was the object, so far as they had an object, of much of their poetry and of the greater part of their lives. Even what they loved became repulsive to them when it was associated with the idea of duty. The fantastic freedom of a classic Faun—to roam where it would, to enjoy as it would, to dart away at every impulse—was in Shelley's ethereal nature, only half-human and altogether irresponsible; though his intellect tangled him in theories of political justice, in fantastic schemes for the amelioration of the race, and his child's heart of pity and tenderness made him incapable of denying kindness or help to any supplicant, save those who had a lawful claim upon his service. Byron was of the earth, earthy—a totally different kind of being. He did not stand upon the right of doing wrong, like his companion spirit; he followed the law of his appetites and senses, without a doubt on the point that it was bad to do so, but with a braggart's pleasure in the badness, as a proof of his courage and power of rebellion against heaven itself, which he was never unwilling to appease privately by acknowledgment of his insubordination. His was in every way the lower side of the great rebellion. He had all the restless uneasiness, all the sense of a world out of joint, of wrongs to be avenged, and bitter opposition to all authorities and exactions of duty; but he was a cynic where Shelley was an enthusiast, and hoped nothing from the race—to which, notwithstanding, he too showed a contemptuous prodigal pity when any individual pang came under his eyes. Peace to their troubled spirits! The heart bleeds to contemplate them—so young, so full of noble gifts—dropped so early out of all operation of those experiences of life which might have brought a higher development and perhaps a nobler element of tranquillity and satisfaction into their lives. We are far from believing in such waste of genius as that their noble faculties are lost. By this time, perhaps—who can tell?—these changed and perfected voices, in fullest harmony and measure, are preparing for us the songs to be sung in heaven."

We have unwittingly almost exceeded the limits permissible to a review. But, before closing, a couple of points, in which we have the misfortune to think that a little more consideration might have taught the author of the "Literary History" to have done better and more wisely, must be spoken of.

Mrs. Oliphant makes little attempt to conceal her Scottish partialities. She entirely succeeds in favourably impressing

Digitized by Google

the reader with the position held by Scotland in the literary world during the period of her record. This has been helped by the expedient of introducing only names of high lustre and importance in her discussions on Scottish worthies. The criticisms on Burns, Scott, Jeffrey, *et hoc genus omne*, are among the best work she has done. But we fear the traditional prejudice of race infects her when she takes up her pen to set down the merits of the writers of Ireland. The majority of Irishmen whom she selects to fill her pages would be considered only second rate in Scotland, or third rate in England. It may be answered that to find it so was the writer's misfortune, not her fault—though we cannot see why Edmund Burke has been excluded. But the remark that Moore is "a poor creature . . . but, such as he is, he is the best that Ireland has done," is entirely her own. So also are the observations that Daniel O'Connell presents a "grandiose if never entirely grand figure," that "Sheridan's . . . disorderly ways were a sort of impersonation of the conventional character of the Irishman," and that it is the Anglo-Irish class "and not the native race which has produced the little there is to distinguish Ireland in literature." Of this Irish failure a strange explanation is suggested —"Before the Union Dublin booksellers pirated English publications as Americans do now. Perhaps this crime against literature has something to do with the stunting of the race in literary development." A very few Irish matters elicit her approval. One is in connection with the visit of Sir Walter Scott to Dublin, in 1825, when "the genial enthusiasm of the people for the great Scotsman is pleasant to hear of." These sallies are ushered in by a reference to "the unfortunate island, which, to the great misfortune both of her neighbours and herself, is so closely connected with Great Britain." That the best part of all this is unfortunately too true heightens rather than redeems its bad taste. It is such stupid thoughtlessness as is found here, and in the caricatures of the London illustrated papers, that forms the true obstacle to the union of the people of Great Britain with that nation whose race, history, religion, and institutions have combined to render her perhaps the most sensitive of the nations of the globe. How long will it be before it be recognized that the atmosphere of easy contempt or active dislike which surrounds an Irishman in, say London, is sufficiently electrical of itself to account for the bitter ebullitions of feeling which have exasperated and disgraced the House of Commons in recent years?

Digitized by Google

One last blunder. The volumes under review have not been everywhere accorded a very favourable reception by the English press. Certainly they have received, it is submitted, a welcome very far short of their deserts. It is not altogether difficult to account for this. Men hesitate to believe that the women fitted for a task of this kind by their comprehensive faculties and literary training, united to a requisite habit of industry, are many in number. Still more are they inclined to suspect a writer hitherto best known for her success in the walks of romance. But a prejudice conceived in general terms such as these would not last long; and to the extent that the feeling against her book rests on any surer foundation Mrs. Oliphant has to blame only herself. In her preface she has committed herself to statements which are simply absurd, the utterance of an absolutely childish ignorance. Such a mistake in a writer of experience is unaccountable. Has she not learned by this time that in nine cases out of ten the reviewer only gives his attention to the preface and a few of the opening pages? He reviews these; he often simply cuts the rest. Yet it is in the preface, in the very forefront of the book, that the author ventures to print this remarkable declaration:—

"The processes of development or evolution, of which we have heard so much, are manifestly suspended in physics since the age of history began, so that nowhere since men have been able to report or perceive their own progress has an inch been added to their stature or a joint to their fingers—a result which must be confusing to the scientific student even on his own ground; but the development of mind has not even remained stationary like that of the body. It has been regulated by some spasmodic force which no one has tried to define, and which acts by great unforeseen impulses of irregular recurrence, of which no one has succeeded in calculating the times or seasons."

Further, she avers that literature does not develop historically as national life does, for "we have not advanced on Shakespeare; Bacon is still our fountain-head of philosophy; nay, even old Chaucer remains the well of English undefiled." It is difficult to resist the prejudice such language excites. The latter deliverance is almost unmeaning; so far as it is intelligible it is simply untrue. If we may be allowed a guess as to what was in the author's mind, it seems to amount to a complaint that Shakespeare's descendants did not compose better dramas than their father, their offspring better still, and so on, down to some extraordinary result in our own

Digitized by Google

day; and that, physically, if the laws of evolution were in progress, we might expect even to add another joint to the hand, or a cubit to our stature, or perhaps an eye at the back of the head. And this is the reading of the doctrine of evolution put forward by one of the most intelligent women of the day—a doctrine which undertakes to explain why it is that so many species of animals have continuously diminished in size as time has run; why it is that the horse has lost all its toes and fingers but one, and the ox all but two, on each of their feet respectively.

Evolution is, of course, but another name for the gradual adaptation of organisms to their environment, and we believe some of the strongest proofs in favour of this theory will be found in examining the bursts of intellectual activity witnessed in any country. Probably not only will the rise, progress, and decline of any literary period be fairly accounted for by the surrounding circumstances, but the very characteristics likewise developed by each individual writer. It most assuredly is pre-eminently the case with the intellectual progeny of the nineteenth century, as the least consideration of the subject, accompanied by a little knowledge of what evolution really is, would show.

Other blemishes have been pointed out by some of the critics of these volumes; but time precludes us from dwelling on their compensating and still more admirable excellences, and notably the pages devoted to the career of the now almost forgotten Godwin and his ill-famed wife, Mary Wollstonecraft. It has come to be assumed to be the main business of criticism to pass censure; but if to praise be the highest part of its function, according to the dictum of Mr. Ruskin, we must rest content with certifying that the reader will discover ground for it in almost every page he opens of the "Literary History." In glancing through the press reviews of this work, we fancy that we find a curious confirmation of the remark made a little higher up as to the perfunctory mode in which professional critics execute their business. Most of these gentlemen, after a little quiet applause, usually end by selecting some one literary life, which they stamp as the best. But it is a singular fact that for the most part each is pleased to fix upon a different name. It is not possible to resist the suspicion that it is just at that particular life that the critic has "tasted" the book. If so, Mrs. Oliphant is to be congratulated. Indeed, it may be safely said, that those who seem to know it least praise it least, and those who have read it most like it best. Very many of the biographies

Digitized by Google

would serve excellently as introductions to the popular editions of their authors' works. It is, we believe, not merely the book of the season, but the book of many seasons. Lastly, it is a book that will be read itself, and, further, will set us reading other books. It is the best work that Mrs. Oliphant has done, and it is to be hoped that she will soon give us something more of the same kind—as appreciative, eloquent, and honest as the present book.

ARISTARCHUS.

Digitized by Google

AN UNSUCCESSFUL PATRIOT.

It is a marked characteristic of Englishmen that, while always ready to recognize the heroic in any patriotic uprising amongst other nations, and to lean to the weaker side in all spectacles when they are non-combatants, as in the American rebellion, they are about the last people in the world to do justice to an enemy with whom they are in direct conflict, or to pronounce an impartial judgment on the motives which prompt his opposition where their national interests are involved.

Our forefathers sneered at "Mr. Washington, the farmer soldier," and covered the "Corsican Usurper" with spiteful ridicule and infamous epithets, while it is only within our own day that men have dared to speak up openly for Oliver Cromwell. But our countrymen took to their hearts, and cheered to the echo, the author of the infamous *coup d'état* of 1851, and went wild with excitement over Kossuth, an eminently unsuccessful agitator, and Garibaldi, an impulsive, undisciplined, blundering patriot, who was as frequently defeated as he was victorious. For these men never crossed our path, and we could afford to applaud their outbreaks against those to whom we were, at least, indifferent.

The ingrained pugnacity of the Briton is of course responsible for much of this feeling. There are few greater fallacies indulged in than the prevalent belief amongst Englishmen, that, as a nation, we are given over to the peaceful prosecution of trade and money-making, and are not warlike. No country in Europe has had its troops so constantly occupied in petty wars as our own, and since Waterloo we have been engaged in fully fifty affairs of this character.

Many of them have been shamefully and outrageously unjust, notably the opium wars with China, and the two campaigns in Afghanistan, where, on both occasions, we fought to force an incapable ruler upon an unwilling people, with most disastrous results. The climax of injustice, however, was reached during the year just closed, when the irresistible might of the finest navy in

Digitized by Google

the world crumbled to ruin the mercantile capital of Egypt as a means of repressing the wide-spread uprising of the national party against the most flagrant, iniquitous, and tyrannical misgovernment any country has had to endure. And look at the undignified anomaly of the position. We were not at war with Egypt; we were not asked by her quasi rulers to interfere; we did not wait the consent, but braved the protest of Turkey against firing the first gun; we acted on our own judgment in the capacity of police to preserve order, as we called it, in a foreign country; and we were influenced solely and undeniably by the financial consideration of our countrymen, who had enjoyed the privilege of lending their money to develop the resources of Egypt. No amount of sophistry can disguise the naked truth that the war was entered upon to prevent the carrying out of reforms in the Egyptian administration which would have had the effect of throwing some hundreds of Europeans out of lucrative and dignified appointments. These barnacles, seeing their cosy sinecures in peril, prophesied repudiation and all disaster if their controlling influence was removed, and with the partisan assistance of the Joint Control succeeded in alarming the bondholders, through whose irresistible influence the fleet was ordered round to make a demonstration. Unhappily, and doubtless, unexpectedly, the "demonstration" was resultless, and as it could hardly follow the example of the King of France's men, it was led into demonstrating the capacity of the latest achievements in marine artillery, and the ease with which one of the finest towns on the African continent could be reduced to ruins.

A short six months ago Arabi Pasha, rebel or patriot, occupied the most prominent position in the foreign policy of Great Britain, and was the daily text of acres of type in the wide area of English journalism. To-day there are "none so poor as do him reverence." His exile from his native land is briefly chronicled, and approved as an act of gracious clemency. He is left to enjoy the spicy breezes which, according to the poet, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and to drop from the page of history, branded as a truculent agitator and an incompetent soldier.

A man of presence too, tall and burly, with a keen eye and a fine iron-grey beard, and, though of humble origin, yet not wanting in a courtly dignity of manner, that impressed alike the diplomatic official and the ubiquitous special correspondent. Unhappily for himself, he lacked the personal qualifications necessary to make

Digitized by Google

a good soldier—he had not the dash, may we not say the rashness of the impetuous warrior of Caprera; he appears to have been deficient in strategic skill, and, like Napoleon the Third, he relied upon his subordinates for the performance of details, with the inevitable result of being hoodwinked and befooled like the victim of Sedan.

The most outrageous imputations of personal cowardice have been made against him during the excitement of the brief inglorious war, but they are for the most part so utterly improbable, and so manifestly the tattle of personal enmity, that they may safely be disregarded. But whether he lacked personal courage and military capacity or not, despite all the attempts that have been made to stigmatize him as a turbulent rebel and an ingrate traitor, it is certain that he was a national leader, whom the great bulk of his countrymen looked to as their possible deliverer from an intolerable bondage, whom his colleagues vowed they would "hew in pieces" if he deserted them, and who was not without the sympathy and secret support of his sovereign, and his unstable and time-serving viceroy.

The poor pretence that persisted in representing Arabi Pasha as the ringleader of a military riot, that threatened the peace and prosperity of a country practically under mortgage to us, and whose overthrow and execution were necessary alike to the maintenance of our financial interests and the suppression of anarchy, could only deceive those who ignored contemporary history. If he was not essentially a national leader, having the confidence and the love of the people, so far as those feelings are expressed in the Oriental mind, why are we now committed to a policy of "protection" that requires some 10,000 British soldiers to remain for an indefinite period as a repressive power? The poor, ragged, unpaid fragment of an army, mutinous or dutiful, has been scattered to the winds, and offers no hint of danger. Why has it been so persistently demanded that Baker Pasha, or whoever the new pacificator may be, should organize a force of Albanians or Beloochees, or other warlike foreign mercenaries, to overawe and extinguish any patriotic antagonism to the exoteric occupation? If it was simply the crushing of a riotous outbreak, why not re-organize the attenuated Egyptian army and strengthen it by numbers, by discipline, and by the morale which would come of proper consideration and assured pay? Because they cannot be relied on as instruments of oppression to their own countrymen. Because they believe in Arabi as the

Digitized by Google

representative of their cause, and believe that they are unjustly burdened with the intolerable cost and insupportable tyranny of an alien occupation, treating them with the rigour of an enslaved and conquered nation.

The persistent efforts made by the English Consul-General and the Joint Control to crush the germs of a national awakening are well illustrated by their action towards the local press. During the last two or three years several journals in the vernacular were started with a view to discuss the situation, and seek a remedy for existing grievances. It seems almost incredible to us who have been nurtured in a belief of the essential necessity of a free press, that one of these journals was absolutely suppressed, on the application of the British Consul, for publishing an article of which the following extract contains the severest paragraphs, while others were duly warned or suspended for comments of a far milder character.

"We do not wish to expel foreigners from our country, but we must cease to employ them in our administrations. The *Times* says that in the Control Europe has conferred a great benefit on Egypt. We say, on the contrary, that we have been loaded with a crushing burden. England and France are at variance in their political interests, but they are agreed in their financial views. We are the prey of two lions. All the Europeans receive disproportionately large salaries, but if England and France had to pay them themselves, they would quickly abandon their intervention here. In the beginning we received them as guests, but now they are established on pretence of protecting political and financial interests. One day we hope to see our administration cleared of all Europeans, and on that day we shall say that England and France have rendered us great service. Up till now we have treated foreigners with all courtesy, and even as if they belonged to a superior creation. Seeing this, they have resolved to make as much profit as they can out of us. The only difference between foreigners and ourselves lies in our kindlier and more noble nature, and their superior military force."

With every allowance for the little touch of smug self-complacency in the last paragraph, what would Victorians think of a government that should, under foreign pressure, visit such a mild protest with the penalties of suppression and confiscation? And what a sense of humiliation attaches to the fact that the power was set in motion by the well-paid representative of England's commercial honour.

When, by the masterly strategy of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the military hopes of Arabi were crushed at Tel-el-Kebir, and he surrendered his sword with a courteous intimation that he did so "for the honour of England," the personal interest in him passed from the Foreign Office to the ever-present special correspondent; that

Digitized by Google

great modern institution that moulds the public mind on every prominent event that happens under the sun. To one of these electrical historians Arabi thus unbosomed himself.

"None of you can understand Egypt, or Egyptian politics. We in many ways resemble Mexico. The French Emperor endeavoured to saddle the ancient empire of the Aztecs with a weak-minded Prince whom they did not want. They executed Maximilian, and the sympathy of Europe was with the Mexicans, who sternly declined his sway. Well, we are saddled with a house and with a man whom we despise and do not want. We lift up our voice and declare we will have none of the brood, and straightway you—the most powerful nation under heaven—come upon us and force the obnoxious system down our throats. You call yourselves the champions of liberty, and would send us back into the most abject serfdom. You are great and powerful; but I cannot respect you. This Tewfik, in whose cause you have made so grand a display, is utterly contemptible—well-meaning, possibly, like Louis XVI., but a prey to the worst advisers. He is not so bad as his father, I admit, nor so silly and useless as his brother; but the wickedness of his counsellors makes up for such deficiencies. You restore Tewfik in spite of the unanimous desire of a country to the contrary. On your head be our misery then. I do not like you, but I am obliged to respect your power; knowing what I now know, I see how vain were my hopes, and can only be proud to think that miserable Egypt could stand against your strength for nearly sixty days. . . . I have not, nor ever had, any personal hate against the Khedive. I wipe him away—[this with an inimitable wave of a shapely hand]. The Khedive is nothing in himself, but always the servant of another. If you like to give him a tutor who will whisper to him, all may go well; but if not, the Turkish and Circassian *régime* will be re-established, and the bastinado be rampant as of yore, *and it will be your doing*. I hate not the Khedive, and he hates not me. After Tel-el-Kebir all roads were open to me. I might have gone where I listed, but I knew better, knowing the Khedive's friends. I should have died by a pair of scissors, like Sultan Abdul Aziz? No! I preferred to give myself to you, to do with as you liked. What would I wish to do? I would wish to be banished from Egypt for ever. My heart is sick of Egypt. I would live quietly in Europe with my family, and trouble no one any more, for my dream is passed, and I was deceived. Quietly? Ha, ha! How could I live otherwise? Liars say that I filled my purse when in office. I am a very poor man—have only one little house near Zagazig, where I was born; my palace at Cairo is not mine—was only lent to me as a minister. I am very poor indeed, and if you set me free I shall have to work for my living and my family."

These were not the statements likely to be made by a captured mutineer about to be tried for his life; but, *malgré* the Eastern tendency to a whining deprecation, they are the sad utterances of a man who felt his life's cause hopeless, and sighed for the people he represented rather than for himself. In his desperate and despairing stand against the vast powers of Western domination, he was backed up more by the moral support of the intellectual centre of the Mohammedan world—the great University of Cairo,

Digitized by Google

the Assembly of Notables, and the Press (a comparatively new element in the country, that was labouring manfully to stir up the dejected and oppressed taxpayers towards aspirations for national life and freedom), rather than by the ragged, depleted, and ill-trained army that was the necessary, but inefficient, tool given him to work out his redemption. That he failed was to be expected; that his farcical trial was cut short to avoid the implication of his quasi-sovereign, whom it suited the English Government to maintain as their pliant tool, was in keeping with the tissue of deception and suppression that had entangled our Government into the inglorious and meddlesome position from which they have not yet escaped.

It were long to tell and tedious to substantiate the whole story of Egypt's wrongs at the hands of her creditors, and this is not the place where the prolix narratives of blue books and Parliamentary papers can be given *in extenso;* but to those who wish to have the literal proofs of injustice and oppression, they have been marshalled with crushing effect in a recently-published pamphlet by Mr. J. Seymour Keay, entitled, "Spoiling the Egyptians: a Tale of Shame Told from the Blue Books," wherein every statement is supported by reference to the documents furnished by the Foreign Office and the Parliamentary papers. It is a book which no Englishman will like to read, but which, having once taken up, he cannot afford to ignore, for its allegations are unanswerable.

In a masterly address delivered last June, by Mr. Frederic Harrison, before the Anti-Aggression League, he stated the case with such force and conciseness that no apology is necessary for quoting him at some length. He says:—

"For a long time past the European nations have been running a race together as to which should be foremost in pressing upon Egypt its civilization and protection. Their civilization took the form, at first, of enormous loans of money at high interest. These bounties of 'civilization' amount altogether to some £115,000,000. Then the civilizers, when they found the country utterly sinking under this gigantic burden of debt, and racked by the most odious misgovernment, were good enough to invite themselves to fulfil various offices at large salaries to keep things a little straight. By a Parliamentary paper just published we learn the names, and offices, and salaries of this vast army of European officials paid out of the taxes of the people of Egypt. Their total number is 1,325; their total salaries amount to £373,704—about one-twelfth of the entire available expenditure of the country. The number of European civilizers is some 60,000 or, some say, 100,000. In consideration of their beneficent mission, these European missionaries of good works at ten per cent. have been exempt from local taxation. A native pays a tax of twelve per cent. annual value on his house; the European lives tax free. The native fly-driver pays a heavy tax on his vehicle; the European banker drives his pair tax free.

Digitized by Google

Next, the civilizers having obliged the country with some £115,000,000 at from seven to ten per cent., obtained 'concessions' for about £35,000,000 more. Having kindly exempted themselves from taxation, they were good enough to set up local courts in which they had the right to bring their civil and criminal affairs to a judge of their own nation. An army of European judges, and secretaries, and assessors, and barristers were called in at very liberal salaries, who undertook to do the law for the Egyptian people. The civilizers could not, of course, flood the country with their gold, make themselves free of local taxation, free of local jurisdiction, without coming into political conflict with the Egyptian Government and people, as well as with one another. One Khedive was dethroned by the pressure put by two European powers on the Sultan of Turkey; another was put in his place, who well understood that he would be protected only so long as he did what he was told. And to maintain this system, the notable device of the Control was set up. England and France have the right to send out each a controller or official who shall supervise the entire expenditure of the country, provide for due payment of the foreign debt, and regulate and control the budget. The controllers are the two foreign chancellors of the exchequer, as it were, to the Egyptians. The whole financial system of the country is under their supervision. Each controller receives a salary of nearly £4,000 a year, and the entire cost of this one institution is £14,000 a year. There are two other controls, so that the Egyptian people pay about £30,000 a year for the luxury of not being allowed to raise or expend their own taxes as they please, for fear that their foreign creditors may not get the whole of their four and a half millions of interest. The population of Egypt is rather more than 5,000,000; and the revenue of this very poor people is £9,000,000 or £10,000,000, or nearly £2 per head. The taxation of the people of India, which we are often told is as high as it can possibly be raised, is about 4s. per head; that of the Egyptian fellah about ten times as much. . . . The fellah, or peasant of the Nile, is one of the poorest, the most patient, ill-used, most hopeless of all the cultivators of the soil to be found on this wide earth. For centuries he has been the prey of oppressors and tax-gatherers. But the worst exactions of his native Mohammedan tax-gatherers never imposed on him so hopeless a burden as the cool, scientific, book-keeping sort of spoliation of his European civilizers. . . . Naturally this 'spoiling' of the Egyptians, which they now call 'exploitation,' this control and dry nursing, roused native hostility. Strange to say, the Egyptians grew sulky at so much civilization. The 1,300 civilizers paid £373,000 per annum out of their taxes seemed a little overdone; the 60,000 Europeans living tax free; the local courts of alien law and foreign judges; the four-and-a-half millions, half the total revenue, carried off to foreign bondholders. The Mohammedan population conceived what is called a 'fanatical' objection to foreigners; they even blasphemed the value of civilization; they murmured it was rather too dear, and they talked about a Parliament. For some time the head of this movement was in the native army, headed by a native gentleman, Arabi Pasha. A Parliament was called, and soon began a struggle between the Parliament, the Army, the University, and the native leaders on the one side; and the Khedive, some of his official world, and the European ring of civilizers on the other. It suited the ring to call a national movement, provoked by their meddling, a mutiny. Unhappily our public representatives took sides against the leaders; they misled our Foreign office; they openly avowed hostility to the native party. The English representatives refused to recognize its chief, and plotted his downfall. . . . But the cause of Arabi succeeded in spite

Digitized by Google

of the hostility, the intrigues, and the threats of the European Consuls and the European Controllers. The Khedive did not take the advice of the English Controller, and did not arrest Arabi; but Arabi's affection for the Control was, of course, not increased by the advice. He became, however, the leading minister of the Khedive, and proceeded to carry out a number of changes in the Egyptian army and the Egyptian finances."

All the world knows what followed. The intrigues of the Control to crush the national movement, and the garbled accounts with which they misled the British Government into the fatal mistake of sending the fleet to Alexandria, and demanding under its guns the dismissal and exile of Arabi, and the suppression of his party and its aspirations. Earl Granville had been solemnly warned of the almost certain results of this high-handed display of force, but he relied upon the assurance of our Consul-General—"That the political advantage of the arrival of the combined squadron at Alexandria was so great as to override the danger which it might possibly cause to Europeans in Cairo"—and disregarded alike the protests of the Sultan, who offered to substitute another ruler for the unpopular Khedive,—and the earnest representations of the Consuls-General of Germany and Austria, who implored him not to risk the lives of 30,000 Europeans by refusing to recognize the ministry approved by the military and national party. The restoration of the Control to the irresponsible government of the country through their pliant and unscrupulous tool, the Khedive Tewfik, was the ultimatum, and stung the Egyptian populace to that pitch of fury and fanaticism which ended in riot, massacre, and ruin.

The two direct issues on which the British Government relied for the vindication of their aggressive action were the maintenance of free transit through the Canal and the security of the British bondholders. Prominence was given to the former as partaking of an international character; the latter, which was the indirect mainspring of action, was kept as much as possible in the background, though in one of his despatches in March last Earl Granville referred to "*the pecuniary interests on behalf of which Her Majesty's Government has been acting.*"

Now, in so far as the safety of the Canal was concerned there never existed the slightest ground for uneasiness. The most searching investigations during and since the war have failed to discover the slightest evidence of any scheme to injure so valuable a property. De Lesseps, who, with all his egotistical eccentricities, was in a better position to form an opinion on this point than

Digitized by Google

any one, was assured of its absolute safety, and pledged all the vast interests of his company and his countrymen that its neutrality should be respected. Practically the Canal was outside of the seat of war, for it is distant nearly a hundred miles from the populated part of Egypt, and is destitute of fortifications, or any inducement to make it a battle-ground. It is true that when the war had once commenced, the desperation of an invaded, people might have led them to block the passage, as the Dutch cut through their dykes to overwhelm the conquering Spaniards of old; but such an act would have been a consequence of the fanaticism and fury engendered by the invasion, and not a danger which we went to war to prevent. We created a danger which did not exist until we trained our guns upon the palaces, the mosques, and the public buildings of Alexandria. If there had been really any danger to the Canal is it likely that France would have stood aloof from action; the country that takes the credit of having built it, that still owns a preponderating share in its capital, and that uses it so largely for her commerce? The afterthought that would vindicate our mistaken policy by the pretence that the commercial interests of Western Europe were in danger of being blocked will not stand investigation.

The real motive power—"the pecuniary interests on behalf of which Her Majesty's Government have been acting"—must be accepted with a humiliating sense of its being a policy the Cabinet were not only ashamed to avow, but by inference repeatedly denied.

It only remains to be shown that even if we had ostensibly gone to war to insure our countrymen their full interest on the Egyptian bonds—which so far they have not yet failed to get—and had defended that step as a properly patriotic and paternal one, we should have taken an entirely unnecessary course, and adopted the worst means to effect our end.

The real issue which led to the ironclad demonstration off Alexandria was the insistance by the Chamber of Delegates of their right to deal with the unassigned portion of their budget. No claim whatever was put forward by the Chamber to vote or even to discuss that portion of the budget by which one half of the revenue of the country was inalienably set aside to provide the interest on the foreign debt. No pretence was made that the taxes so specially assigned were likely to be inadequate for the purpose. On the contrary, the Controller-General had in March, 1881, specially reported—"There need be no fear that the revenues

Digitized by Google

assigned to the Caisse de la Dette will prove insufficient, either for the payment of the annual interest thereon, or for the redemption of the debt." Why, then, should there be any opposition by our Consul-General and the Controllers to the most reasonable demand of a representative Chamber to vote its own expenditure, when due provision had been made for international claims; especially as Sir Rivers Wilson had emphatically declared in August, 1880, in a report to the Foreign office, that by the decrees, "The Egyptian Government had the free disposal of the unassigned budget."

Nothing could exceed the moderation and courtesy with which the National ministry advanced their absolute right to the exercise of the privilege which the leading English financial representative has so plainly declared they possessed. The Premier, in February last, submitted an unanswerable minute, in which he says:—

"It is beyond doubt that the sole cause and object of the institutions created in Egypt, in consequence of the international arrangements, were to guarantee the regular fulfilment of the obligations of the country towards the creditors. The Foreign Governments never ceased protesting that it was their intention not to mix themselves up in the internal administration of Egypt. The Organic Law withholds in an absolute manner from the vote of the Chamber all the credits necessary for the service of the public debt. Consequently, the interests of creditors ought once more to be reassured.

"The Government of his Highness hopes that this promulgation will tend to remove misgiving, by the absolute reservation of all questions relative to the public debt.

"But can the Government be fairly blamed for admitting the taxpayers to examine the use of the public funds devoted to administrative expenses? Is it not a right common to all countries, a primordial right, which cannot seriously be denied to the Government of his Highness, without denying at the same time the prerogative of internal administration for Egypt?"

With such a dignified protest before him, and with the knowledge that such sentiments were permeating the country through the new-born national press, it is no wonder that Earl Granville hesitated to carry interference further at the cannon's mouth, and admitted in Parliament that there did not appear to be grounds for intervention since the intention was avowed to maintain international engagements. But the Controllers and the Consul-General would not let him rest. While urging that the intervention of the Chamber would be all the more serious, seeing that it was certainly disposed to eliminate all the European element from the administration of the country, they were compelled to admit that the new order of things would not necessarily be in itself disastrous; but, if the Chamber acquired the right, the Controllers would

Digitized by Google

lose their hold on the finances. Badgered by the Control and the Consul, and doubtless beset by the representatives and friends of the numerous high-salaried officials whose status might be imperilled by an annual revision of the estimates, Earl Granville sent an urgent telegram to the Consul-General, asking—

"What will be the precise effect if the Notables obtain the power over the finances claimed by them?"

The answer embodies the reasons for which we went to war with the Egyptian people—

"Official salaries not regulated by contract would be under the control of the Chamber; so that it would be able to abolish the Land Survey, which is the result of no international engagement, and to dismiss many Europeans in the Administration."

Earl Granville's reply to this telegram has never found publicity; but that it convinced him of the necessity for interference is patent from the fact that the Consul-General subsequently telegraphed to him—

"Armed intervention will become a necessity if we adhere to the refusal to allow the Budget to be voted by the Chamber."

And the armed intervention was duly forthcoming. We learn from the Parliamentary papers that one of the objects to be secured by the imposing display of ironclads "was to demand the resignation of the National Ministry."

It is needless to pursue the subject further; the ultimatum was rejected. Arabi, as the military leader of the National party was driven into open revolt; the mob, roused to fury by the crushing of their hopes, broke loose in pandemonium. Anarchy got the upper hand; much innocent blood was shed, and after a few months of misery, national ruin, and financial disaster, Egypt is sullenly schooling herself to bear her old disabilities, her old bitter exactions, her old slavery, and her enhanced debt, until such time as a more competent and a more successful patriot than Arabi Pasha shall arise to lead her into political conditions more in consonance with her temporarily-crushed aspirations. How it would relieve our national honour if the crushing had been the office of the "unspeakable Turk" instead of the misguided work of the country that in her own affairs is so bright an example of social and political liberty.

HENRY G. TURNER.

Digitized by Google

RELIGION IN STATE SCHOOLS.

THERE seems to be every indication that at the next general elections a determined effort will be made for the introduction of religious teaching in our State schools. This attempt will be supported, not only by those who are professed enemies of the Education Act, but also by many who consider themselves to be its friends, yet do not scruple to endanger its safety in order to gain their ends. Those who are thus agitating, however, are not numerous enough to accomplish anything of themselves, and the effort will fail unless the great bulk of the people can be threatened or persuaded into the belief that the State schools, as they exist at present, are not only not religious, but even distinctly hostile to religion. Hence we find the State schools characterized by people—who, many of them, know better—as "irreligious," "infidel," or very generally as "atheistical."

I propose, in this paper, first of all to show that these and similar terms are entirely unwarranted; then, from experience as a teacher, to explain why it is that dogmatic religion on the one hand, and Bible reading on the other, are quite unsuitable for the requirements of an elementary school.

The reading books of the Victorian State school are throughout characterized by an admirable religious tone. Christ's teaching pervades them from end to end; not the teaching of any one of the churches, perhaps; and therefore it may not seem to be religious at all to those who consider their own creed, down to its smallest detail, as the only thing acceptable in the sight of God. But we may reasonably hope that a community such as ours will take a more liberal and civilized view, and accept Christ's teaching, apart from dogmatic theology, as sufficient for children up to the age of fourteen.

It is a strange anomaly that at the close of the nineteenth century the contention should still be so frequently urged by large bodies of some of the sects, that a school-boy, unless he has been adequately dosed with the theology of the denomination into which

Digitized by Google

his father and mother happen to have baptized him, is little better than a castaway. No matter, it would seem, though he may by disposition and training be humble and devout in feeling; no matter though he may have learnt from worthy example to be tolerant and kindly to everything belonging to God's earth, except the meanness and falsehood, with which it is so plentifully overrun; no matter though he may feel a hearty and manly hatred of every form of vice or deceit; all is as nothing if he is not conversant with the dogmas of his sect.

It is this narrow view of religion which is the only reason for the sweeping condemnation of our existing system of education. Those who denounce a series of reading books which breathe throughout the highest morality, which inculcate reverence for God and for all divine things, and brand them as "atheistical," must belong to that bigoted class which can see nothing but "atheism" outside of their own creed.

I am sorry to say that Father Cahill, in his recent article in this review, takes this lamentably exclusive view of religion. He tells us that "all teaching of religion is excluded" from our State schools. As a matter of fact, that is distinctly untrue. The reading books are saturated with religion, and so are the ordinary instructions of the teachers. But the religion they contain is merely Christ's teaching, free from the trammels of churches and creeds—a religion that will make children noble, kindly, and devout, if only they can be persuaded to act up to it. According to Father Cahill's view, nothing is religion which is not Roman Catholicism; and the more exclusive, the more uncharitable, the more intolerant that faith is, the more thoroughly is it religious. That is the only manner in which I can explain his assertion that religion is excluded from the schools.

To show that the truth is very different I shall select one of the 'Royal Readers," as revised for the use of the State schools of Victoria, and shall examine its contents for the purpose of showing how largely its teaching is religious.

The First Book, containing the alphabet and very short words combined into little sentences, is too elementary for our purpose. I shall merely mention that references to God and His works are abundant. The Second Book is a more useful sample. It must be remembered that it is intended for children about ten years of age, and therefore the religion it contains must be of the simplest character.

Digitized by Google

The first six pages are occupied with the preface and contents. Pages 7, 8, and 9 are devoted to a little story, in which the children are advised to "count ten" before speaking when they feel themselves angry. In this way Christ's teaching, as contained in the fifth chapter of Matthew, is adapted to the very young. To little children the exact words of Christ, "Whosoever shall say to his brother 'Raca' shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell fire," would be comparatively ineffectual. They are not in the habit of saying "Raca," nor are they much in the habit of saying "Thou fool." Christ's real meaning is a derived one, whereas for children the words cannot be too simple or direct. The Second and Third Lessons in the book are kindly, but not distinctively, religious; the Fourth insists on the necessity of industry, a child's edition of the sixth chapter of Proverbs. The Fifth Lesson, on page 17, is on "Forgiveness," and concludes with these words;—

"Think how you offend God by your angry temper. How can you ask Him to-night to forgive you your sins if you do not forgive your little brother now? Forgive, if you would be forgiven.

"O let us ever humbly pray
That grace to us be given;
May we be ready to forgive,
That we may be forgiven."

This is essentially the teaching of Christ. The sixth piece, page 19, concludes with these lines:—

"God does it all: it is the way
He gives us corn for bread;
Sweet herbs to eat, and pleasant fruit,
That we may all be fed.
Then let us never see a plant
Or blossom on a tree,
But we shall think how good God is,
And ever thankful be."

The next four articles are pleasant and kindly, but not religious. The one which follows inculcates gentleness. It ends thus:—

"Speak kindly to your father, to your mother, to your sister, to your brother, to your playmates, to everyone around you, lest it should be the last time you will have to speak to them. Cross words are very sad to think of.

"Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again."

Digitized by Google

On page 32 the lesson is entitled "Do Justly:"—

"Kindness and love to all I owe,
No other debt does God allow;
Kindness and love, then, I must pay
To *every* body *every* day.
And when I borrow or I buy,
Must pay again; for God will try,
By His own law, my works and ways.
Oh! may I serve Him all my days!
Be always honest, just, and true,
And what I've *said* take care to *do*."

On page 34 children are taught to be thankful to God for all the comforts they enjoy, and to pity and assist those who have not had the same advantages. On page 35 it is shown that to dream of being a good man, without seeking first to be a good boy, is foolish. On page 36 there occur the well-known verses:—

EVENING.

"This night, when I lie down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

MORNING.

"Now I wake and see the light,
God has kept me through the night.
Make me good, O Lord, I pray,
Keep and guard me through this day."

People who call this "atheism" must have strangely perverted ideas!

On page 38 "instinct" is referred to in these words:—"God has given these creatures the power to do their work. And that is why they never make any blunders." The same idea is repeated on page 40. The next lesson is on "Forbearance," and the next on "Forgiveness." On page 46 we have the lines—

"Get up: for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy or sad.
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee."

Pages 50, 51, 53, 54, 55 are occupied with lessons which are in reality portions of the "Proverbs" adapted for the use of children.

Digitized by Google

On pages 56 and 57 there is a lesson about the robin, ending with these lines—

"And though little robin
Has no gift of speech,
Yet he can a lesson
To the children teach,
Still to trust that blessings
Will be richly given
When they ask their Father
For their bread from Heaven."

Lest I should weary the reader I shall not go further, but merely mention that I have indicated the contents of about a third part of this little volume, and that the remaining two-thirds are of exactly the same character; consisting of little stories with either a moral or religious purpose, and of little useful lessons in which religious ideas occur in an incidental manner.

The spirit of Christ's teaching is everywhere present; and, though His own words are generally not given, the idea is always presented in a form more suitable for children. For instance, Christ says—"And as ye wish that men should do to you, so also do ye to them likewise." Now, a child will readily understand that, but the effect will not be nearly so lasting as in the case of this verse taken from page 79 of the Second Reader:—

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be."

To us this seems rather a weak mode of expressing the idea, but to children it seems delightful. A child will soon learn the little verse by heart without being compelled or even asked, and he will probably con it over for weeks or months after he has first learnt it. If I were asked to determine whether the Gospels or the first four of the Royal Readers would leave the more lasting religious impression on the mind of a child of ten or eleven, I should certainly give the preference to the Royal Readers.

This one little book of 190 pages contains 106 lessons, of which 27 are intended to embody Christ's teaching; six others, though nominally on secular subjects, are so constructed as to lead the mind of the child up to God as the Great Father of all; nine more incidentally teach the goodness and care of God; and the remaining 64, though intended only to impart useful knowledge, breathe

Digitized by Google

throughout a kindly and elevating strain which is often sadly wanting in catechisms and other dogmatic teaching.

What is true of the Second Reader is equally true of the others. None of them make any great parade of religious teaching, but there is an infusion of religion from end to end which is very suitable for young folks. The standard of course becomes higher in the more advanced books: thus, No. 5 contains a small collection of the most admired hymns, including "My God and Father, while I stray;" Addison's classic hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High;" and Oliver Wendell Holmes's magnificent "Hymn to the Deity."

I need not further prolong the examination, but simply remind my reader that these books are the *revised Victorian series*, which fill the souls of the sectaries with horror for their *atheism!*

It must be plain, however, to everyone who glances at the reading books at present in use, that it is not religion for which the agitators clamour. The religion is there, and every teacher in his reading, his spelling, his dictation lessons must inculcate that simple, kindly, reverent feeling which is, I should say for all, but certainly for children at least, the truest religion. No! it is not religion that is wanted, it is dogma.

The colony is divided into four distinct parties with reference to this question. The Wesleyans and Independents and Jews, as well as a majority of the Presbyterians, at least half of the Anglican church, and a respectable minority of the Catholic church, desire the present system to continue intact. The majority of the Catholic church and an ardent minority of the Presbyterians and Anglicans wish a return to catechisms and all the apparatus for teaching dogma. A considerable body of Anglicans and Presbyterians wish to introduce the Bible as a reading book, and a very small section propose to compile from the Bible a series of suitable Scripture lessons.

Neither catechism, nor Bible, nor Bible extracts would be an improvement upon the present system. I ground this opinion upon a considerable experience of teaching in connection with denominational schools, secular schools, and Sunday-schools of many different sorts.

Of all these proposals the catechism is certainly the worst. It belongs to an almost obsolete system of teaching. There was a time when everything was taught by means of catechisms. Mangnall's Questions and similar books afforded the lazy teacher a

Digitized by Google

pretence of teaching, and pupils and parents the belief of learning. The teacher read a printed question, and the child gabbled over a printed reply which he had committed to memory. This is simply the merest and baldest form of what is known as "cram"—a modern name for an ancient failing. It consists in loading the memory with what the understanding has not grasped: that is in practice always the effect of catechisms, and they have therefore been swept out of modern systems of education as abominations not to be tolerated.

But the churches, with a conservatism which has always characterized them, still strive to retain them in what is called religious education. The great object in teaching a catechism is to drill the child into the correct repetition of certain words. Here and there a teacher is found who tries to give his scholars an adequate notion of the meaning of the words he is reciting; but that is not necessary to good catechism teaching, and is rarely attempted.

There are some who defend this system on the ground that though only the words may be known at present, the sense will be understood hereafter; but all educational authorities are opposed to so perverted a method; and if there is one principle in the philosophy of education that is established beyond all dispute, it is this, that words without meaning are useless, and worse than useless.

But not only are catechisms not suited for school use, but dogma in any form is equally undesirable. It is generally very unsuitable for a child's mind. In the Shorter Catechism the following is an ordinary sample of what children learn:—

"The decrees of God are His eternal purpose, according to the counsel of His will, whereby for His own glory He hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass."

Now, these are not the words in which a judicious teacher would present the idea to a child of eleven or twelve years. Such children would read or repeat the words, and have only the faintest apprehension of what they meant. Nor would any amount of explanation make the idea as clear as if it were expressed in simple homely phrase at the outset.

This is a fatal objection to the Shorter Catechism throughout. The catechisms of the Anglican and Catholic churches are, as a rule, not so hopelessly metaphysical, but that they are not compiled with

Digitized by Google

any special desire to make them intelligible to young children will be apparent to anyone who glances through them.

The most popular of the Catholic catechisms contains questions such as this :—

"Where did God the Son take a body and soul like ours?"

To which the children gabble the reply—

"In the chaste womb of the Virgin Mary, and was born man of her."

An answer quite unintelligible to the little children who lisp it, and one which the teacher must pass over in silence as not being capable of explanation. The catechisms which the churches would force on the elementary schools, if they were able, are in every respect unsuitable; and, indeed, it may be said that the intrusion of the churches on the teachers' domain is almost invariably a source of evil.

The art of education has made enormous strides within the last thirty or forty years; and the man whose schooldays date back to 1840 has no conception of the extent to which the care and forethought of educational reformers have smoothed and simplified the road to knowledge. Clergymen, as a rule, know nothing of all these changes; and if they intrude, they compel the teacher to resort to systems which he has been taught to regard as unworthy of his training.

This is the teacher's objection to dogma—that it is rarely intelligible, and still more rarely useful, to young children. But there is another objection which may be urged on behalf of the State. The religion which is now taught, by a genial diffusion of Christ's loving and gentle words, such as I have shown to pervade the school books, tends to bind the whole community by bonds of universal esteem and kindness. If the State teaches, or assists others to teach dogma, it is bringing the community down from the high level of Christianity to the decidedly lower level of sectarianism. The Presbyterian child is taught that the "Pope of Rome is that Antichrist, that man of sin, that son of perdition, that exalteth himself against Christ, and all that is called God." And if the church is true to her standards she will make him watch with suspicion and aversion every one who bears the name of Catholic, even though he bears the wide designation of Christian.

Digitized by Google

On the other hand, the Catholic child is taught in his catechism that "no one can be saved out of the true church," which is defined to be the Roman Catholic Church, and he is instructed in these words:—"He that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." It is true he is elsewhere told to love his enemies, but he is first taught to regard as enemies all who are not of his own church—a very roundabout way of inculcating universal love and brotherhood.

The State will do well to continue in its present course, and teach only that religion which it is incumbent on it to teach, leaving the churches to infuse that amount of sectarian animosity which they consider necessary to salvation.

Many well-meaning persons desire to see the Bible introduced as a reading book, without explanation on the part of the teacher. To this there are two objections: the first, that the churches will never agree to it among themselves; the second, that even with explanation the Bible is not a useful class-book; without explanation it would be almost valueless. Compared with the present simple and effective system, Bible-reading would be clumsy and inefficient to the last degree. Of 929 chapters contained in the Old Testament, there are between three and four hundred containing nothing but lists of names, inventories, directions for rites and ceremonies now obsolete; there are perhaps a hundred more occupied with fulminations against the Jews for their idolatrous practices, their images, their groves, their intermarriages with heathen women, and so forth, all surely unsuitable in the last degree to the innocent children of ten or twelve in whose hands they were to be placed.

Nor are the historical parts much more suitable. They are not written for juvenile comprehensions, and a child would much prefer to read the story of Joseph or of David in simple language, such as is used in children's magazines and picture books, the reason being that the manner of the Biblical narrative does not appeal to them in the same vivid fashion. And there is, besides, an inextricable confusion of passages, which might be read in a class, and of others which children should never be suffered to read. This is an objection of serious import. I have been present at Bible lessons in a large denominational school in Melbourne, and can testify to the fact that many of the boys spent the greater portion of their time in surreptitiously reading portions of the Old Testament, such as no clergyman would dare to read aloud in the pulpit—such as no parent would like his children to dwell upon.

Digitized by Google

There are, in the Old Testament, ten chapters to which I consider it a calamity to attract the attention of young persons. Without in any way reflecting on the sacred writers, who merely narrated facts in the style which the manners of the time rendered possible, I should think that if portions of these ten chapters were expurgated, the Old Testament would be a safer volume for general perusal. Stories of revolting immorality are related with a directness, a fulness of detail, which make them flash on the mind of childhood a complete knowledge of matters unsuitable for their years.

I mention only ten as being undoubtedly out of place in a school-room; but there are twenty-eight others in which grossly immoral acts are related, but with that veil of decent vagueness thrown round them, which partly disarms criticism. Children might read them, and understand from the general tenor of the narrative that some wickedness was afoot, without being greatly enlightened as to the nature of that wickedness.

But the unsuitability of the Old Testament is further illustrated by the constant occurrence of words which modern feeling forbids —words which no respectable person now uses—which parents would summarily dismiss their servants for using, but which the churches would force the schoolmaster to use. There are in the Old Testament fully 300 chapters containing words of an indecent signification. If a class of children are reading one of these chapters, and desire, as they have a perfect right to do, to know the meaning of all they are reading, the embarrassment of the teacher is often positively painful. Coarse expressions for immodest women are frequent; and if an explanation is, in perfect good faith, demanded by the class, the evasion of the teacher, or his positive refusal to comply, has a most unfortunate effect on the class, the most general result being the prompting of an undesirable curiosity.

Even the New Testament is not well adapted as a reading book in elementary schools. All the Epistles are hopelessly unsuitable. Much of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are not beyond the comprehension of a child—but neither are they specially suited. The very parables presuppose a knowledge of Eastern life and customs which render them infinitely less vivid than the stories provided for children in their reading books.

Christ chose, in order to impress His hearers, the homely and familiar things around Him. Had He drawn His illustrations from foreign customs, and entered on preliminary descriptions of

Digitized by Google

these customs, the illustrations might have fallen very flat. And surely concessions that were made to adult comprehensions in those days might be wisely made to children in these.

To sum up, I do not fear to be guilty of exaggeration if I assert that there are nowhere in the Bible twenty consecutive verses which would satisfy a teacher's idea of what a reading lesson for children of from seven to twelve years ought to be.

Hence, although I have some little sympathy with those who desire to place a book of extracts in the hands of the children, I cannot fancy that their proposal would be more successful than the others. Where are suitable extracts to be had? I have taught in schools where such extracts were in use. I have had several years' experience in teaching them, and I do not think that Bible phraseology tends to make things clear to a child's mind; it certainly does not make the same impression as similar narratives written specially for the use of children. If the gospel history must be taught, I should imagine that a series of lessons carefully compiled, and written in the direct and simple style that is necessary, would be greatly preferable to mere extracts. Whether the gospel history is absolutely necessary when the gospel teaching is given is a matter on which opinions may differ, but certainly if the State school gives the one, parents and Sunday schools might combine to give the other.

It is a serious argument against the interference of the churches in our elementary schools, that when they had control of almost all education the system they introduced did not make children religious. I speak chiefly from my own experience, but I should not imagine it to have been uncommon. I was educated in a school belonging to the Presbyterian Church, in which the Bible and the Catechism were prominent features. Every morning we had to recite eight verses of the Psalms, and on Monday we had the whole forty of the previous week. For boys with weak memories this was a formidable task; and the only way in which our worthy, but decidedly determined, old doctor could persuade them to be moderately perfect in their lessons, was to flog a fair proportion every day of the week, and all but a few on Mondays. Now, the thrashing of the Psalms into a class of boys is a way of cultivating their memories, but does it touch their hearts, elevate their feelings, or assist them to become better men and citizens? Of course we troubled ourselves very little with what was in the Psalms, if only we knew the words correctly; but, looking over

Digitized by Google

them now, I can see that we drilled through a book of very narrow and Jewish ideas, differing essentially from Christ's teaching. For Christ never exulted—"Thou smotest all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone," or prayed, "Let death come hastily upon mine adversaries, and let them go down into hell."

When we were in the lower classes, we had to say one question of the Catechism each day; but as we rose through the school the amount increased, until ten or a dozen made a lesson. They were gabbled over in a very unedifying fashion, and floggings were of daily occurrence. After they were repeated, the doctor explained them with great care; but the ideas involved were many of them very abstruse, and boys who had just been flogged, or had just escaped a flogging, gathered but little meaning from the disquisition. Most of them were bracing themselves up for the harder morsel that was still to come, and the lazy boys industriously rubbing their hands and otherwise preparing for the fray. For undoubtedly the most terrible ordeal of the day was the Scripture history lesson. The doctor, in the most conscientious way and with many a little lecture pointing out that his only object was our ultimate benefit, flogged the class carefully through the wanderings of the children of Israel; making us commit to memory the names of all resting places, and all the principal events in order; the conquest of Palestine, with all the cities in the order of their capture; all the judges, with their exploits; all the kings of Judah and of Israel, with the dates assigned by commentators; all the fittings of the tabernacle and temple (this was an atrociously wearisome task); all the details of the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and so forth. Is it possible that religion could have benefited by such a course of "cram"?

It is not to be imagined that I have described an isolated case. I have, within the last ten years, and in these colonies, met with a number of schoolmasters who teach religion a good deal after the same fashion. Indeed it is a fact worthy of notice that this mediæval system of flogging knowledge into children lingers chiefly among denominational institutions. The severest and most unmerciful thrashings I have ever seen administered were applied by the hands of gentlemen who placed the word "rev." in front of their names though acting as schoolmasters; and a leading teacher of Victoria at the head of a denominational school tells me he has never yet got a boy through the matriculation Euclid without carefully flogging him through it. Supposing this gentleman were instructed

Digitized by Google

that he must teach religion, even though that is not a subject for matriculation, I presume the boys would have woful times before them.

If religion cannot touch the heart and elevate the feelings, wherein lies its efficacy? I am persuaded that a very large proportion of the State school teachers, though they may be admirable instructors in the subjects they are chosen to teach, would altogether fail if asked to deliver set and formal lessons in religion so as to make an impression on the hearts and consciences of the children.

Again, is it likely that a teacher will feel pleased to teach religion when he addresses a class of mixed denominations, and knows perfectly well that even with the most absolute impartiality he is sure to give offence to parents and pastors who are jealously watching over the orthodoxy of their children.

Add to this that the teaching profession includes a larger proportion than any other of that class which is broadly distinguished as "rationalists," and includes a hundred shades of belief, from the boldest Deism upwards. There are no means of forming a reliable estimate, but I should imagine it quite possible, and even probable, that not much more than a half of the State school teachers of Victoria would be prepared to sign such a document as the "Thirty-Nine Articles," or even the "Apostles' Creed." A large proportion would object to teach the miraculous, and a considerable body of worthy men and successful teachers would refuse to teach or expound the doctrine of the Atonement.

What, therefore, would be gained by putting the teaching of religion into the hands of men who would, many of them, have conscientious scruples; who would, all of them, be objects of suspicion to some portion of the parents; who would probably teach religion so as to make it task-work, and so that all its value evaporated in the process?

There are those who say they would be content if only the school work were opened and closed with prayer. There is undoubtedly something agreeable in the idea of thus commending the work of the school-room to God's protection and care; but in practice it always sinks down to the level of the merest form. I have been in school after school, where the headmaster opened the work with a form of words which had the same significance as the ringing of the school bell, and to which the boys paid absolutely no attention. If the master was lax in his discipline, they made no

Digitized by Google

pretence of attention; if the master was severe, they kept their eyes closed—that was all the difference. I have heard many scores of prayers which concluded thus—"Amen. Come down here, Jones, Brown, and Robinson." The boys come down. There is a moment of vigour, the sound of weeping, and the boys return to their places with no great infusion of religious feeling, but with the belief strengthened that the master spends the prayer-time in keeping a careful look-out for open eyes. I have heard it argued that, while all this is true, such ceremonies, even though mere forms, have their uses; but the world at large takes a more sensible view, and considers that mere forms, with nothing underlying, have more affinity with phariseeism than with Christianity.

The present system is very much better than any other that has been proposed to replace it. There can be no way of imparting religion so efficient as that of weaving the teaching of Christ in an incidental manner throughout the reading lessons. Certainly, anything like formal lessons in it, as though it were a new "*subject*," would be a very serious mistake.

ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A.

Digitized by Google

JUDAISM.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman, whose acquaintance I made some months ago while travelling to Ballarat, complained to me that so little was known of Judaism, and suggested that the press and the public platform should occasionally be utilized to enlighten the public on the tenets and views of that ancient religion. I fully agree with him, and, in order to contribute my share towards this apparently desirable end, I intend laying before the readers of the *Melbourne Review* a brief summary of Judaism, but find it necessary, before starting, to make one or two personal observations. I freely disclaim any intention to attack any co-existing religion, or to exalt my own at the expense of another, or, still less, to make converts, for which, from a Jewish point of view, there is not the slightest occasion, as I shall show hereafter. I shall confine myself to simply stating how Judaism came into existence, and what it consists of, without either instituting comparisons or casting reflections. This being the case, and having, besides, little or no spare time at my disposal, I must decline to enter into any controversy to which this paper may lead. I shall leave it to the public in general, and critics in particular, to judge for themselves how far I have succeeded in elucidating my subject.

Judaism has a history of its own. It is not now what it was many centuries ago. Though its spirit has never changed, its outward manifestations could not but change with circumstances. Its most distant roots may be traced to even antediluvian times, and the time immediately after the deluge. The law of marriage, the prohibition of murder or of eating the flesh of an animal before life is extinct, and several other laws are included amongst the ordinances of Judaism, although they were intended to apply to all mankind. In fact, the Talmud speaks of seven laws given to Noah and his descendants, to which, however, we shall have occasion to refer further on. With Abraham Judaism pure and simple commences. The name itself remains as yet for many centuries unknown, but some of the distinguishing features of the religion are once for all given. Foremost amongst these stand the belief in

Digitized by Google

ONE GOD, and the duty to "keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Abraham recognizes in GOD, not a tribal god, but "the Judge of all the earth," "the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth." Abraham's conception of the Deity is as simple as it is sublime. There is but ONE GOD and ONE HUMANITY, linked together by justice tempered with love. Abraham's descendants are to be the apostles to preserve and promulgate that creed; and, to mark them as such, circumcision is introduced—another distinguishing feature of the religion. Isaac and Jacob follow in Abraham's footsteps. Nothing new is added except that the descendants of Jacob, in consequence of a certain occurrence, abstain henceforth from eating the sinew of the thigh—a custom which, by the majority of Jews, has been observed ever since. The Hebrews, now numbering seventy persons, practically show what it means "to keep the way of the Lord and to do justice and judgment." They abstain from idolatry;[1] they value chastity;[2] they know the duties of children towards their parents[3]—in short, they practise almost all the commandments of the decalogue.

All this is, however, lost, or very nearly so, during the four hundred years of Egyptian captivity. Towards the end of this term Moses appears on the historical stage, and with him begins the *Mosaic* religion, which, as we shall see hereafter, is not quite identical with the Judaism of the present day. Moses, assisted by his brother Aaron, revives in the memory of the socially and religiously neglected people the ancient traditions, and, by sundry preliminary laws, prepares them for the exodus and for the still greater event —the Revelation on Sinai. Here, then, the Hebrews received an everlasting religious constitution, viz., the Ten Commandments. Of these the first five may be said to contain the doctrinal part of the Mosaic religion, while the remaining five embody its morality. Singularly systematic and logical in their order, the Ten Commandments, nevertheless, represent only so many groups into which the other laws of the Mosaic code fit, all being considered of equal importance, and therefore entitled to equal respect. This must be distinctly understood, because, when in course of time sects sprang up among the Jews, the Sadducees maintained the very opposite, assigning to the Ten Commandments greater importance than to the other laws. It was then arranged, in order to maintain the

[1] Genesis xxxv. 5. [2] *Ibid.*, xxxiv. 31. [3] *Ibid.*, xliv. 33, 34.

Digitized by Google

orthodox view, to omit, both in the Temple and the co-existing houses of worship, the reciting of the Ten Commandments from the daily morning service.[1] But this only *en passant*.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the four books of the Pentateuch, interwoven with historical records, just as the writer during his forty years' journeying through the wilderness had occasion to note down, the Mosaic code comprises 365 negative and 248 affirmative commandments—613 in all. Of these, 244 commandments are depending upon the possession of Palestine, and therefore at present impracticable; while 99 are applicable to certain circumstances only; so that there remain only 270 commandments—48 affirmative and 222 negative ones—which are at present binding upon the Jew.[2] As, however, the future restoration of the Temple and its service, and the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Israel, through the Messiah, form an important part of the Jewish creed, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter, it will be necessary to consider the Mosaic code in its totality, as well as in its prominent parts.

The philosophy of the Mosaic religion is very simple, going little beyond that of the Patriarchs. GOD is the ideal of perfection —eternal,[3] a unity,[4] incorporeal,[5] omnipotent,[6] omnipresent,[7] holy,[8] just, gracious, merciful, and long-suffering. To bring the conception of GOD and His attributes within the range of the human understanding, the Mosaic code speaks the language of man—hence its anthropomorphisms. Man is endowed with free will, and by his own exertions he may avoid sin. The practice of either virtue or vice is left to his own free choice. The one is followed by happiness, the other by ruin. His destiny on earth is the fulfilling of GOD'S commandments. For this he is promised earthly prosperity, though there are not wanting indications of a future life.[9] He is not only allowed, but even urged, to make free use of his reasoning faculties, and not to adhere to a blind belief. Philosophy, however, forms the less prominent part of the Mosaic code. The chief importance of the latter is centred in its legal enactments, political, religious, moral, and social. The government of the people is to be a theocracy; the executive

[1] Compare *Talm. Jeru. Berach.* i.
[2] *Vide Sefer Hachinoch*, Introduction.
[3] Exod. iii. 14.
[4] Deuter. xxxii. 39.
[5] *Ibid.*, iv. 15.
[6] *Ibid.*, x. 17.
[7] *Ibid.*, iv. 39.
[8] For this and the following attributes see Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.
[9] Genesis xv. 15.

Digitized by Google

power to be vested in a body consisting of priests, judges, and elders for the time being. This body shall also be authorized to adjudicate upon any case not provided for in the law, or making such arrangements as may be necessary and as are in harmony with the spirit of the law.[1] The possibility of a monarchy is not excluded, but care shall be taken lest it degenerate into despotism. The perfect liberty of the subject is guaranteed, imprisonment being unknown except a short remand should a particular case require further investigation.[2] Crime shall be visited with condign punishment; at the same time, every facility shall be given to the accused to prove his innocence. Two eye-witnesses are necessary in capital offences to prove the accused guilty; circumstantial evidence is inadmissible. The well-known maxim "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,*" is thus once for all discarded. The security of property is likewise guaranteed. Every individual shall be a holder of landed property, of which he may sell no more than the use, and that only for a certain number of years. A readjustment of property thus disposed of takes place every seven years. It was in this way that the accumulation of large landed estates in the hands of a few, and the partial or total impoverishment of the many, were rendered impossible. Still, it was anticipated that through unforeseen causes there would always be poor people. For these ample provisions are made. There are the laws of the corners of the field and the gleanings,[3] and the sheaf left behind;[4] besides the arrangement that in every third year the second tithe was to be given to the poor.[5] It was likewise ordained that the rich should give freely to the poor, and lend money without charging interest to those in reduced circumstances. The taking of a reasonable rate of interest on, or hire for, money lent, is not averse to the spirit of the Mosaic religion; but between followers of the same faith it shall be unlawful; the general principle being "that thy brother may live with thee."[6] Especially humane are the laws concerning the treatment of aliens.

[1] Deuter. xvii. 8–13.
[2] Numb. xv. 34.
[3] Levit. xxiii. 22.
[4] Deuter. xxiv. 19.
[5] Josephus (*Antiqu.* iv. 8, 22), and the writer of the book of Tobit (i. 6, 7, 8), maintain that the Jews had to give three tithes in every third year, which is contrary to the opinions of the Rabbins.
[6] Levit. xxv. 36.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, and always remembered, that I am stating the views of Judaism. I have nothing to do with what may or may not be read out of the Scriptures.

Digitized by Google

"Love ye, therefore, the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."[1] "As ye *are*, so shall the stranger be before the Lord. One law and one manner shall be for you, and for the stranger that sojourneth with you."[2] The morality of the Mosaic code stands unsurpassed. Holiness is its loftiest aim. Dishonesty in one's dealings, untruthfulness in one's utterances, lewdness and want of moral principles are justly abhorred. Respect for age is enjoined. Even animals shall be treated humanely. Finally, the cult of the Mosaic religion consists of sacrifices and prayer. The former are to be the outward expression of one's feelings, and not lawful anywhere else except in the Temple;[3] the latter may be offered up anywhere, and at all times. Besides the Sabbath, other festivals are instituted for public worship as well as for the commemoration of important events in the history of the nation.

The Mosaic code was considered perfect. Lauded by aliens[4] and sung by poets,[5] it was well calculated to promote the happiness of the nation to whom it was given. Nevertheless, for the next eight hundred years little of it was practised, and no great efforts were made to accustom the people to its observance. Under the rule of some of the kings a perfect system of idolatry was introduced, which the prophets of the Lord strove in vain to eradicate, so that, amongst the people, the law of Moses was all but forgotten. It was reserved for Josiah to revert to the ancient order of things. In his reign, and under his immediate supervision, the Mosaic religion is revived. Not only are idolatry and its concomitant vices rigorously banished, but the ancient covenant between GOD and Israel is renewed, and the Law of Moses is once more made its sole basis. Josiah was most energetic in his regenerating efforts, and, supported as he was by able and earnest men, might have succeeded in saving the nation from impending ruin. But it was too late. The disease gnawing at Israel's vitals had taken so strong a hold that no remedy was powerful enough to arrest its progress. In less than five and twenty years after Josiah's death Judah is carried captive to Babylon. Here, on strange soil, and in the comparatively short period of less than seventy years—so wonderful are the ways of Providence—the Mosaic religion celebrates its second revival. Not that it is generally and strictly carried out by the exiles, but in their hearts there springs up a silent longing for it, which grows in intensity from year to year.

[1] Deuter. x. 19.
[2] Numb. xv. 16.
[3] Deuter. xii. 11.
[4] Numb. xxiii. 21, 22.
[5] Ps. xix. 7, 8.

Digitized by Google

And now *Judaism* begins. As the people are henceforth called Jews,[1] so their religion assumes the corresponding name of Judaism.[2] In Babylon, however, it had received several additional features, some of which were not at all an improvement upon the old creed. Here the angelology, or rather demonology, had sprung up, and assumed quite a different character from what it had in the Mosaic religion. The latter knows nothing of a Satan, or Devil, whose office it is to seduce men first and then calumniate them before God. Neither are its angels of necessity supernatural beings. It is, however, important to state that nothing of all this forms an essential part of Judaism, although in the middle ages it worked a good deal of mischief in producing that pseudo-science known as the Cabala. From Babylon, likewise, the Jews brought the names of their months,[3] as well as other new arrangements in connection with the Jewish calendar.

Under Ezra and Nehemiah the second Jewish commonwealth is established. It is built up strictly on the lines of the Mosaic religion, but with important additions—not modifications. Along with the Temple, "houses of assembly," or synagogues, are erected, in which prayers alternate with the reading of portions of the Law. Forms of prayer are composed,[4] some of which are still extant and in use. Even in the Temple a special chamber *(Lishkat ha-Gasith)* is set apart for this new mode of worship. Prayer is henceforth placed on an equal footing with sacrifices. Further, to preserve the purity of the religion against external and diverting influences, the isolating clauses of the Mosaic religion are enforced. Not only is the prohibition of mixed marriages insisted upon, but those that have been contracted are dissolved, whether justly or otherwise we shall not discuss here. The Samaritans, only partly Jews, and other neighbouring nations with more or less leaning towards Judaism, are turned away, and a close line is drawn round the Jewish body. Not, indeed, because the leaders of the Jewish people were too intolerant or narrow-minded to allow aliens to participate in their religious rites, but because they found it absolutely necessary to foster both national feelings and religious life, in which endeavour foreign influence, had it been allowed to any appreciable extent, could not but have a prejudicial effect. Nothing of all this, however, had a greater influence on the

[1] In Esther xvii. 8 we have even a verb in the Hithpael form, מתיהדים, derived from the noun יהודי.

[2] See Graetz, ii. b, p. 174. [3] Midr. R. ii. 48. [4] Mishnah, Tamid iv.

Digitized by Google

development of Judaism than the redaction of the Scriptures, the commencement of which falls in this period, and the completion of which took nearly two hundred years. The men who were entrusted with this work, and of whom Ezra was the first and Simeon the Just (219—199) the last, were called "the Men of the Great Synod," or also simply "the Great Synagogue." Apart from the many important arrangements they made for the conducting of public and private worship, the observance of the Sabbath, the maintenance of the Temple, and so forth, their work in collecting and revising the sacred books of the canon was a momentous one, and often met with stringent criticism. Even as late as during the third century of the common era, the propriety of including some of the books now forming part of the Bible was seriously questioned.[1] No doubt a nice discrimination was necessary to make the right selection, and it was not until generations had passed away, that, by a general consensus of opinion, the right one was hit upon. What, however, for the development of Judaism was of greater importance, is the fact that along with the redaction of the Scriptures, the interpretation of their contents was gradually begun. This free interpretation was already known at the time when the author of Chronicles wrote, and is called by him *Midrash*,[2] or commentary. It has remained a characteristic feature of Judaism ever since. Liberty of thought, speech, and belief in religious matters has always been the inalienable right of every Jew. Views dissenting from those generally adopted and held by the majority of the authorities were not only tolerated but also recorded in the Talmudical literature. In course of time this *Midrash* was applied both to the historical and legal portions of Scripture.

The legal portions especially required being adapted to the momentary circumstances, and new questions as to how the Law was to be carried out in certain cases and contingencies arose continually. The ecclesiastic leaders were thus compelled to resort for a decision in such cases to old traditions, or they had to use their own discretion in finding a solution at once in harmony with the spirit and the letter of the Law. Thus sprung up a branch of religious study which is known as the *Halacha*, or the legalistic portion of Judaism. The historical portion of the Scriptures was, however,

[1] Indeed, even amongst the apostolic Fathers of the Christian Church, the question which of the books should be considered sacred was far from being settled.

[2] 2 Chron. xxiv. 27.

Digitized by Google

not lost sight of; and its cultivation, in contradistinction to the former, was called *Agada*. Both branches had their arduous workers who produced a literature extending over many centuries.[1] But since, for practical purposes, the legal portion of the Bible was of greater importance, and since it was most desirable that there should be uniformity in religious practices, the *Halacha* had a stronger claim on the attention of the ecclesiastic authorities, and was, consequently, zealously cultivated at the various "houses of learning," or schools, which flourished both before and after the destruction of the Second Temple. It was based on the old traditions which had been handed down from generation to generation, and of the existence of which there were, and are still, unmistakable indications in the sacred text. Thus, for instance, in Deuteronomy xii. 21 it is said—"If the place which the Lord thy God hath chosen to put His name there be too far from thee, then thou shalt kill of thy herd and of thy flock which the Lord hath given thee, *as I have commanded thee*." Yet nowhere in Scripture is the mode of killing animals which are intended for food described; and the natural conclusion was, therefore, that, along with the Written Law, verbal instructions must have been given as to how the former was to be carried into practice. Such verbal instructions lived in the mouth of the people in the shape of traditions, and they were called, and are still called, *the Oral Law*. To teach, define, and promulgate this Oral Law was the immediate object of the *Halacha*. Yet, as traditions in course of time are apt to lose their authenticity, and, by being conveyed from mouth to mouth, are likely to be misrepresented, it was absolutely necessary to lay down some definite rules by which the Oral Law was to be deduced from the original text. This important task was performed by Hillel I., about fifty years before the Christian era. The seven hermeneutic rules which he propounded and which met with general approval, are as follows:—1. The conclusion from the minor to the major *(Kal wa-Chomer)*. 2. Analogy *(Gesera Shawe)*. 3. A general principle laid down in one Scriptural verse *(Binyan ab mi-Katub echad)*. 4. A general principle laid down in two or more Scriptural verses *(B. a. mi-shnei Ketubim)*. 5. The deduction of special from general rules *(Kelal u-Pherat)*. 6. The similarity

[1] The area over which the Jewish exegesis extended was called פ"ר"ד, PARDES, the Notericon for Peshat (simple interpretation of the original meaning), Remez (allegorical suggestion), Derush (ethico-homiletic explanation), Sod (mystical exegesis).

Digitized by Google

of cases *(Ka-Yoze-bo mi-makim acher)*; and 7. The conclusion from the context *(Dabar halamed mei-inyano)*. By the application of these seven rules the Oral Law appeared in quite a different light. It no longer bore the character of an arbitrary mode of expounding the Scriptures, but, resting on a strictly logical basis, it could be justly looked upon as having emanated from the Scriptures themselves, and was henceforth placed on an equal footing with them.

We have now arrived at the time of the destruction of the Second Temple. This catastrophe, as may be easily understood, was of wide-bearing consequences for the development of Judaism. Sacrifices, Temple-worship, and many other religious observances dependent upon the existence of the Temple and the possession of the Holy Land naturally ceased; but substitutes had already been provided to keep the Israelitish nation and its inherited faith intact against the adverse influences of coming centuries. The following statement fully characterizes the prevailing impression amongst the religious leaders at that time. When the disciples of Rabbi Johannan ben Saccai, on hearing of the fall of the Temple, rent their garments and mourned as one mourns for the death of a dear relative, their master comforted them by saying—"Truly, my sons, the altar of our God lies in ashes; but works of mercy and kindness will be a fit substitute. Go and practise these one towards another, for God has told us 'I delight in mercy and not in sacrifices.'" This same Rabbi Johannan, who during the siege of Jerusalem managed to escape into the Roman camp, obtained from Titus permission to establish a "house of learning" in Jamnia, the Roman general little thinking that thereby Judaism would receive a fresh impulse which should enable it to outlive even the mighty Roman Empire itself. For the Sanhedrim which, under the presidency of Johannan, met at Jamnia, and to which were delegated all the authority and rights which its predecessors in Jerusalem possessed, now made the most strenuous efforts to adapt the Law to the newly-created circumstances, and devise such alterations and modifications as were at once demanded by the exigencies of the time, and in keeping with the spirit of the inherited faith. This, in its turn, necessitated an increased searching of the Scriptures and a more vigorous study of the ancient traditions, upon which objects the chief efforts of the school at Jamnia, as well as those in other places of Palestine, and even in the Babylonian lands, were concentrated. And this necessity

Digitized by Google

was further intensified by the prevailing notion that the loss of country and Temple was only temporary, and that, at no distant date, the ancient order of things would be restored. A century, however, passed away without this hope being realized, and as the disintegrated Jewish body became more widely scattered from year to year, it was justly feared that, in course of time, the Oral Law might be forgotten, and it was therefore found necessary to commit it to writing. Thus arose, about 150 years after the destruction the *Mishna*. It comprises six "orders," or volumes, consisting of fifty-eight treatises in all, and extending over all the dogmatic, legal, ceremonial, and ritualistic parts of Judaism, being for the greater part *Halacha*, only occasionally intermingled with *Agada*. How necessary it was for the preservation of the Oral Law that the *Mishna* should have been compiled is shown by the fact that it contains on almost every page a variety of widely differing opinions on questions of law, both civil and ecclesiastic, and that the contradictions are by no means the exception, but the rule. Hence, no sooner was the *Mishna* completed than the various schools made it the basis of their studies and the object of their disquisitions, endeavouring by further inquiries into the origin of the various decisions of the *Mishnah* to reconcile apparent contradictions, and to find decisions for new cases of a similar or different nature, in which endeavour they availed themselves of other traditions not included in the *Mishna*, and, for this reason, called *Boraitha—i.e.*, external matter. This important work was pursued in all the "houses of learning" for the next 150 years; at the end of which the numerous discussions were collected, and thus arose the *Gemara*, in two different editions—the one compiled in Palestine, called the Jerusalemic; the other in Babylonia, called the Babylonian *Gemara*. *Mishna* and *Gemara* together are called the Talmud, and its precepts still rule the life of every observant Jew in all its religious and social aspects.

Before we examine the contents of the Talmud it will, however, be necessary to state that for practical use the Talmud was unfit, since its style is of a mnemonic character, leading from one subject suddenly to quite a different one, and reflecting the Socratic method of teaching, which was in vogue in the schools of those days. It was, therefore, necessary to codify and systematize its subject matter, which work was successfully performed by different ecclesiastic authorities during the middle ages; for instance, by

Digitized by Google

Alphas (1050), by Maimonides (1180), and notably by Joseph Karo (1522), whose work, *Shulchan Aruch*, is still considered the principal authority on all questions affecting Judaism.

It is also necessary here to state, in rough outlines, what progress the *Agada* made within those three or four centuries. As we said before, it was not neglected. Along with the *Mishna*, three books were composed, *Mechilta*, *Sifri*, and *Sifra*—and many others at a much later period—all of which are free commentaries on both the legal and historical portions of the Pentateuch. We call them *free* commentaries because their acceptance is not binding upon the Jew; they may be rejected or modified, according to individual taste. But one thing is certain, viz., that they have a didactic tendency, and may be made, and often are made, the basis of ethical truths. The following two selections from the *Mechilta*, made at random, may prove the foregoing assertions, and may likewise give the reader an idea of the style of the *Agada* :—

> "EXODUS xvi. 12.—I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel : The Holy One, blessed be He, said to Moses, 'It is well known to Me both what the congregation of Israel say now and what they will say in the future.' (For this reason the plural, 'murmurings,' is chosen in the text.)"
>
> "IBID.—Speak unto them, saying, at even ye shall eat flesh : Speak unto them, you stand between two things : you ask for bread, because no man is able to live without bread. I give it to you. You ask again for flesh (only) to eat your fill. That too will I give you. And why ? Because that you shall not say, it was not in my power to do so. But eventually I shall punish you (for your greediness)."
>
> "EXODUS xvii. 11.—And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand that Israel prevailed. Could, indeed, Moses' hands make Israel strong or (help to) defeat Amalek ? Certainly not. But as long as Moses held up his hand, and the Israelites were thus led to fix their eyes on high, believing in Him who had commanded Moses to do so, He (God) would perform miracles and mighty deeds for their sake (and make them victorious)."

After this necessary digression we now come back to the Talmud, more particularly to examine and characterize its contents. This is indeed a most difficult task. "The Talmud," says Professor Graetz,[1] one of the most eminent Talmudical scholars of the present day, "cannot be looked upon as a literary production of the ordinary kind. There is not a single literary work which it in the least resembles. It is in reality a world of its own, which requires to be judged by its own laws. For this reason it is extremely

[1] *History of the Jews*, iv., page 409.

Digitized by Google

difficult to give a critique of the Talmud, because for this purpose all precedents and analogies are wanting. The most talented would scarcely succeed in this respect, no matter how deeply they may have penetrated into the spirit of the Talmud, and how familiar they may be with its peculiarities. . . . More than six centuries lie petrified in the Talmud, exhibiting the greatest vividness, clothed in their own garb, manner of speech, and mode of thinking—in some measure a literary Herculaneum and Pompeii." Notwithstanding the difficulties here pointed out, we shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of the contents of the Talmud. It expounds, first of all, the legal portions of the Pentateuch acording to the traditions and according to the manner in which they were practised in olden times. Thus it happens that many a law is interpreted in quite a different sense from that which the simple reading of the text would seem to warrant. The following is a case in point. In Leviticus xxiv. 19 we read "that if a man cause a blemish in his neighbour; as he hath done, so shall it be done to him; breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth." This law, as it stands, looks very much like the *lex talionis*, and, if carried out, would be cruel in the extreme. But the Talmud[1] points out that only a monetary compensation is meant here, because if a man with *one* eye had spoiled that of his fellow, he would be placed in a far worse position than his injured neighbour by having his only eye pierced out; consequently, the plain reading of the text cannot be its true meaning. By a similar way of acute reasoning the Talmud often throws quite a different light upon the Mosaic laws, and thus modifies many an apparent harshness in their application according to the literal sense of the text. Its morality, based as it is on that of the Mosaic code, is simply sublime. It enjoins moderation in enjoyment, patience in sorrow, a strict control over one's passions and an inflexible sense of truth and justice. The treatise "Ethics of the Fathers" (*Pirke Aboth*) is in itself a veritable casket of inestimable gems of morality. It recommends the most humane treatment of strangers and adherents of other creeds. Even heathens should be mercifully dealt with.[2] So far from claiming for the followers of Judaism a monopoly of eternal salvation, it declares[3] that all righteous men, irrespective of creed, will have a portion in the world to come—a dictum which has become one of the axioms of Judaism. God is the father of all

[1] *Baba Kama*, 83 b. [2] *Gittin*, 61 a. [3] *Sanhedrin*, 96 b.

Digitized by Google

men, and all are equal before His seat of judgment.[1] Man's feelings of mercy shall be extended even to animals, and no cruelty shall be practised on them.[2] Far in advance of the time are the Talmudic views of the position and dignity of woman. She is to be the equal of man, and, whether as a mother or wife, entitled to the highest respect. The Talmud likewise enjoins respect for authority, saying, "The law of the land shall be (your) law." In the interest of truth it is, however, necessary to state that the Talmud contains also some vindictive remarks. But these were uttered by individuals whilst smarting under a sense of unredressed and unredressible injustice, and they are overbalanced by a large number of precepts characterized by the most genuine spirit of mercy and benevolence.

A cursory glance at the dogmatic part of Judaism shall bring this paper to a close. To trace the rise and development of the Jewish dogmas from the earliest times down to the fifteenth century would require an entire article of considerable length, which must be reserved for a future occasion. Suffice it to say, that the existence of sects amongst the Jews, the rise and progress of Christianity, the influence of Alexandrian philosophy, and many other internal and external circumstances, left their traces on the Jewish creed, and induced the authorities partly to draw a closer line round the old faith, partly to formulate new doctrines as distinguishing marks between it and new creeds. If we add to this the absolute freedom of thought amongst the Jews, which we have already mentioned, it is by no means a matter of surprise that in the middle ages, when the Jewish creed *per se* formed the subject of deep research amongst the Jewish philosophers, the greatest differences of opinion prevailed in this respect, as may be seen on reference to the works of Saadja,[3] Juda Ha-Levi,[4] Maimonides,[5] and many others. In the twelfth century, however, the last-named philosopher, one of the greatest Jewish authorities that ever lived, formulated the Jewish creed into thirteen articles which, epitomized, are as follows:—(1.) The belief in a God who is both creator and ruler. (2.) That God is a unity. (3.) God is incorporeal. (4.) God is eternal. (5.) Only God is to be worshipped. (6.) The prophecies of the prophets are true. (7.) Moses was the chief of all the prophets. (8.) The Law in our possession is the one given to Moses. (9.) The immutability of that Law.

[1] *Baba Kama*, 113.
[2] *Baba Mezia*, 32, 33.
[3] *Emunoth We-deoth.*
[4] *Kusari.*
[5] *More.*

Digitized by Google

(10.) God is omniscient. (11.) God rewards and punishes. (12.) The Messiah will come. (13.) There will be a resurrection of the dead. Maimonides' system of the Jewish creed met at first with strong opposition, and even as late as during the fifteenth century Joseph Albo, another celebrated authority, endeavoured to substitute a simpler one for it, consisting of three articles only, viz.—the belief in one God, the belief in a revelation, and the belief in reward and punishment. But Maimonides' system held its own against all new ones, and is now generally adopted, having been embodied in the Daily Prayer Book.

One more question and we have done. What is the *raison d'être* of Judaism at the present day? What objects has it to fulfil, what hopes to hold out? It charges its followers with being the living witnesses of God's revelation to mankind, the bearers of the purest and simplest monotheism ever conceived. It teaches them that even as God loves all His children, so must they love all mankind; and as God is merciful to all, so must they be. That the time will come when all the people of the earth shall acknowledge and serve God, and God alone; when wickedness of every description, war and its concomitant evils, shall vanish from the face of the earth, and when, under the rule of the promised Messiah, the Temple and Temple-worship shall be restored, and the Israelites return to the land of their fathers. Even then it is not supposed that Judaism will be the universal religion. Its tenets and commands will be binding on the Jews alone, while for the rest of the human race it will be sufficient to acknowledge the One God, and to serve Him by acts of justice, love, and mercy. It is neither in the power nor within the province of human agencies to bring about this happy time; but the practice of virtue in all its comprehensiveness, strict obedience to God's revealed laws, will gradually lead to that promised and highly desirable end. Thus, while fully believing in an entirely changed order of things in the future, the Jew is in no wise prevented from joining in any public or private movement tending to the welfare of the country or the community in which he lives. On the contrary, it is a sacred duty to him to do so, since the improvement and ultimate regeneration of the human race are amongst the hopes which his religion holds out to him. In the words of the prophet MICAH, the motto of Judaism is—"TO DO JUSTLY, TO LOVE MERCY, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD."

E. BLAUBAUM.

Digitized by Google

ION'S MORNING SONG.

(*Euripides*, Ion, 82–111.)

See where the sun his shining car
Bends earthward, while each fleeting star
Shrinks back before the fiery ray
To holy night; the orb of day
Flames from Parnassus' sacred height,
Whose peaks untrodden catch the light,
And flash it down to mortals' sight.

Roofward there rolls through Phœbus' shrine
The incense breath of smoke divine.
On holy tripod sits the seer;
She sings to Græcia's listening ear
The lays Apollo chanteth clear.

All ye who tend the Delphic god,
Approach Castalia's eddying flood;
Bathed in his pure and silver dew,
Draw near the sacred shrine anew.
Keep well your lips from words of bane,
That all who seek the hallowed fane
May hear your voice in sweet refrain.

But Ion's task from childhood's day,
To shred the leaf of verdant bay,
To strew the porch with braided flowers,
Culled from the temple's sacred bowers,
To cleanse the floor with lustral showers;
Or bend the bow and scare away
From votive gifts all birds of prey.

No mother's love, no father's care,
From boyhood's days was mine to share;
But in Apollo's sacred dome
I find my service and my home,
And welcome all who thither come.

J. Clezy, M.A.

Digitized by Google

NATURAL RELIGION.

THERE is, perhaps, no better answer to the charge of indifference to religion so often brought against our time than the eager interest with which any honest, earnest utterance about religion is received. During the last quarter of a century there has been a succession of works upon purely religious subjects, each of which has been epoch-making, in the sense that it has marked the accession of a more enlightened and instructed public opinion upon the subject of which it treated. It cannot be claimed for "Natural Religion," the latest work of Professor Seeley, of Cambridge, that it is an epoch-making book, such as his earlier one, "Ecce Homo," undoubtedly was. It is seventeen years since the valuable portraiture of the human side of Christ, His work, and His gospel was given to the world in "Ecce Homo." It has helped to inspire modern Christology with the free spirit that has sought to recover the true image of the Unique Exemplar, and to vindicate the oneness of our common nature with the divinest Man, "the highest and most human too."

During the long interval between the books, the author has evidently passed through deep spiritual experiences. The buoyant faith that made "Ecce Homo" an inspiring book is markedly absent in "Natural Religion." There is little of hope or strong conviction in this later work. Earnestness there is, a pathetic almost tragic earnestness at times, but not the earnestness of one who hopeth all things and believeth all things. It is rather the forlorn earnestness of one who, having witnessed the shipwreck of a faith he once believed essential to the spiritual welfare of mankind, busies himself with constructing a raft out of the wreckage.

The author tells us he was impelled to his task by the belief that "there are truths outside the region of party debate alike in politics and religion, and that these truths are more important than the contending parties will easily be induced to believe." He seeks to turn attention from the controverted ground to the points of agreement, and by enlarging upon these insure a united purpose which, in its issue, will either prove the controversy to have been

Digitized by Google

idle, or persuade the controversialists to suspend judgment permanently where agreement is impossible, and busy themselves with some plain duty in which they can unite.

"For," he truly says, "if there be some truth, however small, upon which all can agree, then there is some action in which all can unite; and who can tell how much may be done by anything so rare as unanimity. Moreover, if we look below the surface of controversy, we shall commonly find more agreement and less disagreement than we had expected. Agreement is slow of speech and attracts little attention—disagreement has always plenty to say for itself. Agreement utters chiefly platitudes and truisms; and yet, though platitudes and truisms do not work up into interesting books, if our object is to accomplish something for human life, we shall scarcely find any truth serviceable that has not been rubbed into a truism, and scarcely any maxim that has not been worn into a platitude."

Yet, it must be confessed that the use of platitudes and truisms will lead to generalities which are vague and unsatisfying. The great fault of Professor Seeley's book will be felt by the average reader to lie in this direction; it is vague and paradoxical. Possibly the nature of the subject almost necessitates paradox—both sides of the shield have to be shown.

Even the title "Natural Religion" is vague, in the sense in which it is used; and will mislead readers accustomed to the meaning attached by Bishop Butler, and others, with whom it is the antithesis of Revealed Religion. In this book it would appear to include all that tends to nourish the higher life of man, apart from the hopes and beliefs that reach beyond the world we know—apart from the supernatural. The word *worship* is also limited in meaning and widened in application by being restricted to admiration—habitual and permanent admiration. Worship, etymologically, really means nothing more than attaching *worth* to anything, it may be to wealth, fame, beauty, God; the strictly theological association has grown up around it. The power of admiring keeps the heart fresh, pure, and true, and makes the essential difference between the religious and the irreligious mind. But it is a doubtful use of words to identify worship with admiration. A certain awe must mingle with our feelings which will sober and subdue the mind to the attitude of worship. This feeling is the spontaneous effect of the contemplation of that which transcends the known and visible universe, but this is Supernaturalism. The awe which is essential to the solemnity of worship, we are told, is to be felt naturally by contemplating the unity of Nature in which the separate beauties or wonders that win

Digitized by Google

our admiration or delight inhere. It may give a clearer idea of what this natural worship is to quote from one of the articles on Natural Religion, published some years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, of which the book is an amplification and elaborate revision. The article illustrates briefly and clearly what is meant by natural worship.

"When we admire a flower we are worshipping nature, but this is Paganism stripped of the supernatural. When we admire justice or self-sacrifice in a human being we are again worshipping nature, but this is Christianity stripped of the supernatural, or the modern religion of humanity.

"The natural religion of God though closely connected with both these religions is nevertheless clearly distinct from them. It contemplates the same phenomena but in a different spirit, and for a different purpose. The object may be a tree or a flower, but the admiration when aroused goes beyond the object and fixes itself upon a great unity in which all things cohere."

It is this unity in nature that is offered to us as the basis of theism. This meets the scientific student who may declare himself unable to go further than the discernment of "laws of co-existence and sequence in phenomena."

"I say that man believes in a God, who feels himself in the presence of a power which is not himself, and is immeasurably above himself—a power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. Such now is nature to the scientific man."

The question of whether "it is good or satisfying to worship such a God" is left unsettled. There are many who will agree that "the average scientific man worships just at present a more awful and a greater Deity than the average Christian;" for the God of the average Christian is too often a God of surprise and of miracle, an interfering Providence less worthy of reverence than the Eternal Order. Too often is He set forth as One who loves with a human partiality and hates with a human vindictiveness. Our author shows that some attributes supposed to be inseparable from the idea of God are not necessarily involved in it. It is quite consistent with his line of argument that personality should be one of the attributes he does *not* consider essential to the conception of God. There is a little ridicule thrown upon the Personal God of ordinary Christian theology. He is "the head of the clerical party," "a sort of clergyman," "a sort of schoolmaster," "a sort of philanthropist." Indeed, Professor Seeley rivals Mr. Matthew Arnold in his repugnance to the idea of God cherished in the heart of the great majority of Christians. There is little doubt that, to numbers of devout worshippers, the abstract and impersonal Deity alike of "Natural

Digitized by Google

Religion" and of "Literature and Dogma" would be unintelligible and unsatisfying. These teachers destroy the very root of religion, while wishing to preserve its fruits; the life of the tree is centred in that which they discard.

The inherent weakness of those modern interpretations of religion that would dispense with the Personal God has been ably exposed by Dr. Martineau, in an address on "Ideal Substitutes for God." Of the absolute indispensableness of the personal element in the object of worship Dr. Martineau says:—

"Without personal relations between the human and the divine, religion is divested of all its higher attributes and intenser forces. It loses its link with morals, it ceases to transfigure the affections, it relinquishes its grasp upon the will. It was by emphasizing these relations that Judaism became indomitable, and by universalizing them that Christianity laid hold of the foremost nations and rose into the foremost faith of mankind, creating and diffusing a heart-worship, a self-reverence and self-surrender, a depth of spiritual experience, a literature of character and devotion, and a breadth of social compassion which are the redeeming features of modern civilization."

The old ideal of God is shaken, and there are those who are trying to reconstruct it out of the feelings that have clustered round it. Believing such sentiments to be valuable helps in raising humanity, they seek to provide for their continuance when the object that gave them life is doubted or denied. "It is nothing to religion," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "whether or not there be a God." And, indeed, with the personal element that creates religious emotion taken out of the thought of God, there is little difference between Mr. Harrison's negation and Professor Seeley's affirmation.

"Nature, including humanity, is the object of our worship." This does not seem distinguishable from what is usually known as Positivism, but for the pathetic attempt to keep the glory of the old traditions to consecrate the new theories.

"Both the Old Testament and the New lose that appearance of obsoleteness which ecclesiastical formalism has given them, and stand out as true sacred books and classics of mankind so soon as in the former Nature is written for God, and in the latter Humanity for Christ."

This suggestion of a new reading for the old Book almost provokes a smile on serious subjects. It is impossible to think of that marvellous, all-conquering God-consciousness of the Hebrews arising out of faith in the sum of things, instead of in One who was to them a Guide and Deliverer, the God of battles, a Strong Tower, a Refuge from the storm, a Shadow from the heat. It was the

Digitized by Google

intensely personal character of their belief in God that gave so deep a note of faith and victory to the utterances of Hebrew prophets and psalmists—a note of intensity that is still sounding through the ages in Christian songs of hope and confidence in God. What should we gain by reading in the New Testament "Humanity" for Christ? A wider ideal? But a lower standard. Religion has accepted the Christian Ideal as expressing all that is best and purest in human nature. Is He to be dethroned, and collective humanity seated in the place of light? What will be the Ideal then? Not the virtues that occasionally ennoble, but the qualities that are most active in the aggregate of mankind. These have been variable in different ages of the world. There is a long history of oppressions and cruelties in the past, of servile multitudes and truculent rulers. Coming down to our own time, we find the mass of civilized people sunk in the Philistinism our author so deeply deplores and condemns. The modern worship of Humanity may be a rebound from the doctrines of the theologians that have for ages disparaged and contemned human nature. It has the extravagance of a re-action. The young Parisian whom a Comtist sought to convert to the Religion of Humanity, the worship of Man, hit the weakness of the system when he answered—"No, I will not worship ce petit bon dieu-là; *je le connais trop.*"

Most thoughtful readers of the book will agree with the Rev. Llewelyn Davies that the Natural Religion expounded therein, though worthless by itself, may be of great value in correcting and enlarging traditional Christianity. The chapter on Theology and Religion clears the path of the inquirer from heaps of obsolete rubbish by the wise distinctions that are drawn. As, for instance, between a Faith and a Theology, between the scientific and the imaginative kinds of knowledge. Natural Religion includes three forms of worship; that of beauty as exemplified in art, the worship of truth so earnestly followed in the methods and researches of modern science, the religion of Humanity or the worship of human goodness. Christianity is claimed as a religion of humanity. This is another of the contradictions which the author so frequently allows himself. He has previously spoken of supplanting the name of Christ in the Gospels by the word Humanity, yet, in claiming Christianity as a religion of humanity, he evidently means humanity represented by Christ. It is characteristic of positivism that in describing the worship of humanity Christ is excluded, yet He is recognized by that philosophy as a human being. But our author

Digitized by Google

recognizes the power of Christianity, and how much of that power was due to the well-defined personal element in the object of worship. Sages and prophets had spoken *about* God. Religious leaders had proclaimed Him with a strength of conviction that energized to great deeds. Only one member of our race was able to set forth the Father of mankind in His personal relations with His children.

It is the concrete personal ideal that gives such admirable working power to Christianity and keeps it healthy and vigorous, though something of the supernatural colouring with which the loving reverence of ages had transfigured it is fading in the light of modern criticism. It has probably more vitality now than it ever had, because its natural basis is better understood. The book under notice seems in places to endorse such a view :—

"I can conceive no religion as satisfactory that falls short of Christianity, but, on the other hand, I cannot believe any religion to be healthy that does not start from Nature-worship. It is in the free and instinctive admiration of human beings for the glory of heaven, earth, and sea, that religion—so far as religion is the name of a good and healthy thing—begins, and I cannot imagine but as morbid a religion which has ceased to admire them."

We have but to read the teachings on the mountain side and by the Lake of Galilee to see that Christianity had this wholesome foundation. Yet the general tone of the book towards Christianity is that of a tender leave-taking, though not without hope that men may learn "to add once more the Christian confidence to the Hebraic awe; then the Christianity that will result will be of a far higher kind than that which passes too often for Christianity now." As examples of Natural Religion in practice, Wordsworth and Goethe are chosen.

Of Wordsworth surely it may be predicated that his nature worship was not inconsistent with Christianity of a decided type. Indeed, it is admitted that probably his Christian faith saved Wordsworth from the pessimism which is the besetting difficulty of Natural Religion. Perhaps Wordsworth's religion might be more accurately described as Natural Christianity than the mild enthusiasm to which Professor Seeley gives that name. Goethe is usually regarded as the great type of culture, and is surely a sufficient proof that culture by itself does not fulfil the idea of a religion. At least, it is not "a binding force such as destroys selfishness," for it culminated in Goethe's case in a worship of the "mountainous Me." It is impossible to dissociate from religion the idea of

Digitized by Google

obligation willingly undertaken, and thus becoming the service that is perfect freedom. Goethe, in his anxiety to keep his own nature fresh, and enjoy his own happiness unspoiled, was indifferent to duty and callous to human suffering. He loved art, science, knowledge, and he had unrivalled and versatile powers. By means of these he sustained himself in a serene repose that knew not the disturbing effects of duty's imperative call or compassionate sympathy's pain. As one who has profoundly studied the mighty German says, Goethe—

> "... was happy, if to know
> Causes of things, and far below
> His feet to see the lurid flow
> Of terror and insane distress,
> And headlong fate, be happiness."

If such be the results of a form of religion, we may agree with Professor Seeley that they are results we did not expect, and could hardly wish.

The second part of the book is devoted to the application of Natural Religion to life. At the outset it is recognized that the chief foe of the principle of religion, indeed the only foe worth considering, is the secularity that makes life poor, vulgar, and frivolous, by the absence of lofty ideals—of any willing service to something that can draw out the nobler faculties, or subdue the heart to self-devotion. Whatever may be the activity or formidable character of the foes which are arrayed in opposition to the influence of religion, they are of far less insidious power, less wide reaching, in the effects they produce than the spirit of indifferent worldliness that simply cares for none of these things. There is no declared enemy, no system of philosophy, flaunting its denials in face of every spiritual ideal, that has any influence comparable in disintegrating power to the spirit of careless secularity, which simply ignores the spiritual element in life, and sets the gratification of the senses, or physical and material well-being, as the chief aim of life—the only good worth pursuing. This is the one puissant adversary of religion, in face of whom all that tends to elevate and to spiritualize the ideal of life, may be deemed religious. How to strengthen the spiritual element, and subdue the secular, is the practical question discussed in the second part of the book; for the old maxim still stands fast:—"What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Digitized by Google

The old maxim stands fast in its truth, but the old language has gathered modern meaning—the soul no longer stands for some metaphysical entity, the chief thing predicated about which is that it will survive the perishing body. Such is the meaning of the word "soul" to which theological phraseology has accustomed us. The soul means all those affections and aspirations by which we are allied to all that ennobles and elevates our nature, through which we grow into the likeness of our own ideal. Worship of any kind keeps these faculties alive, the loss of the soul is simply allowing them to die out for want of any lofty, or self-forgetting, ideal of life.

"Irreligion is life without worship, and the world is the collective character of those who do not worship. When worship is eliminated from life, what remains? There are animal wants to be satisfied, a number of dull cravings to be indulged, and paltry fears to be appeased; moreover, because worship is never really quite dead, but only feeble, there is some poor convention in place of an ideal, and a few prudish crotchets in place of virtues."

This is the condition of those who have no soul. Against this condition, which is irreligion pure and simple, all life that is dominated by an ideal of any sort is a protest. Art in its devotion to beauty, science in its devotion to truth, have each an ideal which though in the strict sense we may not speak of as religious, is in its influence fundamentally opposed to that paralysis of the higher nature we call irreligion, which is really the absence of any ideal whereby to regulate life. How far we have carried this spirit of irreligion into our so-called religion is finely shown—how in our ideas of spiritual blessing we have but transfigured material comfort. Secularity is shown to be the special vice of the English people; they have prided themselves upon their energetic industrialism, and the reward of wealth and luxury that it brings, till they have come to look upon these things as the just reward of national righteousness, as the Hebrews regarded length of days and a land flowing with milk and honey. It is noted how the absence of an ideal makes itself felt in the most important work one generation can undertake—the training of the next. There is a great deal of severe truth in the following:—

"What do people wish their children to aim at? What pursuits do they desire for them? Except that when they grow up they are to make or have a livelihood, and take a satisfactory position in society, and, in the meanwhile, that it would be hard for them not to enjoy themselves heartily, most parents would be puzzled to say what they want for their children. And whatever they wish, they wish so languidly that they entrust the realization of it almost

Digitized by Google

entirely to strangers, being themselves—so they say (and, indeed, the philistine or irreligious person always is)—much engaged. The parent has from sheer embarrassment and want of an ideal, in a manner abdicated; and it has become necessary to set apart a special class for the cultivation of parental feelings and duties. The modern schoolmaster should change his name, he has become a kind of standing or professional parent."

The remedy for all this is religion. Like all thinkers in whom the rationalizing tendency is active, Professor Seeley is stronger in criticism than in construction. His just and discriminating criticism of life comes like a free and bracing air into the hollow places of conventionalism, there is a tone of earnest conviction about it, that should make it respected even when unwelcome. In the attempt to indicate the direction in which our hopes for the future lie, there is an uncertain sound, and even at times an ill-concealed despair, the evident effect of a consciousness of the inadequacy of the Natural Religion, by which it is sought to remedy the evils of our modern life; the difficulty of avoiding the pessimism to which Natural Religion in certain aspects is allied. The most effective and living form of religion now extant is to be found in modern culture. "Religion has been revived under the artificial name of culture." Our author does not, however, find culture a happy phrase, and he regrets that those who now say *culture* do not say *religion*. Yet surely it is always a gain that people should say what they mean. To every unsophisticated mind, unaccustomed to the use of words in what is called a non-natural sense, it will be a source of satisfaction that the people who say culture do not say religion, for they do not mean religion even in the modified and attenuated form of the natural religion of this book.

In this identification of religion with culture the average reader feels that want of directness that arises from the attempt to retain the old language and the old symbolism when the old meaning is gone for ever. It is this practice that has drawn upon certain members of the Broad Church party the charge of disingenuousness in statement. Culture and religion, as forces helping forward the progress of the human race, have certainly hitherto acted in modes so different, that to regard them as one is a new departure in the philosophy of spiritual development. Hitherto the sons of Zion and the sons of Greece have seemed to have little fellowship in their work, though each has an important share in promoting the higher life of man.

"Culture," says Matthew Arnold, "is a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best

Digitized by Google

which has been thought and said in the world, and, through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow staunchly, but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them staunchly which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically."

But Matthew Arnold recognizes the distinct work of religion in intensifying conviction, thought, feeling. The Hebrew hunger and thirst after righteousness have more of the character of religion than the many-sided development of more cultured nations. The antagonism between the spirit of religious intensity and the advancing tide of human enlightenment is old as the recorded history of mankind. That they are not necessarily antagonistic is one of the discoveries of modern times, a lesson the Christian church has not yet completely learned. That they are helping in the same work is now acknowledged, but differently. Religion gives the enthusiasm for the ideal, and is liable to all the faults that wait upon enthusiasm—narrowness, intolerance, one-sidedness. These faults culture rectifies by the free play of thought and knowledge upon stock notions and accepted ideals. It is only by adequate value being attached to both these factors in mental and moral progress that earnestness and enlightenment can be united. "The essence of religion," said John Stuart Mill, "is the strong and earnest direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object recognized as of the highest excellence, and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire." Culture preserves us from narrowness; religion saves us from becoming shallow by diffusion of aim and interest.

Professor Seeley's book is in itself an admirable example of culture, widening and humanizing religion. That they are the same thing many will find it difficult to admit; nor is the difficulty lessened by the contemplation of Goethe as the most notable instance of what the religion called culture can produce.

That portion of the book which treats of Natural Religion in connection with the State and with the Church, is an elucidation of the truth that religion, rightly conceived, must take the whole of organized life beneath its sheltering wing; not the life only of the individual, but of the community, of the nation. One of the common-places of religious discussion, against which the author protests, is the saying that religion is an affair between man and his Maker. This expression took its rise, no doubt, as a protest against persecution for conscience sake—and as a protest it is true; but as a

Digitized by Google

positive statement, in regard to religion, it is wholly inadequate, and very far removed from the idea of religion, as conceived by Jesus Christ, for He speaks continually of a kingdom, a state, the reign of righteousness on earth. To say that the ideal government is practically a theocracy, merely describes in modern phrase what Jesus Christ represented as the kingdom of God upon earth. As culture stands for religion in the individual, so the religion of the State is identical with civilization. The still living power of some of the characteristics of religions that have ceased to control the higher life of nations is recognized. "The enjoyment of the visible world is a fragment saved from the wreck of Paganism."

Natural Christianity is identified with the spirit of revolt against convention—the free spirit that in questions of faith or duty occasionally breaks with the old traditions when they have become too cramping. It is the spirit which prevents the pursuit of righteousness from sinking into a mere etiquette of conduct. It is the spirit of faith as opposed to the conventionalism that would rest in the mere letter of the law. It is indeed the spirit of conscious communion with the Fountain of all law and holiness that will tolerate no mechanical interpretations of the Divine will—the spirit that in old Judea withstood the scribes and pharisees. No doubt this spirit is essentially Christian, but it is not exclusively Christian. It is found active before the time of Christianity, in the Jewish Church, in the continual protests of the prophets against ecclesiastical assumption and the emptiness of mere ritual observances. It is what modern times have named the Protestant spirit. It is found under very different religious inspirations—it is seen in the relation of Buddhism to Brahminism. In Mr. Froude's remarkable address upon Calvinism this spirit of righteous rebellion was identified with Calvinism. It is really confidence in God as opposed to the pretensions of those who claim to be His interpreters. This species of iconoclasm is inseparable from the beginnings of any religious movement.

Professor Seeley does not absolutely despair of a future for organized Christianity, if it can learn to be independent of its own past and acquire some confident freedom in adapting itself to new conditions. He is fully alive to the danger that exists in the fact that great numbers of the people in many lands are wholly untouched by the civilization of the country. He sees in this the source of Nihilism and other problems of our times, and he regards the Church as the best means of educating the people in the

Digitized by Google

doctrines of civilization. This appears like an olive branch held out to ecclesiastical institutions, after the ground has been cut from under them in the earlier portions of the book.

The final result having been reached—of culture for individual, and of civilization for general religion—faith sustained on the eternal order, and the heart nourished on such fragments of the old religions as have floated down to us upon the stream of time—it is not surprising to find a return in the later pages towards the supernaturalism that is abandoned in the beginning. The conclusion seems to be reached that natural religion will not feed the instincts that are man's higher life; but this is put more as a painful discovery than as the conclusion of an argument. Indeed there is little of set plan or argument in the book, which is rich chiefly in suggestion and criticism.

Our author feels the great weakness of a religion that has nothing to say about a future life. He sees the strength of supernaturalism in the fact of its assurance on that point. Without it human life shrinks to the poor boundaries of its few struggling years. The attempt to give a certain dignity and duration to our highest aspirations, by connecting them with the life of the race, he evidently feels to be the poor effort that it is;—to make our insignificance majestical by welding a great many insignificances together. "Supernaturalism met this want by connecting love and righteousness with eternity."

The book is an honest effort to reconstruct religion out of the elements that survive, when creed and church and ritual have lost control of the highest life of the world. To say that it is a successful effort would be to claim for it more than can be claimed for any single effort in the wide field of religion, more than the author would allow; for he is evidently depressed and discouraged in the end by the difficulty of making out of these elements a sustaining theory of life. Deeply interesting as the book is, and almost inspiring in its suggestiveness, it puts all thoughtful readers under obligations to the learned and earnest-minded author.

MARTHA WEBSTER.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S LIBRARY TABLE.

It is not exactly in accordance with the practice of a periodical to review a book,* the author of which has been dead for exactly two centuries. It has, however, seemed good to the authorities of the Melbourne University to select this book as one of the subjects for the higher education of those who are not yet, or who never will be, members of the University, Teachers are hardly yet aware of what lies before them. The subject is set for the year 1884, and ere 1884 arrive much may happen; they can, therefore, hardly be said yet to have concerned themselves in the matter. The University regulations contain a prescient provision, which may or may not be necessary, but which is certainly extraordinary, to the effect that "every change in the subjects of, and books prescribed for, examinations shall be published two years before the first of January of the year in which such examinations are to be held." If the history of this strange regulation were not known, one would think that it dated from a time when the procuring of books from England involved a letter sent by sailing ship round the Horn and a parcel brought by sailing ship round the Cape of Good Hope; whereas it was passed at a time when four months amply suffices for any supply required. The regulation has caused the schools to have set before them almost the same intellectual food this year as last; the same dishes will coldly furnish forth next year's tables. Some two years ago an elaborate reform of the matriculation scheme was produced with much labour and after much friction. Careful provision was made in it to enable schools to undertake and to use in the examination higher work than heretofore. For instance, in the English examination "a play of Shakespeare with ten Essays of Bacon (or an equivalent)" was added as honour work; and no better selection could have been made than Macbeth and the first ten essays in Mr. Storr's edition. The carelessness of those who arrange the subjects has left these subjects unchanged for the years 1881, '82, and '83; but there is

* *Hydriotaphia: Urn Buriall, or a Discourse of the Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk.* By Sir Thomas Browne. London, 1658.

Digitized by Google

something not so satisfactory even as carelessness in the selection of two chapters of Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn-Burial" as the equivalent to ten essays of Bacon. It would be idle to suppose that everyone is acquainted with Browne. We propose, therefore, after a few words on the true objects of English study, to set before our readers a few extracts from the book in question, and some opinions expressed on it by those who know.

Only of late years has attention been paid to the teaching of English. The utility of the subject (from certain points of view apparent at a glance) won it at once the full support of all those who think the acquisition of knowledge the aim of education. Other considerations gained most of those who more wisely look to the training of mental faculties. But both classes should combine in the belief that none but masterpieces of thought or of style are suitable for study. The English literature is the richest in the world, and richest both in quality and quantity. The first statement may seem arrogant, and would at least require space to defend it; the second is undeniable. A great responsibility rests with those who have the selection of the masterpieces to be studied in all our high schools for girls as well as boys, and for the former still more than for the latter. School time is short, and very few works can be thoroughly studied during it. By a careful principle of selection these books should be such as will improve the taste, elevate the thought, or store the mind of the reader. Until the list of subjects appeared, it might fairly have been doubted whether there existed a single man so pedantic, that, being called on to produce a list of five masterpieces of English prose literature, he could have placed on it Browne's "Urn-Burial." Why then, it may be asked, did selection fall upon it? The answer is ready. Though the bane of a teacher, for the better the teacher the more he would wish to avoid such a book, this is the happy hunting-ground of the examiner. The "Urn-Burial" is studded with little passages that must be "got up;" it is crammed with allusions; it is replete with names. To adopt an old metaphor, there are so many trees that you cannot see the wood. One line will occupy a lesson, and progress be reported by the arrival of the end of the hour, time after time, before a page be finished. Is this minute and microscopical work the fit and proper study of English literature?

"Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial," is a discourse by Sir Thomas Browne, a learned and peaceful Norwich physician, on "certain sepulchral urns lately found in Norfolk," published in the year in which

Digitized by Google

Oliver Cromwell died. The subject cannot be described as pleasant, though perhaps there are kindred souls to this quaint old doctor who may find pleasure in perusing the work. No one could maintain that there is one single particle of useful information in the twenty-two pages prescribed. It is hardly part of a general education to know how in ancient times the undertaker's work was performed. Of the two chapters, the first contains over eighty names, many of which would be quite unknown even to a well-educated man; the second has about thirty. But one can see that there is much which would cause the eyes of an examiner to glisten. Questions frame themselves readily :—

1. Who was the learned physician Wormiuss ?
2. Explain the abbreviations Ic. Duro. T., D. M.
3. Who were Ulfketel, Ostorius, Prastaagus, Minucius, Childerick, Pharamond, Scribonius Largus, Bellinus, Amandus Zierexensis, Pineda, Starkatterus, Frotho, Unguinus, Ringo, Casalius, Bosio, Galvanus Martianus, Ortelius ? These have been collected at large, up and down the twenty-two pages.
4. Who were Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla? Who were Dioclesian, Constantine, Constans, Valens Victorinus Posthumius, Tetricus and the thirty tyrants in the reign of Gallienus ? These lists are by the worthy Sir Thomas himself.
5. What are lacrymatories, salamanders, ossuaries, pismires, copels ? Explain the words ferity, lixivious.
6. Explain the following passages :—"The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and the Opimian wine but in must unto them." "When fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs, while hanging was played before them."

These are but specimens. It would be easy to set a full paper of the same value on any single page.

In the wide field of English literature there are many authors of whose names and the names of whose books every educated man has heard. They are at times a little ashamed to confess that the books themselves they have not read. Imagine a board meeting whose business it is to select subjects for examination. One member has pitched on "Urn-Burial," and has found that in quantity twenty-two pages is an equivalent for the Bacon as the statute requires. The others dare not say that they have not read "Urn-Burial," and would not read it at any price. Perhaps the original selector has gone up country, and his colleagues would not hurt his feelings. So, *nem. con.*, the book is forced on reluctant teachers. Pity is that this result must follow, a diminution in the number of the candidates

Digitized by Google

for honours in English, and simple disgust for English literature engendered in the minds of those who might have been won to its sweet paths and pleasant places.

It is quite true that Charles Lamb was a great admirer of the "Urn-Burial," as of Sir Thomas Browne in general. Lamb was a kindred spirit, and full of out-of-the-way learning. Dr. Johnson says of Browne that his style "is vigorous but rugged, it is learned but pedantic, it is deep but obscure, it strikes but does not please, it commands but does not allure; it is a tissue of many languages, a mixture of heterogeneous words brought together from distant regions." Hallam said that he "wanted nothing but the controlling supremacy of good sense." In Shaw's "Handbook of English Literature" Browne's style is described as "absolutely bristling with quaint Latinisms," and "stiff with scholastic terms." His "out-of-the-way learning and odd caprices of theory," and "fantastic oddity," "impress the mind with the same air of solemn significance and outlandish remoteness from the ordinary objects of our contemplation." One of the pleasantest and acutest of modern critics, Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his "Hours in a Library," has some appreciative pages on Sir Thomas Browne. No one would be more astonished than this critic (unless in the under-world it were Sir Thomas Browne himself) to hear that in this most modern of countries, at this most practical of times, the "Urn-Burial" were appointed for boys and girls to prepare for examination. For the English critic thinks the book should be "read in a retired study, or beneath the dusty shelves of an ancient library," that its pages may "revive the echoes as of ancient chants in college chapels, strangely blended with the sonorous perorations of professors in the neighbouring schools." These things are not of Melbourne, and whilst there is time the University authorities should make a suitable change.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has published, in a separate form, that chapter of his recent book which gives a succinct account of Irish affairs.* It is somewhat expanded and otherwise adapted for its new purpose, which is apparently that of acting as an elementary history of Ireland. It is characterized by all the brilliancy of style and eminent absence of any semblance of impartiality which

* *A Bird's-Eye View of Irish History.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons. 1882.

Digitized by Google

are well known to be the features of our fellow colonist. No one can find it dull, unless a feeling of monotony should seize him, as he reads over and over again of the transcendent magnanimity and humanity of the Irish as contrasted with the ferocity and blood-thirstiness of the English. An ancient Greek grew wearied of hearing Aristides called the Just, and therefore voted for his banishment. The reader of this volume grows slightly sceptical as he reads, time after time, that when the English were behaving like wolves, the Irish "conducted themselves with singular moderation and good sense." They are always setting an "example of forbearance unique in history." Hence, when we find the English massacres of Irish set down at numbers like sixty or seventy thousand, and the Irish massacres of English always minimized to something like two or three thousand—when we find the difference between these figures represented as indicating the proportionate wickedness of the one race as compared with the other, we grow dubious. Indeed, the book is throughout a piece of special pleading, intended to show the awful depravity of the English in Ireland, and the essentially lying disposition of an historian named Froude.

Now, it is surely the case in history as in everything else that there are certain ultimate facts which it is little use probing into, and which we must take for granted. And one of these is, that, in the Middle Ages, no means of suppressing a hostile religion or a hostile race was considered illegitimate. The Protestants slaughtered the Catholics when they got the chance, and when the Catholics were in power they slaughtered the Protestants. So also, the English, making good their footing in Ireland, were necessarily enemies of the Irish. Hence arose a struggle of races, which led to the greatest atrocities on both sides and in approximately equal measure, the weaker race by cunning, the stronger by force. Nor is this true of the Middle Ages only. When the exigencies of state policy require it, or when war demands it, a harmless town is bombarded as ruthlessly now as ever it was; and if the modern conqueror does not put every male to the sword and sell all the women and children, it is only because modern warriors confine themselves to what their military plans absolutely require, salving their consciences with, at most, a few formal expressions of compunction.

When the French, at the beginning of this century, without a shadow of justice, invaded Spain, they killed in a half-dozen years, more than the English killed in Ireland during three hundred; the

Digitized by Google

reason being, simply that the French seized the land; the Spanish sought to save their possessions by shooting or stabbing their invaders, who then turned round in exasperation and exterminated those who refused to be pacified in any other way.

Thus when a nation of some little determination invades another of high and patriotic spirit, atrocities follow as a natural consequence; the fault all lies with the original invasion. Now in judging whether an invasion is justifiable or not, we must consider the feelings of the times. The day will come when the wrenching of these Australian lands from the natives will be regarded as an iniquity, but the honest English mechanic, or simple-hearted Irish lad, who came out here to better himself, and bought a farm, not from the natives, the rightful owners, but from the usurping government, had not the remotest consciousness of wrong. The English Invasion of Ireland is now set down as a wanton wickedness; though the adventurers of Henry II.'s court had no cruel intentions, no notion that there was anything reprehensible in their actions. It was the business of men in those days to fight, and if the times unluckily chanced to be peaceful, a knight of spirit was bound by duty to find out something or somebody to kill or be killed by.

It is too late in the day to rake up the murders, massacres, and spoliation committed in Ireland, and charge them against the English. They belonged to all races in those days, and were characteristic of the times.

Sir Charles maintains an attitude of inveterate hostility throughout every page, so that the little work might almost be called an impeachment of the English nation for having committed in cold blood, every species of iniquity in Ireland, from the earliest times down to the present. There are many, very many things, which an Englishman would wish for the honour of his nation to be blotted out of the history of Ireland, but a work of this class, filled with an unreasoning animus can do little good. We hope the work will not be placed as a text-book in the hands of the young folks of Ireland or the Colonies. By all means let facts be told, but tell them impartially, not with extravagant coloring whenever they tell against one side, and extravagant excuses when they tell against the other. Bitter animosities are thus kindled into life, and modern generations taught to dislike and distrust each other because their ancestors three or four centuries ago, acted in accordance with the feelings and instincts of the times.

Digitized by Google

No one can read Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's book without the impression that much industry and ability have been employed in an ungracious direction, and have produced a book as little to the purpose as if a Hebrew writer were to publish a vehement diatribe against the Christian churches for the sufferings endured in past ages by the Jews.

MR. JOHN RAE, of Sandhurst, has published a volume * for which it is difficult to find a name. It is not a novel: the style is too heavy and serious to be so classified, and who ever heard of a seven-page index of names added to a novel? But it is not history; many historical characters appear, but there are others certainly not historical, and some that are a compound of history and romance.

The book opens with a description, which of its kind is excellent, of a great gathering of the West Highland clans of Scotland for athletic games and contests. A young lady, Mary Campbell M'Leod, of unheard-of beauty, has worked a banner and shield, which are to be the highest prizes; and it is generally supposed that the winner of these will likewise win the heart of the fair seamstress. There is an unmitigated scoundrel—Murdoch M'Donald—who is in love with her; he treacherously shuts up his most formidable rivals in a dungeon, to leave him the road clear for the winning of the shield and banner and of the gentle Mary. But just in the nick of time the hero, Allan Cameron, appears; performs prodigies, somewhat after the manner of Achilles or King Arthur, wins the banner, and falls in love with the lady, and they are soon engaged to be married. Murdoch appears suddenly in the village with a great band of outlaws, proposes to marry Mary by force; and they are in front of a mock clergyman, Mary held up for the ceremony by two villanous assistants, when Allan Cameron, with twenty other Camerons, appears on the scene. A hundred M'Donalds fall to the right and left, like ninepins; but the magnanimous Allan takes no vengeance on Murdoch. Soon after he espouses Mary; but as the newly-wedded couple are riding towards home they are beset by the indefatigable Murdoch, with his gang of ruffians. A marvellous combat ensues, in which much blood is spilt, but Allan takes his bride to Lochiel, where the

* *The Shield and Banner Won; the Crown of England Lost:* a Tale of the Forty-Five. By John Rae. M. L. Hutchinson, Melbourne, 1882.

Digitized by Google

Camerons have their headquarters. Here they live in peace for several years till Prince Charles lands. Mary has so thoroughly lectured her husband on the history of the Stuart perfidies, that Allan is determined not to join the rebels, but is fascinated to such an extent that he throws prudence to the winds, and becomes an aide-de-camp to the Prince. Mary accompanies him to the field and attracts the notice of the Pretender, who becomes decidedly more than friendly.

Up to this point the story is interesting, though far exceeding the limits of improbability allowed to the romancer. The details are drawn from an abundant knowledge of the Highlanders and their country, and the pictures given are admirably vivid. The characters are very mechanical, nevertheless they are interesting. It is a feature of the book, however, to be utterly unlike the modern novel. The author has evidently taken Goldsmith, or perhaps Mackenzie, as his model; hence there is a surprising quaintness in the whole work. One could easily imagine it the work of some contemporary and imitator of Richardson.

The interest begins to evaporate when Mary addresses very weak and disjointed sermons to the Prince, who is converted in a very sudden and unnatural way. Later on in the book she discourses to a group of admiring friends, who only interrupt her in order to gain information; and for close upon seventy pages she lectures them on the history of the Stuarts, commencing with James I., and finishing with the Pretender, each having a chapter to himself. Her disquisitions are weak to the last degree; but the lady who can lecture so long and so heavily is also quite a Joan of Arc in the field. She commands a division of horse, and is an important factor in all Prince Charlie's battles and adventures. The latter part of the book gives a tolerably faithful history of the Jacobite rebellion, but the fictitious characters are boldly thrust forward into historic events in a way that is hardly justifiable. To say that the battle of Prestonpans was lost because Allan wished to regain a horse of extraordinary swiftness and beauty which a dragoon had stolen from Mary, is simply nonsense, and is an unwarrantable liberty.

We dare say many people will read the book with pleasure; it will probably hit a certain class of taste; but with all its careful detail, and attention to correctness of style, it is greatly wanting in judgment. This is conspicuously shown by the manner in which the author with no apparent provocation breaks out from time to

Digitized by Google

time into doggrel. There are verses in the book which are of considerable merit, but there are pages of wretched stuff. On page 292 Mary indulges in no less than eight pages of rhyme that a child's picture-book would be ashamed of.

The book is fairly well printed, but the binding is not a favourable specimen of what the colonies can do. But decidedly the weakest feature is the manner in which it is illustrated. It contains a number of the most primitive lithographs we have ever seen. They are simply ludicrous, and will, we fear, do much to damage the sale of a book that might otherwise be fairly attractive.

We cannot recommend the work to readers of substantial taste; but to young folks and experienced novel readers, who are adepts in the art of skipping sermons and prosy pieces, there is enough incident and excitement to furnish the plot of half-a-dozen novels, whilst those who are interested in the manners and customs of the Highlanders will, no doubt, find many portions instructive.

THE wonderful impetus given to English poetry by the splendid band who ushered in the present century made itself manifest at first in quite a crowd of minor writers who, about forty years ago, flooded the magazines with poetry which charmed the generation, and still holds its corner in the popular affections, without lifting its authors into the rank of truly national poets. To this class belonged Praed, Moir, Mackay, Aytoun, Barry Cornwall, Professor Wilson, Hogg, Lockhart, and many others, but perhaps the most racy and interesting of all were those Irish wits, of fine powers and charming abandon, who helped to keep *Fraser* and *Blackwood*, the *Dublin University Magazine*, and others, full of sparkle and brilliance. The leaders were undoubtedly Father Prout and Maginn, but a prominent place was held by the amiable and accomplished Denis Florence Maccarthy, whose verses, scattered through many magazines, charmed thousands of readers, who had no notion who was the poet. In 1850 and 1857 he published small collections, and afterwards gave to the world other volumes, chiefly of translations. which give him easily the first place among translators from the Spanish. His son has recently published a small collection of his most permanently interesting works,* and an exceedingly pleasant collection it makes.

* *Poems*, by Denis Florence Maccarthy. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1882.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Maccarthy's poems are marked by no very lofty flights; but they are uniformly elegant and sweet. There is nothing to rouse the reader to enthusiasm, and there is nothing to grate upon the most fastidous taste. They reflect the calm and scholarly leisure of the author's life, and like it are marked by no extremes.

The volume commences with a number of lyrics, elegant in their treatment and faultless in their diction. The first is, perhaps, the most popular:—

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way."

The remaining four verses being equally musical. The piece entitled "The Bridal of the Year" is an ode marked by high poetic power, and with the ring of perfect harmony from beginning to end:—

"For the year is sempiternal,
Never wintry, never vernal,
Still the same through all the changes
That our wondering eyes behold.
Spring is but his time of wooing,
Summer but the sweet renewing
Of the vows he utters yearly,
Ever fondly and sincerely,
To the young bride that he weddeth,
When to heaven departs the old;
For it is her fate to perish,
Having brought him
In the autumn
Children for his heart to cherish."

Maccarthy's two long poems are "Ferdiad; or, The Fight at the Ford," and "The Voyage of St. Brendan." The former is a translation of an ancient Irish epic; it is probably a faithful translation, but it is certainly not interesting. It is so much crammed with the names of Irish places and Irish heroes, that it cannot be readable to any but ardently patriotic Irishmen. "The Voyage of St. Brendan" exhibits all the poet's exquisite felicity of language; but here again full appreciation can only be expected of an Irishman. We learn from the footnotes that St. Brendan was an Irish saint, who, in the sixth century, sailed westward from Ireland in quest of people to convert. The poem relates how he reached a great land—the footnotes inform us it was America—

Digitized by Google

and, disembarking, he travelled inland till he reached a great river, evidently the Ohio, as we are informed. He was there stopped by an angel and told to go home again, advice which he was, no doubt, glad to take. Of course, a poem on such a subject offers the utmost scope for the imagination. That an Irish boat of that period should have run from Kerry south to the tropics, and then turned northward and reached New England, is open to grave doubts; but the poet evidently writes for those who are fully persuaded of its truth.

Nevertheless the general reader will find in this little volume a large collection of ballads and lyrics, which, at the time of their first appearance, took a very creditable position in English literature. In their original form, they had become practically inaccessible; that defect we are glad to see remedied.

THE boundary that divides the common place from the poetical is often very subtle and indefinable. An idea may be old and common, and yet by the merest turn of expression may appeal to the inward sense of the reader with a sudden delight. Our greatest song writers, men like Burns and Moore, have dealt with themes worn thread-bare, one would fancy, from the days of Sappho downwards, but as they gave to old and world-wide feelings a new force which drove them home with startling vigour to every heart, their verses are raised from the rank of the trite and common-place, into the region of the highest and most generally appreciated poetry.

But it is evident that he who strives to express the old ideas in new verses plays for a desperate stake—he must win all, or lose all. If he expresses these ideas better than they have been expressed before, his place is all the more assured in the hearts of a multitude of readers inasmuch as he becomes the chosen mouthpiece of universal feelings. But if he fail in this; if he fail to do better than the best of his predecessors, he loses everything. His verses will command no attention from readers who can elsewhere find the same ideas better expressed. The poet who chooses new themes and expresses novel sentiments, may achieve a success that may be more or less complete, but for the other, such a thing is impossible—he must take a leading place or none at all.

Digitized by Google

Hence, we conclude, that Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen's book,* will not command an extensive popularity. Not that his poems are destitute of merit. On the contrary, there are many portions musical, there are some portions vigorous, and a few picturesque, but they labour under this one fault, that while Mr. Sladen chooses to confine himself to old themes, he has failed to treat them better or as well as his predecessors. Hence, much of his volume will be deemed common-place; and even where some ray of originality appears in the thought, the poetry that might have been vanishes under the unfortunate influence of a misplaced word or a conventional expression. Thus whole pages might be written as prose, and if the awkward inversions by which the author reaches his rhymes were re-arranged, the reader would never for a moment guess that the original had been verse.

"Waterloo" is the title of the first poem. The subject is old, and that the treatment is not such as to cast the charm of poetry around it, will be evident from the first stanza—

> "What struck?"
> "Half-past ten o'clock."
> As over his saddlebow he bent,
> He thought of a village church in Kent,
> And said, "She'll be kneeling soon to pray,
> Perhaps for me: it's Sunday to-day."

We fear that the treatment here exhibited will not exalt an old idea into the regions of the poetical.

The second poem is descriptive of Easdale, a town in the Lake district of England. Its best lines are on a level with those passages of Scott, where there is least poetry and most prosiness; its worst could scarcely have come from the hand of a man of poetical taste even at his least inspired moment.

To say of a lake, that—

> "Into its north-by-eastern end
> Purls a clear beck, whose babblings blend
> With the soft bleating of the sheep
> Upon the encircling mountain steep,"

is to put a very old idea into a very commonplace setting.

The longest poem is "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," an old Norse legend versified. The story is interesting, and here and there a passage of superior workmanship occurs; but the absolute value

* *Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and other poems.* By Douglas B. W. Sladen, an Australian colonist.

Digitized by Google

of the piece cannot be rated very high. The rhythm is that popularized by Scott, but it is not well handled. The characters have that bald simplicity which belongs to primitive legends. The hero is a wonderful man, instantaneously recognized, though in disguise, by his god-like appearance, and by the fact that no other man living would have wrestled or run as he did. The heroine is the usual maiden of extraordinary beauty, who spends her time weeping at the window. She is married by her brother, the most cowardly and contemptible of men, to an aged king, who finding his young wife in love with Frithjof, the hero, considerately puts himself to death, under circumstances of no little absurdity, in order that the lovers may be married.

When Tennyson takes up an old legend he infuses a certain something into the characters which gives them not only an air of reality but also of sublimity. Mr. Sladen leaves them as he finds them, of the same degree of reality as the personages in "Blue Beard," or the "Sleeping Beauty," and, moreover, makes them prosaic as well as unreal.

As an instance of the unskilful treatment manifested throughout the greater part of the poem take the lines—

> "She said, 'I dare no more, for know,
> That we were plighted lovers once,
> And did I loose my passions,
> I might say overmuch, I fear.'"

The word "passions" must here be pronounced in three syllables, with an effect well known in pantomime literature.

The "Squire's Brother" is the story of a Queensland squatter. That it was never *intended* to be poetry will be plain from this verse :—

> "She was a bit inclined to tease,
> To stand on P's and Q's,
> To 'Keep your distance, if you please,'
> Until I told my news."

But the reader must peruse the poem as a whole to appreciate how weak it is.

There is a "poem" entitled "A Christmas Letter." It commences thus :—

> "'Tis Christmas, and the north wind blows ;
> 'Twas two years yesterday
> Since from the *Lusitania's* bows
> I looked o'er Table Bay.

Digitized by Google

A tripper round the narrow world,
A pilgrim of the main,
Expecting, when her sails unfurled,
To start for home again.
And steaming thence three weeks or more
I reached Victoria,
Upon her hospitable shore
To make a few months' stay."

It would be a needless infliction to quote further. It is enough to say that we took up the volume in the hope of finding much, or at least something, to praise; we must confess to complete disappointment. There is no piece which we could quote for the reader's pleasure with the assurance that it would meet with his approbation. For, as we have already mentioned, where the words are musical the thought is poor; and where the thought is vigorous the diction is often most atrocious.

We cannot even profess to see the promise of better things in the future. If our judgment be correct, Mr. Sladen will be a poetaster to the end.

Digitized by Google

THE

MELBOURNE REVIEW.

No. 30.—APRIL, 1883.

ELECTORAL REFORM.

ACCORDING to our present electoral system Victoria is divided into 55 electorates. Of these 29 are single electorates, returning one member; 21 are double, returning two members; and 5 are treble, returning three members. In each electorate every voter has as many votes as there are vacancies to be filled, and no one can give more than one vote to one candidate. In every case the candidates who have polled the largest number of votes are elected. It is manifest that the single electorates ought each to contain, roughly, the same number of electors, and that each double electorate ought to contain about twice the number of electors contained by the average-sized single electorate, and each treble electorate about three times that number. These conditions, however, are far from being satisfied. In point of fact, one of the single electorates is larger than one of the double electorates; thirteen of the double electorates are larger than one of the treble electorates; and the largest electorate, Moira, is not a treble electorate, but a double one. The largest single electorate, Carlton, contains 3,261 electors, and the smallest, Belfast, contains 1,048 electors, so that Belfast has 3·1 times as much representation as Carlton. The largest double electorate, Moira, contains 8,154 electors, and the smallest, Grenville, contains 2,963 electors, so that Grenville has 2·7 times as much representation as Moira. The largest treble electorate, Mandurang, contains 7,925 electors, and the smallest, Geelong, contains 4,592 electors, so that Geelong has 1·7 times as much representation as Mandurang. Taking the electorates as a whole, the electors of

Digitized by Google

Belfast have 3·9 times as much representation as the electors of Moira. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the electors of Moira are crying out for four members instead of two.

HOUSE OF LORDS LIBRARY 9 MAY 1936

The last Electoral Act was passed in 1876, and at that time the adjustments described above were only made in a very rough manner. Since then, however, the inequalities have increased so rapidly that an Electoral Act Amendment Bill has been promised by nearly every ministry that has held office. Now, however, the anomalies have become so outrageous that a readjustment of the electoral boundaries is imperatively called for, and cannot be delayed much longer. But when the subject comes on for discussion in the new Assembly, it is probable that other and much more important reforms than a mere readjustment of the electoral boundaries will have to be considered. We have seen that our system is a combination of single, double, and treble electorates, and the question naturally arises—Which of the three kinds of electorates gives the best results? The best system ought to be adopted throughout. It is anomalous that an elector in Mandurang should have three votes, whilst an elector in Carlton has one only. It is not fair to the candidates that one set have to canvass double and treble electorates of great size, and be dragged into a contest at every general election, whilst the other set have to canvass the single electorates, which are much smaller in many cases, and frequently escape a contest altogether. This question, whether the constituencies should be large or small—whether they should return one member or many—has been recently discussed in France and Italy, and it is remarkable that whilst France has determined to adhere to the system of *scrutin d'arrondissement*, Italy has adopted the system of *scrutin de liste*. The same question now awaits settlement in Victoria, but in discussing it we must bear in mind that whereas we have only 86 members to elect, the number in France and Italy is about 500, and that, consequently, we may find that a system which brings out a tolerably fair average result in these cases, may be altogether unsuitable for our smaller number of members.

Experience has shown that the division of the country into a number of electorates implies a representation, more or less perfect, in the House of the two opposite parties which at the present day exist in most civilized communities. It is conceded by all that the party which has the majority in the country ought also to have the majority in the House. Justice demands, further, that the strengths of the two parties in the House should be, as near as may be, in the

Digitized by Google

same ratio as their strengths in the country. It is asserted that these conditions are realized more or less perfectly by the present system. It is maintained that the views of the people are represented in the House, because "the party which is in the majority in one constituency may be in the minority in another." "If liberalism be triumphant in one constituency, conservatism, it is answered, is triumphant in another." This theory supposes a system of balances and counteractions which gives a fair average result. It is clear that the number of constituencies must be large in order that this theory may hold good. For instance, if we suppose that there are 600 single electorates, each just as likely to return a liberal as a conservative, the odds that neither party will have a majority exceeding 72, or 12 per cent., are 997 to 3. But if there are only 100 single electorates, which is more favourable than the case is in Victoria, the odds that neither party has a majority exceeding 12, or 12 per cent., are only 81 to 19. Thus, when there are 600 constituencies, a case which may be taken as typical of the United Kingdom, there is some chance of the supposed balancing taking place. When, however, we consider the case of Victoria, with its much smaller House, the odds are immensely reduced. The difference between the two cases is analogous to that between two life insurance offices, in one of which the risks are spread over a small number of lives, and in the other over a large number. The smaller the number of members, the more unstable is the state of affairs. With a House of 100 members there is not even any security that the majority will be on the same side as the majority in the country. If the conservative vote in the whole country be 94,000, and the liberal vote 106,000, it is clear that the liberals ought to win 53 seats and the conservatives 47, so that the liberals ought to have a majority of 6. The odds that the liberals may be in the minority in the House, under these circumstances, are about 1 to 3.

So much for theory; let us now turn to our own experience. That extreme cases will occur is amply demonstrated by the results of Victorian general elections. In February, 1880, in the 27 single electorates in which contests took place, one party had a majority of 9 seats, or 33 per cent., whilst the majority in votes was only 5 per cent. In May, 1877, in the 25 single electorates in which contests took place, one party had a majority of 7 seats, or 28 per cent., whilst the majority in votes was only 7 per cent. In July, 1880, in the 23 single electorates in which contests took place, one party had a majority of 5 seats, or 22 per cent., whilst the majority in votes

Digitized by Google

was only 10 per cent. Thus in each instance the majority in the country was vastly over-represented in the House.

Bad, however, as the system of single electorates is, it is better than that of double and treble electorates. Practically this is amply demonstrated by the general elections of May, 1877, and July, 1880. In July, 1880, in the double and treble electorates one party had a majority of 35 per cent. in the seats, but its majority in votes was only 4 per cent. In May, 1877, in the treble electorates one party had a majority of 47 per cent. in the seats, but its majority in votes was only 7 per cent. Thus, the single electorates gave better results than the large ones; but both in the single electorates and the large ones the majority was very much over-represented at each election. The whole system is bad, but the single electorates are the best form of this bad system.

It is not difficult to account for this result. In a community which has had much experience in elections under the present system of voting, it seldom happens that a party brings forward more candidates than there are seats. In the United Kingdom, where immense experience has been had, surplus candidates are unheard of. There were many surplus candidates at our general election in May, 1877, but in 1880 parties had grown wiser. In February, there were a few surplus candidates, but chiefly in the single electorates; in July, however, there was only one case. This is a very satisfactory result, from a party point of view; but it is only attained by taking the choice of a representative out of the hands of the electors and placing it in those of the party managers. When the surplus candidates have been got rid of, it generally happens that almost all the electors vote for all the candidates of one of the two parties. This has been amply demonstrated by the analyses of voting which have been published at various times. Thus it frequently happens that one party or the other carries all the seats in a double or treble electorate. For instance, in February, 1880, both seats fell to the same party in each of 16 out of the 21 double electorates. There has always been a certain amount of dissent from the party vote; but as more experience is gained of the consequences, that dissent will decrease. We are continually drifting to the American "ticket" system, which enables the numerical majority in a constituency, of no matter how many seats, to hold together in an unbroken line, and carry everything before it. In each constituency there is a life and death struggle; the strongest party emerges in safety, the weaker perishes. With

Digitized by Google

such a custom engrafted on our electoral system, let us consider what would happen if we had nothing but treble electorates. In each electorate one party or the other would carry everything before it. What becomes of the theory of balances in this case? Instead of having 86 cases over which to spread our risks, as we should have with single electorates, we have 29 or 30 only. Now, with 30 treble electorates, the odds that neither party would have a majority exceeding 12 are only 16 to 9. Thus, the larger the constituencies, the less is the chance of the result being correct.

It is instructive to illustrate the difference between the two systems—that of single electorates and that of electorates returning many members—by examining extreme cases. With 100 single electorates it is conceivable that one party might have 1,001 votes in each electorate, and the other party 1,000 in each. In this extreme case, one party with a majority of only 100 votes in the whole country would secure all the seats. But this case is one which could not well occur in practice. Unless the electoral boundaries were purposely altered to bring about such a result, it is almost impossible for anything of the kind to occur. Practically, we find that electorates differ in their views, and hence the system of balances, which has already been alluded to, has some chance of coming into play, and renders possible the representation of both parties in the House. Now, let us turn to the system of electorates returning many members, and test it by taking an extreme case. Suppose that the whole colony were made one vast electorate. In this case we should have the American ticket system in perfection. Each party would issue a ticket, and the chances would be enormously in favour of one party winning nearly all the seats, even though it had but a small majority in the country, not exceeding 1 or 2 per cent. Thus theory and experience are both in favour of single electorates, so long as the present system of voting is retained.

We have seen that the party which has the majority in the country is generally over-represented in the House. But the defects of our present system may manifest themselves in another direction. The party which has the majority in the country may be in a minority in the House, and the control of affairs may be handed over to the party which is in a minority in the country. "In New York, in the Assembly, 76 republican members were elected in 1868 by 397,899 votes, while only 52 democratic members were elected by 431,510 votes." The democrats were entitled, in virtue of the

Digitized by Google

votes they polled, to 67 members, which would give them a majority of six in the Assembly; but they were in a minority, the republicans having a majority of 24 in the Assembly. Many other instances of a similar character could be cited. The evil is not unrecognized here. Calculations have more than once been published professing to show that the party which had the majority in the Assembly was in reality in a minority in the country. These calculations have been called in question, and therefore it is not proposed to quote them here. If, however, we group the electorates in classes—single, double, and treble—instances can be given in which the majority unmistakably failed to obtain a majority of the seats. One instance occurred in the treble electorates in February, 1880, but the majorities both in votes and seats were very small. Another, and much more striking, instance occurred in the single electorates at the recent general election. Leaving out the electorates of Bourke Boroughs East, Carlton, and Stawell, in which all the candidates were radicals, the votes polled and the seats won by the different sections into which the candidates were divided were as follows:—

	VOTES.	SEATS.	QUOTIENT.
Radical ...	7,403	3	2,468
Constitutional	6,504	8	813
Independent	2,314	2	1,157
Ministerial ...	1,147	1	1,147
	17,368	14	1,241

Thus 813 votes sufficed to seat a constitutionalist, whilst it took 2,468 to seat a radical. The radicals were entitled to six seats, and the constitutionalists to five only. Thus the radicals only got half the number of seats they were entitled to in these 14 electorates, and the constitutionalists got nearly twice as many as they ought to have had, whilst the ministerialists and independents obtained just what they were entitled to. Moreover, we see that the constitutionalists, with 6,504 votes out of a total of 17,368, or a little more than one-third of the votes polled, obtained a majority of the seats.

The strength of parties in the double and treble electorates cannot be obtained with any very great degree of certainty for the last election, owing to the great amount of cross voting which is known to have taken place. But if we divide the candidates into two groups—radicals and non-radicals—we shall find that, leaving out the electorates of Collingwood, East Melbourne, and Villiers and Heytesbury (in which cases the candidates were all or none of

Digitized by Google

them radicals), the voting strengths, measured by the highest vote cast for each group in the several electorates, were 40,029 and 40,511, whilst the seats won were 25 and 26. Thus, whatever may have been the state of affairs as to the relative rights of constitutionalists, independents, and ministerialists, the radicals got exactly what they were entitled to in the double and treble electorates. Thus we may conclude that at the last general election the single electorates worked very badly indeed, whilst the double and treble electorates brought out very fair average results. Exactly the same thing happened in February, 1880. But these facts do not interfere with the result already arrived at—namely, that the single electorates may be expected to give the best results. The double and treble electorates will, of course, sometimes give good results, but less frequently than the single ones. What is proved by the elections in February, 1880, and February, 1883, is that the single electorates may give very bad results indeed.

Thus the system of single electorates, whilst it is a great improvement on our present system, is far from being certain to make the Assembly in accord with the country. There are many defects which it has in common with ur present mixed system. With the present system of voting, no matter what is the size of the electorates, an election generally becomes a contest between two parties. Smaller sections of the community cannot elect any member of their own, and are obliged to annex themselves to one of the two parties. Thus the effect of the present system is to divide the country into two distinct parties. Exactly the same effect will be produced by single electorates unless the system of voting be altered. The existence of two parties only is not natural; it is a consequence of our present electoral machinery. No country is divided into two opposite factions except when it is passing through a crisis of some kind. The division into two parties which is unnaturally caused at the time of an election is transferred to the House. It is transferred, too, in an exaggerated form, for we have seen that the successful party is generally much over-represented. Things go on till the next general election comes round; by this time there is a slight change in the country. The party which was successful at the previous election has now lost favour in the country; the opposite party is now successful. The change in the country, which is really measured by the transfer of a small number of the electors from one party to the other, is transmitted to the House in an exaggerated form as before. So we go on from one general

Digitized by Google

election to another; the political pendulum is swung violently first in one direction and then in another. This state of affairs is aggravated in Victoria by the existence of the Catholic vote, which is used to defeat ministry after ministry. Parties are generally pretty evenly divided, and the Catholic vote unites now with one side and now with the other. Our political system will never acquire stability so long as the electoral law leaves such immense power in the hands of a discontented minority.

The remedy for these and other defects is not to be found by merely altering the size of the electorates. Some more radical alteration is required in our electoral system. If any such alteration be made, it no longer follows that single electorates will be the best. The defects can best be rectified by some form of proportional representation. In its ideal form, as stated by Hare, this system would require the whole colony to be made into one vast electorate. Very few, however, of the advocates of proportional representation propose to go such a length as this. It has been amply demonstrated, both by theory and experience, that most of the advantages of Hare's system can be obtained by dividing the country into electorates returning from three to seven members apiece. Such a system has been in operation for nearly thirty years in Denmark, and no difficulties of any kind have been experienced in its working. There is, however, it is believed, a strong feeling in favour of single electorates both amongst members of the Assembly and in the country. The principle was approved at a general election some years ago. More recently an expression of opinion that single electorates would be a great improvement on the present system was generally cheered in our late Assembly. Since then various members have expressed an opinion to the same effect; and quite recently the electors of Moira have been agitating for a division of their present double electorate into four single ones. Moreover, single electorates will be much more convenient to members themselves; it is much easier to canvass a small constituency than a large one, and the tenure is much more secure. Thus it would seem that there is a good prospect of the system of single electorates being adopted at an early date.

Under these circumstances it is not proposed to enter into any discussion on proportional representation. It is more to the point, in the present state of affairs, to consider certain suggestions which have recently been made with the view of rendering the system of

Digitized by Google

single electorates more perfect. The object of these suggestions is twofold. The first and chief object is to ensure that the majority in each constituency shall obtain the seat. In our discussion of the system of single electorates it has been assumed that the majority wins in each constituency. When, however, we take account of the fact that this is not necessarily the case, we find that the system of single electorates may be much worse than has yet appeared. Even if the majority wins in each constituency, it is theoretically possible for a little over 25 per cent. of the electors to obtain a majority in the House. But if the majority is not certain of success, it is clear that a much smaller percentage of the electors might control the House. For instance, in South Bourke, in 1877, the highest candidate only polled 422 out of a total of 1,364 votes recorded, 1,919 being the number on the roll. Thus, in this case, less than one-third of the electors who voted, and considerably less than one-fourth of the number on the roll, carried the day. If this sort of thing occurred on a large scale, it is clear that 31 per cent. of the electors who voted might return the whole of the members, and, consequently, that 16 per cent. might return a majority of the Assembly. Such a result is, of course, highly improbable, but the bare possibility of such an event is a strong argument in favour of an improvement of the present system.

Many other instances have occurred in which a candidate has been returned by a minority of the electors who voted. Under our present system, the only way of preventing a minority winning the seat is to persuade all surplus candidates to retire. This is a matter of no little difficulty, as experience has proved; and when the difficulty is got over, it is done at the cost of an infringement of the rights of the electors. Many of the electors are deprived of the right of voting for the candidate they really wished to support, and are compelled either not to vote at all or to vote for one of the two selected candidates, both of whom may be highly objectionable to them. The primary object of the suggestions to be considered is not only to ensure that the majority shall triumph in each constituency, but to attain this result without any infringement of the privileges of the electors.

The second object of the suggestions which have been made is to try and prevent each election being merely a contest between two parties. It is proposed to make such an alteration in the electoral system as will enable three or more parties to go to the poll, and yet

Digitized by Google

leave it quite certain that the result will come out right. If such were really the case, it may be anticipated that those candidates would be chosen who would best represent the views of the electors, without reference to the party to which they belonged. We might look forward to a time when fierce party fights in the country would be a thing of the past, and when that fusion of parties, of which we are having a foretaste at the present time, would be made perfect.

The simplest method which has been suggested is known as the French method of double elections. This plan has been applied to political elections in France, Italy, and Germany. Quite recently it has been proposed by Mr. Mirams in the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, and has met with some support. The method simply provides that no member shall be elected by a minority of the electors who vote. An election is held on the ordinary plan, but if the highest candidate does not obtain an absolute majority of the votes polled, a second election is held. For this second election only the two persons who obtained most votes at the first election can be candidates.

It is clear that this method is a great improvement on the one at present in use. It would give much more power to the electors than they have under the present system. There would not be the same necessity for National Reform Leagues and Registration Societies that there is at present. There would have been no absolute necessity for the selection of a committee, to decide between the claims of Messrs. Harper, Lawes, and Walker at the last by-election for Boroondara, under the French method. Nor, to take a more recent instance, would there have been so much anxiety in the constitutional camp during the recent contest between Messrs. Beaney, Coppin, and Ham for the Melbourne province had this system been in force.

The method, however, is not a perfect one. Under the present system everything depends on being at the head of the poll; under the French method the vital point is to gain the first or second place at the first election. Thus the difference between the systems is only one of degree. Just as in the ordinary plan it is necessary to have some organization to keep down the number of competitors in order that the dominant party may not be defeated through running too many candidates, so, under the French system, would some such organization be necessary, although not so necessary as at present. To illustrate this point clearly let us suppose that one

Digitized by Google

party—the conservative, say—runs two candidates, whilst the liberals, who are in the majority, run three. It might easily happen that the two conservatives would head the poll, and thus the liberals would lose the seat even though they were in the majority. Thus the strongest party may fail to win through running too many candidates, just as in the ordinary method; but it is clear that the risk would not be so great as at present. We shall see presently that there is a very simple way of completely overcoming this defect, and that the remedy is placed in the hands of the whole body of the electors instead of those of a small section thereof.

There is, however, an objection of great practical importance to the French method. It is, that it will generally be necessary to hold a second election. This will cause additional expense to the electors, the candidates, and the country, not to mention the inconvenience of having the excitement of the election kept up much longer than is necessary. In a country district, for instance, such as Ripon and Hampden, the final results for which, under the present plan, are not generally known for some days, the second election could not well be held till a week after the first. Happily, however, there is a very simple way of getting over this difficulty, and avoiding the second election, without in the least interfering with the principle of the French method. This, however, brings us to the second of the methods which have been suggested for single electorates.

In the second method the mode of voting is slightly different. It is clear that the practical defect in the French method, which has just been pointed out, would be overcome if each elector could be asked to say at the first polling who he would vote for at the second election. This can easily be done, and the simple and complete way is to require each elector to indicate his order of preference amongst all, or as many as he pleases, of the candidates by writing the figure 1 opposite the name of the candidate of his first choice, the figure 2 opposite the name of the candidate of his second choice, 3 opposite the third, and so on. It is clear that if this were done, the second election—which may be required in the French method—could in reality be held without troubling the electors to vote again. There would be no necessity for re-handling the voting papers of those electors who voted for either of the two highest candidates. It would only be necessary to re-examine the voting papers of those electors who voted for the other candidates. In the case of each paper it would merely be necessary to see which of the aforesaid two highest candidates stands highest in the order of preference of

Digitized by Google

the elector. There is also a certain advantage of a moral character attached to this method. It compels each elector to make up his mind as to the merits of the various candidates. No pressure can be brought to bear upon the elector after the first polling, as in the French method.

This method, however, does not remedy any of the other defects of the French method. To effect this it is merely necessary to carry out the principle of the method which has just been described a little further. This is done without any additional trouble to the electors; they have to vote exactly as described for the second method. All the rest lies with the returning officers; and as to the returning officers, very little additional labour is imposed upon them.

This brings us to the third method, which it is proposed to call Ware's method, because Mr. Ware appears to have been the first to recommend it for actual use, although the method has been known for at least a century.

Ware's method is an obvious extension of the modified French method described above. In that method all but the two highest candidates were rejected at the first count, and a second count was made to decide between these two highest candidates. In the method now under consideration, instead of rejecting all but the two highest, one candidate only is rejected at the first count, namely, the one who is at the bottom of the poll. A second count, which merely involves a re-examination of the papers cast for the rejected candidate, is held to see who is now at the bottom of the poll. The lowest is again rejected, and so on till only one remains. Thus, the candidates are eliminated one by one, throwing out at each count the candidate who has fewest votes on that count, instead of rejecting at once all but the two highest, as in the French method.

This method is much easier to carry out than would appear at first sight; it has actually been adopted by an electoral body of some size, the Senate of the University. An inspection of the standing orders of that body will show that the method can be concisely described in a formal manner.

It is clear that Ware's method is a great improvement on the modified French method. It carries out the principles of that method to their full extent, and it provides a complete remedy for the defect which has been pointed out. On Ware's method the strongest party is sure to win, no matter how many candidates come forward. To illustrate this, let us revert to the case already

Digitized by Google

suggested in discussing the French method. Suppose that the liberal vote is 300, and the conservative 280; that the liberals run three candidates, whilst the conservatives run two only; and that the votes cast are as follows:—

LIBERAL.		CONSERVATIVE.	
A	120	D	150
B	100	E	130
C	80		
	300		280

It is clear that in the French method the conservatives would win; the liberals, however, would have the satisfaction of deciding between the two conservative candidates D and E. On Ware's method, however, the liberals would put in a man of their own; for at the first count C would be thrown out, and it is clear that the 80 liberal votes, which would now be divided between A and B, would enable the liberals to elect one of these two candidates.

Thus it is clear that in Ware's method the strongest party is sure to win. The successful candidate, however, will not always be the one most acceptable to his own party, nor even to the constituency as a whole. Space, however, does not permit of a full development of this point. It is sufficient to state that C, who is at the bottom of the poll, may in reality be the candidate most acceptable to his own party and to the whole constituency. From a party point of view, however, Ware's method is almost all that could be desired.

There is one point, however, in connection with Ware's method which it is desirable to illustrate fully. Let us suppose that in a constituency the conservatives are in the majority, and run two candidates, whilst the liberals run one only. It is clear that unless the conservatives outnumber the liberals by more than two to one, one of the conservatives will be the first to be rejected. The decision between the two conservatives will thus rest entirely in the hands of the conservative electors. At the final count the liberal will be defeated, and the liberal votes will have no effect whatever. Now, in this case it is clear that the constituency as a whole might be much better represented by the more moderate of the two conservatives. This would certainly be brought about if any method could be found which would give some weight to the liberal votes, which, we have just seen, have no weight whatever. Thus it is clear that whilst Ware's method is satisfactory enough

Digitized by Google

from a party point of view, it may sometimes do too much for parties. It may, in many cases, lead to the election of the most extreme party candidates.

But the most extraordinary feature of this system is yet to be noticed. If the conservative vote be still stronger, the result may be to ensure the return of the more liberal of the two conservatives instead of the ultra-conservative candidate. In order to see how this curious result may be brought about, suppose that in the example just discussed the conservatives outnumber the liberals by more than two to one. Then it is clear that the liberal candidate may be the first to be rejected, and thus the liberal vote will now be set free to decide between the two conservative candidates. Thus we see that if the conservatives have a narrow majority in a constituency, they may easily succeed in returning the most extreme of their candidates; but that if their majority is overwhelming, they may have to be content with the return of the most liberal of their candidates. Thus a small majority can impose a candidate of extreme views on the minority, but a very large majority cannot always do so.

So far we have assumed that there are two, and only two, parties. If there be three parties to the contest, or if there be no party question at stake, and the contest is purely a personal one between three or more candidates, the result of Ware's method will frequently be most unsatisfactory. To illustrate this, suppose that there are three candidates—A, B, C—who receive respectively five, four, and three votes. C, having the smallest number, is rejected. Suppose now that the three electors who vote for C prefer B to A; then at the second count B will have seven votes to A's five, and will therefore win on Ware's method. Now, in order to show that this result may be wrong, suppose that the five electors who voted for A prefer C to B, and that the four electors who voted for B prefer C to A: then we shall find that if A and C only were candidates, C would win by a majority of two; and that if B and C only were candidates, C would win by a majority of four. Thus it is clear that C, and not B, ought to win, because he can beat each of the other candidates. Thus it is clear that in any case of this kind Ware's method fails to give a satisfactory result.

We have seen that the French method is a great improvement on the ordinary method; that the modified French method is less expensive and more convenient than the French method; that

Digitized by Google

Ware's method is better still, does not make any further demands on the powers of the electors, and is almost all that can be desired from a party point of view. Nevertheless, we have found cases in which Ware's method is far from satisfactory. The electors express fully their preferences as to the various candidates, but these preferences are not all taken into account. Hence it is not surprising that the result should in some cases be contrary to the views of the constituency. In the ordinary method no preferences at all are expressed; the electors are only permitted to express their views in a most imperfect manner. Ware's method is a great improvement on the ordinary method, because it permits of a full expression of opinion on the part of the electors; but it is not a perfect method, because it pays no attention to a portion of the opinions so expressed. It remains, then, to describe a fourth and new method, which takes fully into account each preference expressed by the electors, and completely meets all the weak points in Ware's method. Happily, this can be done without imposing any more trouble on the electors, who, in the new method, have to vote exactly as in Ware's method. Unfortunately, however, considerably more labour is required on the part of the returning officer. This labour is of a simple and routine character, and the only possible objection is on account of the time that it may take.

It can be demonstrated mathematically that the new method cannot lead to a result which is in any way contrary to the views of the majority. The demonstration is not suitable for these pages, and I will confine myself to a description of the method. Anyone who wishes to do so can easily satisfy himself of the probable truth of the statement here made by constructing a few examples, or, still better, by holding a few mock elections. A proof of the accuracy of the method will be found in a paper read before the Royal Society of Victoria in October last.

The mode of voting in this method is exactly the same as in Ware's method. Instead of running his pencil through the names of those candidates of whom he disapproves, the elector writes the figures 1, 2, 3, &c., opposite the names of all the candidates in the order of his preference, and the rest lies with the returning officer. Exactly as under the present plan the voting-papers can be examined in the separate polling booths, and then sealed up, not to be referred to again except in case of a petition. The deputies at each booth will have to make up a poll-book just as at present, but instead of

Digitized by Google

making a single entry for each elector, as at present, they will have to copy all the numbers written on each ballot-paper by each elector into the poll-book. The result of the election is made up from these poll-books, and every step of the work can be checked by an ordinary scrutineer. In order to arrive at the result, the first step is to find, by adding up the figures in the different rows of the poll-book, the sum total of the numbers marked by the electors opposite the names of the several candidates. Having found the number for each candidate, we find the average number for all the candidates. All candidates who have the average, or more, are at once rejected. If one only remain, he is elected; but if more than one remain, the poll-books must be gone through again. A fresh set of poll-books will have to be made out, entering only the names of those candidates who have not been rejected. The numbers to be entered in the new poll-book will be found by simple inspection from the old poll-books. In the case of each vote recorded, the candidates who remain must have the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., entered in the order in which they now stand in the elector's order of preference. When the new poll-books are made up, we must proceed exactly as before to strike an average, and reject all who have the average or more. This process is to be repeated, if necessary, till all but one of the candidates have been excluded.

The process which has just been described will, no doubt, be somewhat tedious. But considering that the result is mathematically correct, it is surely worth while taking a little extra trouble to get at it. Every step can be checked by the scrutineers; there is no discretion of any kind left to the returning officer; the work is of a thoroughly routine character, and it can be performed with great rapidity, as a few trials will readily prove. The result of the first count, which will in many cases settle the whole election, can be arrived at exactly as at present by telegraphing the results for each booth to the central booth.

The number of counts which would be necessary is much smaller than might be expected at first sight. For a single electorate sixteen would be an unheard-of number of candidates, and yet for sixteen candidates four counts would in general be sufficient. For eight candidates, which would very probably be greater than the actual number in all ordinary cases, three counts would generally be sufficient.

It may be objected to the new method, first, that if the number of candidates be large, it would in practice be impossible to get the

Digitized by Google

electors to mark all the names in consecutive order; and, second, that even with a small number of candidates there are many electors who could not be made to understand how to mark the names. These objections are easily met. It is a very simple matter to modify the method, without altering its principles, so as to meet completely both these objections.

In the first place, suppose that, owing to the largeness of the number of candidates, the electors cannot number all the names consecutively. It is sufficient if they number a part of them, and further they may number them in classes if they think fit. They may put the figure 1 opposite the names of several candidates whom they think equally worthy of the first place; they may put the figure 2 opposite the names of all they think worthy of the second rank or place; and so on to as many ranks or places as they please. Finally, all the names which they have left unmarked may be marked by the returning officer as being in the last place or rank. The repeated numbers thus written on the voting papers can then be used exactly as the consecutive numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., in the original method. Thus the first objection is completely disposed of.

In the second place, suppose an elector so ill-educated or stupid that he cannot be made to understand how to mark the names on his voting paper. It is sufficient if such an elector strike out the names of all the candidates he objects to, just as in the present method. But instead of striking out all the names but one, he may strike out as many or as few as he pleases. With such a voting paper it is proposed that the returning officer should deal as follows:—He should enter a figure 1 in his poll book for each uncancelled name, and a figure 2 for each cancelled name. Thus, the second objection is met without requiring any more exertion on the part of the electors than is called for at present.

The effect of these modifications would be to give a less intelligent elector less influence in an election than one who was able to mark all the names in consecutive order. If this be objected to, the remedy is easy; we can, by giving the returning officer a little more trouble, give each elector his full electoral power. Instead of writing the numbers 1, 2, &c., in the poll book, larger numbers would have to be written. The proper numbers can be found by a very simple rule, which may be illustrated by an example. Suppose there are five candidates, then the highly intelligent elector has in effect 15 negative votes, which he divides amongst the candidates, giving 1 to the first, 2 to the second, 3 to the third, 4 to the fourth,

Digitized by Google

5 to the fifth. Now suppose the less intelligent elector cancels three names; he also is entitled to 15 votes; to 3 for the two uncancelled names, and to 12 for the three cancelled names. Accordingly the returning officer should enter $1\frac{1}{2}$ for each of the uncancelled names and 4 for each of the cancelled names. The principle here used may be applied in a similar manner to all cases which can occur, and no fractions other than one-half would arise. Thus, by a little extra labour on the part of the returning officer, complete electoral equality between man and man is guaranteed. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that to adopt the new method would be to create an educational franchise.

The method which has been described will, of course, be objected to on account of its apparent complexity. But I would reply that there is no shorter or easier way of finding with certainty what are the views of the electors. It is surely a matter of vital importance that these views should be ascertained with accuracy. It is due not only to the electors, but also to the candidates, that this should be done. The consequences to either, of any error in this respect may be most serious. Each elector and each candidate has a direct interest in the true result being found. It is surely of as much importance that these interests should be correctly adjusted as that the interests of the members of a life insurance office should be carefully calculated. Yet in the latter case an investigation which takes months to perform is cheerfully undertaken. Why then should we begrudge the expenditure of a few hours' labour in order to arrive at the true views of the people. The methods we use at present are the rudest of rule-of-thumb methods, and are a relic of the middle ages. It is time that some advance was made.

E. J. NANSON, M.A.

Digitized by Google

TENNYSON'S IDYLLS.

THERE is probably no part of his "History of English Literature" which M. Taine, or his memory, will have more cause to regret than his criticism of Tennyson. To say nothing of the many ungenerous sneers which are hidden in the guise of praise, it is punishment severe enough for any unjust criticism in his work that the six lines in which he dismisses "In Memoriam" should descend to posterity; as it would be ample reward for M. Taine's many chapters of scintillating and spiritual criticism on our English writers if some good genius would but blot those six lines for ever from the pages of his work. Much that is true, as well as much that is brilliant and entertaining, there could not fail to be in anything that leaves the hands of the great French critic; and although he refuses to recognize the deepest and purest springs of Tennyson's poetry—the very wells whose waters have most healing in them—yet for one side of Tennyson's many-sided poetry (the idyllic) he has, if not much sympathy, at least a just and penetrating recognition. M. Taine has been much in England; he knows the people, and the institutions, and the scenery, and he admires them, with an undercurrent of pity in his admiration, for their correctness, their orderly perfection, their air of picturesque comfort, and their contented placidity. These things he sees with his intelligent eye, and he makes a study of them, just as we might study a colony of beavers, and all the time he is wondering how Englishmen live through such an existence; why they do not die of *ennui*, why they do not waste to shadows with pining for Paris salons up four flights—"adorned with stuccoed ornaments, plaster statuettes, new furniture of old oak, with every kind of pretty knick-knack on the mantelpieces and the whatnots"—whose occupants spend their lives in avoiding bores, in devising new means of filliping the jaded spirits, in accumulating new sensations, in a constant interchange of "coloured words, broad anecdotes, biting railleries, new truths, varied ideas." Englishmen are able to bring a happier life to a close without the fearful delights of the salon. They do not know *ennui*. They

Digitized by Google

have not the word, because they have not the thing. They find delight in the family circle, in their houses, books, horses, gardens, fields, natural scenery; and they can enjoy an anecdote without a double *entendre*. New truths, also, are not unknown to them, and have the advantage of remaining longer new than they do in France.

Without feeling the true charm of English life, M. Taine very well perceives where those who do feel it find it; and he truly says that the poet of this quiet, refined, and peaceful home-life is Tennyson. Many critics have noticed, as most readers must feel, even if they do not trace the feeling to its source, that the character of Tennyson's poetry is intensely national. It is not that his poetry is John Bullish, though there may be some little of that. But all that is softest, most beautiful, fullest of happy peaceful repose and dignity in the national life and character, as distinguished from those of other nations, has been reproduced by Tennyson, as if he were himself the genius of the people. Tennyson can never be to a Frenchman what he is to an Englishman. If a Frenchman is to understand Tennyson's poetry with that fulness of sympathy which makes it delightful, he must be carried from France in his swaddling clothes; he must be reared amongst English lanes, or on the breezy downs; he must smell the smell of English May, and wallow in English hayfields, and feel the full happiness of that English domestic life, which is a thing of its kind. It is not sufficient that he visit England and see these things; that he experience the hospitalities of refined and luxurious English homes; that he make a story of those household relations which M. Taine professes to admire—husband and wife, parents and child, master and servant; that he mark the salient features of the landscape, and the various minutiæ of country life. A stranger may inform himself of those things; but he feels the poetry of them only when they become part of his own history—when a poem, a line, a single word lights up like an electric flash the forgotten experience of his own life. For this reason Tennyson's poems do not touch M. Taine nearly. He sees in them a certain purity of colour, and an exquisite finish, a smoothness of tone, and a general prettiness; but as for anything more valuable than mere niceness of execution, he is very much in the position of Peter Bell—

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

Digitized by Google

Idyllic poetry can appeal only to a people that has been long in political equilibrium—to a people that has learned to look upon peace and security of person and property, as the normal condition of things—who have grown to consider their institutions as likely, in no circumstances, to be subject to violent change. The feverish unrest of a nation of unstable government, that consuming uncertainty of what the morrow may bring forth, the feeling on the part of some that they have a great deal to lose and may easily lose it, and on the part of others that they have nothing to lose, but much to hope from the good of others, blunts the palate for the gentle flavour of idyllic poetry. The idyll cannot breathe in cities: the impatience of an excited throng, vexed with social questions, or maddened by the race for wealth and power, is fatal to it. The measured pulse of healthy country life indicates the favourable conditions. Like the water-lily, it will grow neither in running streams nor in stagnant pools. Still water—pure air—it must have, or it will die. Arcadia was the national home of the idyll. A happy valley shut in on all sides by mountains, it had no sea coast and no large cities. The political storms which vexed the States of Greece mattered little to the shepherds who played their pan-pipes and wooed the shepherdesses on the sides of Arcadian hills. Sicily, with its sunny skies, with its wild-flowers and its vines, the murmur of its bees, and the warbling of its nightingales, was the chosen home of the idyllic muse when Theocritus courted her. And England, too, that

> "Other Eden, demi-paradise,
> That fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war."

England, in the wide sense, including the birken glades and heathery hillsides of the north, as well as the breezy downs, oak-studded parks, and sloping lawns of the south, has produced, since the last battle was fought upon her soil, a plentiful crop of idylls.

But though idylls are plentiful enough in our literature, it is not an easy matter to say exactly what an idyll is. Eidyllion means a sketch, but all sketches are not idylls. The idyll is a short poem; but "short" is a merely relative term; it is shorter than "Paradise Lost," for instance, and longer than the "Psalm of Life." The idyll has to do with the simpler and less complicated states of society—often with shepherd life—less frequently, however, in modern times. It is the vignette of poetry. As nearly, perhaps, as

Digitized by Google

this somewhat protean form of composition may be defined—it may be said to take an incident connected with the more simple and unsophisticated states of human society, to divest it to some extent of its realism, to purge it of what is inartistic and indelicate, and to invest it with an air of picturesque romance. At any rate, if this is not true of all idylls, it is at least true of Tennyson.

Many poems which Tennyson himself does not call idylls are really idyllic. The "May Queen" may be said to be so in the strictest sense. Possibly, no other poem—unless, perhaps, Gray's Elegy—has ever taken such a hold on the English people, because no other poem combines so many things that touch and delight the English heart, or rouses so many sympathies common to all sorts and conditions of men. If anything could have destroyed its vitality, or at least brought on a state of suspended animation, surely the usage it has met with at the hands of its admirers would have done so. It has been parodied *ad nauseam;* it has been whined at tea meetings, and sobbed at penny readings, and generally maltreated by young men and maidens with a turn for elocution until the "May Queen" has become as trying to listen to as Rousseau's "Dream" on the barrel organ. But an interval of rest restores all the old delight, as darkness restores colour to a piece of faded silk. After a little, take it up, by a quiet fireside, and the interest is as fresh as ever in the petulant village belle, flown with the insolence of joy in her own charms and with a glad delight in the budding beauties of the coming May. And then there is the New Year's Eve, when the young girl, nearing death, is yet not so near but that she wildly yearns to live. At no season of the year has nature such a hold on us as in the winter, for then we look forward to the least of all her mercies with a hungry hope. In summer and autumn we surfeit in her wealth of beauty, and are often regardless of her charms. But in winter, when nature is rigorous and austere, the bare imagination of the blue skies and yellow daffodils which are to be excites a feeling of yearning expectancy deeper in its reach than our delight in her lavish moods. And so the sick girl's thoughts are all on the fresh delights—the sights and sounds and scents of the coming spring—the blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree, the snowdrops, the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool, the building rook, the tufted plover, the returning swallow, and over all the blue sky and the warm spring sun. And she does live long enough to smell the new violet and hear the young lamb's

Digitized by Google

voice—long enough to lose the love of life, and to be in love with death; and as the light of life wanes she gains that seventh sense which only the dying have—

> "All in the wild March morning, I heard the angels call;
> It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all:
> The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
> And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul."

Surely a magnificent verse, with the sublime sadness of a strain on the grand organ, and an awful advance in the village girl from that April evening when she inflicted her petulant humours on poor Robin as he leant upon the bridge beneath the hazel tree.

No one can have read much of Tennyson's poetry without being struck by the almost prudish correctness of his observation. Evidently, to be perfectly accurate in every detail is with him almost a religion. In the first edition of "In Memoriam," he denies to the yew-tree the power to blossom. In a subsequent edition he adds a new poem of three quatrains to correct this and show that to the yew, too,

> "Comes the golden hour
> When flower is feeling after flower."

In the "May Queen" there is an inaccuracy, of little importance in itself, but curious as a rarity in Tennyson—

> "But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
> About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette."

It is very improbable that in any peasant's cottage in England could be found a box of mignonette on the 31st of December.

If anything Tennyson has written may be called an idyll, surely "The Brook" may. To read it is to take a walk in Lincolnshire when the plumes of meadow-sweet make the air heavy with their surf of fragrant foam. It is difficult to say which are the more captivating—the glimpses of country scenery or the human figures that give them life. There is just enough humour infused into it to give it the necessary warmth; and yet enough sadness to tinge the whole with a gentle pathos. The poem seems suggested by memories of a young poet whose life

> "Could scarce be said to flourish, only touched
> On such a time as goes before the leaf,
> When all the woods stand in a mist of green;"

Digitized by Google

and introduces in turn the garrulous old Philip—

> "All day about the fields you caught
> His weary day-long chirping, like the dry
> High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass;"

and then his daughter, Katie Willows—

> "A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
> Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
> Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
> In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
> Divides threefold to show the fruit within."

A very pretty bit of rustic beauty is Katie, as she stands in the garden vexed with the serious trouble of a lover's quarrel—

> "Sketching with her slender, pointed foot
> Some figure like a wizard pentagram
> On garden gravel."

And every now and then, as you come to some turn in the love story, the ripple of the Brook breaks in upon you, and keeps for a little while sounding in your ears, and seems to talk to you just as brooks in still places do (for everyone has heard the sound of subdued voices in the purling monotone of a lonely stream), and then it dies off, to reappear at the next convenient turn in the story.

An admirable bit of sound portraiture this of the brook. There are not many examples in literature of such success in adding to the conception which mere word-painting can give—a certain audible image (if the catachresis may be allowed) of the thing to be reproduced. Shelley's "Skylark" is one of the happiest. Leigh Hunt, in remarking on Shelley's happy choice of measure for this poem, calls attention also to a very felicitous piece of sound portraiture in Shakespeare. In describing the song of the skylark, one might use up all the words in the Imperial Dictionary without making that impression on the mental tympanum which Shakespeare produces in a stanza of eight lines by the judicious use of reduplicated rhymes. The great charm of the lark's song is its continuity, and the recurrence at intervals of certain movements —certain trills and swells and accents. Hear how Shakespeare

Digitized by Google

reproduces this effect by alternating the soft limpid liquids of one rhyme with the long vowel and soft sibilant of the other.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate *sings*,
And Phœbus 'gins *arise*,
His steeds to water at those *springs*
On chaliced flowers that *lies*,
And winking Mary-buds *begin*
To ope their golden *eyes*;
With everything that pretty *bin*,
My lady sweet, *arise!*"

As another instance of how nature's sounds may be reproduced by the judicious use of rhyme and rhythm, take a verse from Burns's "Halloween," and it will be seen that to Burns, and to the Preacher who moralized long ago how "one generation passeth away and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever," Tennyson is indebted for the keynote and the theme on which is built his sparkling minuetto:—

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays
As through the glen it wimpl't:
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't,
Whyles glittered to the mighty rays
Wi' bickering dancing dazzle,
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel."

And "The Brook:"—

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow."

Surely this music is more than an echo of the burnie. The difference between the verses is the difference between a Scotch stream, whose amber waters tumble from their bed of peat, and the limpid rivulet that meanders its way through an English meadow over beds of watercress and silver sand.

"The Gardener's Daughter" and "Dora" are composed very much on the lines of "The Brook." "The Gardener's Daughter" chooses, as before, a country girl's romance; but Rose is of a

Digitized by Google

distinctly higher type than Katie Willows, and the whole treatment is more serious and less fanciful, because here the singer sings of that which closely concerns him, whereas "The Brook" is rather the laughing comment of an amused onlooker. "Dora" is in another key. Its whole interest centres in the self-sacrifice of a woman in circumstances which magnify the sacrifice a hundredfold. Beside Dora, the other figures—Farmer Allan, the hard old man, and Mary Morrison, the bit of common metal preferred by William to the true golden ore—are coarse and commonplace, as no doubt they are intended to be. The child has little personality, and yet there is just a glimpse of what Tennyson might effect if he chose to be the poet of child life:

> "They peeped, and saw
> The boy set up between his grandsire's knees
> Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
> And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks
> Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
> And babbled for the golden seal that hung
> From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire."

Those of his poems which Tennyson calls idylls are unrhymed. Poems which are not lyrical in form, and which do not depend for their charms on accuracy of sound portraiture, or on exciting admiration and pleasure very much akin to that which we derive from a well-pointed epigram, do not gain anything by the use of rhyme, but please us in spite of it rather than by its help. How drearily monotonous and nauseous, for instance, does the long-continued drip of the couplet in the "Essay on Man" become before one has read a hundred lines—continually suggesting, as it does, that the rhyme has prompted the thought, making this, in many respects, noble poem read like a skilfully threaded string of jingling aphorisms, and drawing attention rather to the cleverness of the thinker than the truth and beauty of the thought. Had the rhymes been placed at some distance apart they would have disturbed us less; the gain would have been greater still had there been no rhymes at all. I cannot help thinking that we owe some gratitude to Lady Austen for persuading Cowper to write his "Task" in blank verse. Had the fine opening of the "Time-piece," for instance, been decked in the tawdry trappings of rhyme, how this would have impaired its force, its simple directness, its passionate eloquence. Rhyme is as much out of place in dramatic, philosophical, or epic poetry, as gilding on the face of an ocean

Digitized by Google

cliff, or fretted gimcracks on the battlements of a feudal castle. One cannot but feel what a misfortune it would have been to literature if Milton had chosen to make use of tags in his "Paradise Lost," or Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King."

Tennyson, with his keen instinct in the matter of rhymes, knew well when he had a subject to which rhyme could add no new grace, and in such a case he refused to be tramelled by its exactions. This he has done in the "Idylls of the King." The quaint, simple narrative of the far-off Arthurian legends, arrayed in the artificiality of the Pope couplet, would raise in us the same sense of discord as Cressida in a farthingale, or Brutus in knee-breeches with buckles in his shoes. Only in the ballad form could we tolerate rhyme in the tales of the Round Table—but a ballad of the Arthurian deeds would be as different from Tennyson's Idylls as "Germitus, the Jew" from the "Merchant of Venice." The only trick of form which would not be out of keeping with the staid dignity of the Idylls would be an occasional alliteration, which, sanctioned as it is by the tradition of early English poetry, might be introduced without shocking our sense of what befits the primeval twilight of such a history. But all such helps Tennyson has wisely eschewed: how wisely may be seen by comparing the rhymed fragment, "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere," with the execution of a passage from one of the Idylls.

"Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode through the coverts of the deer;
With blissful treble ringing clear
She seem'd a part of joyous Spring;
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before,
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore,
Closed in a golden ring.

"As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;
She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

There is no denying the exquisite finish of this little poem—not even the grass-green gown can harm the bewitching loveliness of

Digitized by Google

Guinevere; but for all its sprightly grace the effect is not that of the Idylls. This springy, tripping, dainty measure would be altogether unsuitable to a sustained poem dealing with the whole narrative-chain of the Table Round. Another possibility with reference to the form of these poems is that the series might have been rendered with considerable effect in varied measures, as the story of Maud is told. But again, though this would have met the variety of moods, and though Tennyson would have doubtlessly produced a work worthy of himself, one must feel that we should have lost that air of golden antiquity which is the great charm of the Idylls as they are: and what might have been thus gained in brilliancy would have been lost in quiet beauty and pathetic simplicity.

An analysis of the style of the "Idylls" is a somewhat baffling task. Its very simplicity eludes you. Its qualities are rather negative than positive. You can easily tell what there is not; but it is difficult to say in what the subtle aroma really lies. There are no bold inversions, no imposing array of heavy-laden sonorous words, no pomp of rolling period. None of the wheel within wheel intricacy of the classical sentence, no recondite allusions to deeply buried scholastic lore, no elaborate system of tropes and figures. There are, it is true, in accordance with epic usage, numerous formal similes scattered through the poems; but they have not generally the epic vice of interfering with the action of the poem by distracting the attention and harassing the mind of the reader. Introduced, as they no doubt are, chiefly with a view to poetic embellishment, they yet do not appear to be an end in themselves, but rather a means of helping the intelligence, being always illustrative and short, and never involved. When Pelleas, looking into the tent, discovers the treachery of Gawain, the poet tells us that—

> "Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf
> To find a nest, and feels a snake, he drew."

And this is the way in which he describes the infection of a smile—

> "Then with a slow smile turned the lady round
> And looked upon her people; and, as when
> A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn
> The circle widens till it lip the marge,
> Spread the slow smile thro' all her company."

In the following the poet seems really to have worked the

Digitized by Google

simile out for the simile's sake. Geraint has just unhorsed the robber, Timours, and the wild earl's boon companions take to instant flight:—

> "But at the flash and motion of the man
> They vanished panic-stricken, like a shoal
> Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
> Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
> Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
> But if a man who stands upon the brink
> But lift a shining hand against the sun,
> There is not left the twinkle of a fin
> Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower."

Who that has watched the troutlets in a pool will refuse to recognize the felicitous turn of this simile?

What chiefly characterizes the "Idylls of the King" is a chaste, quaint simplicity, which, without the aid of archaic language, carries you back a thousand years and makes you walk and talk and feel with an age which knew not the manifold aims of ours. We might slightly alter Orlando's words and say of the heroic time—

> "How well in it appears
> The constant service of the antique world,
> When service sweats for duty, not for meed!
> It is not for the fashion of these times,
> Where none will sweat but for promotion."

There is an air of misty ghostliness about the characters; we seem to see them through a filmy medium of antiquity which tones down the colouring, without destroying the sharpness of outline. They look to us as we might conceive the inhabitants of some differently conditioned planet to look. Astolat, and Camelot, and Caerleon, might very well be cities in the valleys of the moon. Romance has done its utmost, and has eliminated much of the earthy from these British heroes and heroines, so that even their vices appear more like the divine failings of Thor, and Freya, and Woden, and minor gods and demigods, than like those of ordinary human flesh and blood. The whole has rather the placidity of statuary than the warm glow of painting, the cycle of legends having much the effect of a series of finely-wrought, clear-cut bas-reliefs.

The old-world tone of these poems is no doubt in a large measure owing to the smooth flow and somewhat severe simplicity

Digitized by Google

of the words and style. There is none of that gnarled crabbedness, that audacious colloquialism, that disregard for polish and smoothness of tone, that love of rough barbaric strength, which gives so much character to the powerfully dramatic work of Browning. The "Idylls" are marked by a transparent lucidity of style, undulled by cross-grained transpositions and daring condensations. Monotony—the most insidious vice in poetry of this kind—is avoided by a delightful variety of rhythm and pause. There is an unstinted, though not cloying, copiousness of fresh and original imagery; and the many highly pathetic situations are worked out with a large power of tender feeling. I do not know of any literary production that offers a parallel in style to the "Idylls," unless, perhaps, some of the simple Old Testament narratives. There is in the "Arthurian Poems" something of that quality which so charms and touches us in the exquisite narratives of Joseph and Ruth—both of them stories told with the direct artlessness of true genius.

Nothing could better accord with the earnest primeval simplicity of the golden nursery days of Arthurian England than the artfully artless vocabulary of Tennyson's poems. The poet did not invent this vocabulary for himself. He found it ready to hand in the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thos. Malory, whence, with one exception, he has taken the material for the "Idylls;" and he was too much alive to the charm of Malory's language not to avail himself of it for his own work. Sir Thos. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur"—a translation of the earlier history of Geoffrey of Monmouth—was written some time in the reign of the fourth Edward. In this work of Malory's, Tennyson has found material for all his 'Idylls," with the exception of "Guinevere;" and, like all great authors, he has assimilated whatever of worth he found in his original, adding to it from the storehouse of his own imagination, and beautifying it with the tints of a rich poetic fancy. As an instance of the way in which the poet's finer instinct has rejected what is poetically unfit in the work from which he borrowed, it is necessary only to compare the Elaine of Malory with the same character in Tennyson. Those who come to Sir Thos. Malory, already familiar with Tennyson's "Idylls" and attracted by a curiosity to know the source whence he has borrowed his raw material, will, here and there, feel a shock of unpleasant surprise as they come upon some naked incident, unclothed with that veil of poetic drapery with which it is the poet's duty to invest it. Among the incidents which thus grate upon our sense of what is befitting in any and every age, and in any

Digitized by Google

circumstances, is the final parting of Lancelot and Elaine. The coarse-grained and vulgar advances of Elaine are disgusting and repellant; and not even the tragedy of her death—sad voucher as it is for the strength of her passion—can recall the sympathy which her unwomanly forwardness has alienated. Then read Tennyson, and note how the poet has redeemed and elevated his heroine, and taken her part against the plain-speaking historian. By how many womanly graces—her shrinking looks, her modest change of colour, the shame-faced hesitation in her speech—does he save Elaine from sinking to that depth of disesteem to which otherwise her words would sink her.

> "Then, like a ghost, she lifted up her face,
> But, like a ghost, without the power to speak;
> And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
> And bode among them yet a little space
> Till he should learn it."

All through the idyll the poet prepares us for that catastrophe which we know to be impending. His whole aim is to glorify the woman, to invest her with the nobility of true womanhood, to prove so conclusively her self-sacrifice and her purity, that the only feeling that arises for Elaine is a great throb of pity, such as the heart gives for Ophelia.

The heroine who chiefly divides the interest with Elaine is Enid, the wife of Geraint. The interest attaching to Guinevere is of quite a different kind. Enid, Yniol's only child, is a woman, like Elaine, of the high-heroic type, the glory of whose life is a certain saintly obedience—the wifely submission of the patient Griselda. Nothing could be more idyllic, more gracefully quaint in the narrative, than the history of Prince Geraint's wooing, when in his pursuit of the sparrowhawk he comes to the ruined castle of Yniol, and finds there, by God's rood, the one maid for him. Nothing finer of the kind can be found in Tennyson than that picture of the ruined hold and the one neglected wild-flower that grew "beneath the bield" of the old tower. It seems to me as if the poet had applied himself to the filling in of this picture with a sense of delight in every touch. Not that there are traces in it of elaboration and composition. On the contrary, its spontaneity is one of its principal charms. What I mean is, that the etching is so well proportioned and so accurate—although the lines are easy and flowing—that you cannot imagine a touch put to the picture or taken from it without spoiling the perfection of the whole. The

Digitized by Google

conception of the hoary ruin, thrilling with the nightingale notes of the unseen Enid, is in harmonious keeping with the history of the fallen family; and there is a singular happiness in making Geraint captive to the very voice—by God's grace the one voice for him.

> "Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
> His charger trampling many a prickly star
> Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
> He looked, and saw that all was ruinous.
> Here stood a shattered archway plumed with fern,
> And here had fallen a great part of a tower,
> Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
> And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers:
> And high above a piece of turret-stair,
> *Worn by the feet that now were silent,* wound
> Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
> Clasp the gray wall with hairy-fibred arms,
> And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked
> A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove."

What a true artist's touch is that "Worn by the feet that now were silent,"—just the human shadow that advances the picture from pure fancy to imagination. And then he tells how this high-born girl, an earl's daughter, led the knight's horse to stall, because

> "The good house, tho' ruin'd, O my Son,
> Endures not that her guest should serve himself."

How she waited on him at the board: how he fought in the lists for her, and conquered: how,

> "When the third day from the hunting morn
> Made a low splendour in the world, and wings
> Moved in her ivy,"

Enid lay in the dim-yellow light, thinking sadly of her poor wardrobe, her one faded silk, now, since she knew Geraint, ten times more faded—

> "For as a leaf in mid-November is
> To what it was in mid-October, seem'd
> The dress that now she looked on to the dress
> She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint."

How her mother surprised her with the rich brocade, all branch'd and flowered with gold: how the message came from Prince

Digitized by Google

Geraint that she must forth with him to court in her faded silk: how the message fell

> "Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn:
> For Enid, all abash'd, she knew not why,
> Dared not to glance at her good mother's face"—

how the old mother, between smiles and tears, brought a mantle down, and wrapt her in it, and clasp'd and kissed her as they rode away; how Geraint brought her to the court; and how Queen Guinevere clothed her for her bridals like the sun. All this is told with singular grace and charm. The second part of this idyll, however, where the trials of Enid are set forth, is not so delightful. We have Enid no longer a girl, but a woman, once more in her faded silk, enduring hardship and ill-usage with more than heroic constancy. But we pay a high price for this ennoblement of Enid, in having the otherwise generous Geraint degraded by a most unknightly brutality. But such was the legend, and it must be conceded that the poet has done what poet could with the material to hand.

In the lissome Vivien we have a harsh contrast with Enid and Elaine. In Vivien, Tennyson seems to set forth the true ugliness of a certain cast of physical beauty. Vivien's beauty is the beauty of the snake, glittering and gleaming, and twisting its lithe and fatal folds round the doting Merlin, luring him to a living death. Had she lived in our century, she would have been called Becky Sharp, and would have wheedled Lord Steyn out of innumerable cheques. Vivien, however, is duly etherealized, idealized, removed back a cycle of time, and involved in the proper Arthurian mist.

> "There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
> As if in deepest reverence and love:
> A twist of gold was round her hair—a robe
> Of samite without price, that more exprest
> Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
> In colour like the satin-shining palm
> On sallows in the windy gleams of March."

Her god is a god of hate, and her desire is for the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of evil.

An interest of a peculiar kind weaves itself round the histories of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot. Extraordinary are the relations which each individual of the trio bears to the other two. Guinevere is Arthur's queen; Lancelot, his well-beloved knight, the very

Digitized by Google

mirror of his chivalry. Both queen and knight wound their faultless king with a wound that not all the balm in Gilead can heal. An unhappy moment in the life of each brings to these three their life's misery. Arthur saw Guinevere—Guinevere saw Lancelot.

Of all the heroes in the Arthurian circle, Lancelot and the king stand most prominently forth. Whatever the legend—whether of Gareth and Lynette, or Pelleas and Ettarre, or the Quest of the Grail—we find an influence, directly or indirectly, emanating from these two men, and exerting a living or deadly force on the actions of the other persons of the drama. Lancelot, but for one gross stain, is the perfect knight, victor in unnumbered battles, tender and chivalrous to women, the friend of the lowly and oppressed, knowing and worshipping the high and noble ideal, and yet staining his fame with one pitch spot—loving and reverencing his king and friend, and yet betraying him—the chief ornament and pillar of that noble order, at last to be undermined by his pernicious example.

Such, with all the graces of voice, and gait, and mind, did he seem to the Lily Maid of Astolat when he stepped into her father's hall:—

> "He seemed the goodliest man
> That ever among ladies ate in hall,
> And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
> However marred, of more than twice her years,
> Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
> And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
> And loved him, with that love which was her doom."

Beside the brave Lancelot stands the greater figure of the king he has betrayed—a man forgetful of his own existence, single-hearted, knowing no thought of base suspicion, filled with high desires, spotless-pure, trustful, the hem of whose garment neither Lancelot nor Guinevere was worthy to touch.

> "See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
> Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

None better than Lancelot knew the lofty nature of the king,

Digitized by Google

because, notwithstanding the chasm between them, no nature came so near the king's as his. Even the sensual Guinevere, shallow as she was, and impatient of his lofty meekness and his virtue, yet thought him, in her heart of hearts, greater than her Lancelot. Even she who thought she

> "Could not breathe in that fine air
> That pure severity of perfect light;"

she, who wanted the warmth and colour which she found in Lancelot, could see, when it was too late, that Arthur was

> "The highest and most human too,
> Not Lancelot, nor another."

And what shall be said for Guinevere, the sinful queen—the woman whose destiny might have been so high, and yet who fell so low? Perhaps it will be well to see her at her best, as she appears in the finest, deepest, truest of the Idylls—when she has fled from the guilty court to find refuge amongst nuns, when her heart is wrung by the artless prattle of the unconscious little novice, when at last the scales fall from her eyes and she sees Arthur in the full blaze of his nobility, and feels every gleam of light quenched out of her own foolish moth's life. Is there none will tell the king she loves him, though so late?

> "Now, ere he goes to the great battle? None;
> Myself must tell him in that purer life,
> But now it were too daring. Oh! my God!
> What might I not have made of thy fair world
> Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
> It was my duty to have loved the highest;
> It surely was my profit, had I known;
> It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
> We needs must love the highest when we see it,
> Not Lancelot, nor another."

ALEXANDER WILSON, M.A.

Dunedin.

Digitized by Google

THE STORY OF A LOAN.

WHEN George the First sat on the throne of England the total revenue of his kingdom was just about equal to that of the colony of Victoria in 1882, and he enjoyed the dignity of a national debt of about £54,000,000, the interest, management, and annuities connected therewith absorbing some £3,000,000 per annum, or rather more than half the entire revenue of the country. The existence of this debt—commenced only about twenty years before his accession, with £1,200,000 borrowed from the Bank of England as an equivalent for their charter—was largely due to the cost of the brilliant escapades of the Duke of Marlborough, and may be regarded mainly as an investment in "glory." From that day to this, with an occasional feeble intermittent waning, the figures have rolled on with majestic grandeur, until in 1881 they stood at £768,000,000. This vast burden, the interest and cost of management of which entails an annual expenditure of £30,000,000, actually represents only about 60 per cent. of the cost of the foreign wars in which England has been engaged since the beginning of the last century, upwards of £450,000,000 having been defrayed, in addition, out of special taxation; and these figures are arrived at after deducting from the whole period the average naval and military expenditure on a peace footing.

Now, if a country handicapped with such an admittedly unprofitable burden as this can command all the money she is willing to borrow at from 2½ to 3 per cent. per annum, it is not much to be wondered at that fiery politicians and omniscient journalists at this end of the world, who have backed up Victoria's modest demands, wax wroth when their mental vision conjures up that meek embodiment of "Peace, progress, and prosperity" looking wistfully up Capel-court, and failing, with her equally good security and her better rate of interest, to command the attention of the speculative crowd beyond.

That the borrowings of our adopted country have, up to this time been legitimate and moderate; that the incurring of a reasonable debt by a new country is a strictly sound and common-sense method

Digitized by Google

of making posterity pay some share of the cost of benefits conferred upon it; and that the expenditure of the debt has been beneficial and business-like, are truisms which few will have the temerity to controvert. Lest there should be any supposition that the knowledge of these facts was not sufficiently demonstrated in the mother-country, it is only necessary to point out that they have recently been enforced in the world's metropolis by two most able summaries. These are the papers read before the Royal Colonial Institute on "The Public Debt of Australasia," by Sir Francis Dillon Bell, on the 21st November last, and the pamphlet on "The Finances and Public Debt of Victoria," by Mr. Robert Murray Smith, issued in December. The former deliverance was quite enthusiastically received by a large and influential gathering, and admirably reported by a considerable section of the press, furnishing the text of numerous leading articles in the journals devoted to finance and kindred interests. The latter, as it was ostensibly issued for the information of investors, was doubtless widely distributed, and also received liberal and discriminating notice from the leading papers.

The perusal of these two pamphlets would convince the most timorous investor of the absolute safety of his advance, unless he were prepared to adopt the extreme course of discrediting, not only the writers, but the prominent and influential speakers who, like the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Strangways, Mr. Hyde Clark, Sir Saul Samuel, and others, supported their statements and approved their deductions. At the meeting of the Colonial Institute the only speaker who questioned the wisdom of the colonies in borrowing so freely was an old Victorian politician, Mr. J. Dennistoun Wood, and his contention was that the Crown lands were the capital of the colonies, and that it was being dissipated at a very rapid rate. He asserted that in the colony of Victoria all the best land had been sold long ago, and that the land remaining to be sold was but the refuse of the public estate; from which dismal picture he drew an inference of diminished security to the public creditor, and ultimate oppressive taxation. He was well answered by Sir Saul Samuel, who said:—

"Mr. Wood has spoken as though the land walked away when sold, and did not remain in the country. The land is there, and by passing into private hands is made productive and improved in value; and whenever the time shall come and the necessity arise that the State may require additional revenue to meet the interest on the public debt, or for other purposes, then the lands of the country, which have been increased in value by the construction of railways and other public expenditure, will, by a proper, justifiable, and equitable system

Digitized by Google

of taxation, have to bear the burdens which the requirements of the State demand. What idle talk it is to speak about the land as though it passed away for ever when the Government sold it."

Sir Francis Dillon Bell puts the whole question of borrowing in a nutshell when he says in his address (page 5)—

"A curious calculation was made by the late Justice Chapman, whose name is familiar to all Victorians and New Zealanders. He examined what it cost the population of a certain district in Victoria—a mere handful in number—for the carriage of their goods to and from Melbourne by drays; he proved that they were paying £700,000 a year for transport, and he showed that if this handful of settlers were to undertake the whole burden of the interest on a loan for a railway, without allowing for a single new passenger or a single ton more goods, they would not only pay that interest, but make a saving of hundreds of thousands every year. The freight of flour from Melbourne to the Bendigo gold-fields was at that time £140 per ton; it is now 140 pence; and the building of a single line has, in transport alone, saved the people who are settled by its side, not thousands but millions."

Mr. Murray Smith completes the argument by showing that we have spent in railways and waterworks alone £1,800,000 more than we have borrowed in all, and commits himself to the expression of a belief, founded on legitimate premises, that a syndicate could be formed at short notice to pay off our entire debt for a transfer of the works named.

These facts being admitted, and always assuming an abundance of loanable capital, the Victorian colonist naturally asks why it is that while the competition to secure a 3 per cent. stock is so great as to induce people to pay a premium for the privilege of holding it, the plethoric pockets are buttoned against our appeal, and our extra 1 per cent., with at least equal security, fails to divert the stimulating rivulets of finance in our direction.

In the hot indignation that followed upon failure, a great many reasons were given that were very wide of the mark. The local press, it must be admitted, did not set a good example under the smart of what is conceived to be an undeserved rebuff. It fell to scolding its brethren of the fourth estate for having lent their influence to a clique, who, for mean purposes, sought to depreciate our securities for their own eventual profit. It ridiculed writers who knew nothing about us or our resources shaking an admonitory finger at us, and deprecating an imaginary taste for squandering borrowed money as one of the characteristics of Young Australia. It deplored the "antagonistic position" assumed by the Stock Exchange; it alleged systematic attempts to depreciate the credit

Digitized by Google

of the colony; it could not avoid the conclusion that we had been the victims of a great "bearing" combination; and it called vehemently for some active steps to be taken that should bring to their knees those upstart capitalists who refrained from responding to our offer of a splendid investment—

"English journals, which deliberately check the growth of Imperial feeling by studied neglect, or chance references betraying such ludicrous ignorance of what they are writing about as to be even more offensive than silence, can devote article after article to our affairs when the British stock-jobber wishes to enrich himself at our expense. Not long ago the *Times*, in view of our prospective financial operations, read us a ponderous lecture on our assumed extravagance, and bade us devote our land revenue to public works, instead of mortgaging our future to raise the necessary funds. . . . When the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other important journals practically ignore one of the most important provinces of the empire, we are sorry, but we do not complain; but when they break silence at a critical moment to damage our credit, or misrepresent our condition, we feel called upon to resent what appears to us very like a wanton outrage on justice and fair dealing."*

This is strong language, and it can hardly be said to be warranted by the *Times* article referred to, as may be judged by the following extracts from it. The tone of the leader is undoubtedly admonitory, but it is certainly not dictatorial, and is as emphatic in its testimony to the undoubted credit of the colony as Sir Francis Bell or Mr. Murray Smith:—

"Politics in these colonies are now mainly concerned with finance—that is, with the means of applying the results of an abounding prosperity to the best advantage for the further development of vast and in part unexplored resources. It will be seen from the letters of our correspondents at Melbourne and Sydney, which we publish elsewhere, that these arrangements, like any others, can be made the battle-ground of parties; but battles fought on such issues can hardly be of vital importance to the community. The prospects of the colonies may be affected more or less favourably according to the wisdom or unwisdom of the local Governments, but it would be scarcely possible for the utmost administrative folly to involve in serious difficulties the youthful and growing strength of the colonial settlements in Australia.

"Nevertheless, the financial methods of the Australian colonies have invited and have received, a good deal of criticism. Colonial opinion is peculiarly sensitive to comment at home, not only on sentimental grounds, but because it is to the English money market that the colonists must come when they want to borrow capital for public works, or other objects connected with the development of the resources of the colonies. It has been more than once suggested, in quarters where there was the steadiest faith in the elasticity and the honesty of colonial finance, that the process of borrowing ought to be carefully regulated with a view not only to the immediate solvency of the borrowers, which nobody questioned, but to their own interests in the future. It is, for example, obvious

* *Argus* leader, 12th January, 1883.

Digitized by Google

that in the larger Australasian colonies the construction of railways out of borrowed capital is now paying well, even when the cost per mile has been heavy. New South Wales has spent over 15 millions sterling on railways, which pay 4½ per cent.; Victoria, 16 millions, paying 4 per cent.; and New Zealand, 11 millions, also paying 4 per cent. It is admitted, however, that the newly constructed lines, opening up districts hitherto undeveloped, do not at present yield a return equal to the interest paid on the borrowed capital. It may, for all that, be a good investment to submit to an immediate loss in consideration of great future gains. . . . . There is ample proof of solvency, pure and simple. But it does not prove that the colonies are employing their vast resources in the most profitable way. It remains to be established by argument that a colony is justified in treating the income from the sale of public land, which is an alienation of the public estate, as ordinary revenue, and at the same time borrowing largely for public works. It is further doubtful whether immigration ought not to be much more liberally assisted, so that these advantages should not be monopolized by a few. At all events, looking at the high wages and general prosperity produced in these colonies in part by the rapid alienation of national property, and in part by the expenditure of borrowed capital, it seems a mistake not to divert to Australasia some of the superfluous and unemployed labour of the British Islands. Finally, the fact that at least five colonial Governments—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, New Zealand—are working practically on the same lines, though without concert, renders the clashing of colonial loans in the market not uncommon, and thus deprives the colonies of a certain part of the credit which is their due."—*Times* leader, 28th December, 1882.

But some of the representatives of the more extreme section of the press went much further, and denounced the "unscrupulous greed" of the jobbers and speculators who had formed themselves into a "nefarious ring" with the view of making an "exorbitant profit" out of our necessities. It seems somewhat ludicrous that while maintaining this denunciation of the speculator who declined to tender, the local press are all but unanimous in affirming that the loan was an excellent investment at par, and, inferentially, that the foolish capitalist who failed to secure it was to be pitied rather than blamed.

The tone taken by the press found strong support in the utterances of the Parliamentary candidates during the late electoral campaign. Sir Bryan O'Loghlen said in more than one of his addresses that the colony had been the victim of a "knock out" amongst the money-dealers, who, he remarked, "would get a profit out of their grandmothers, or old England herself, so anxious were they to make money;" and he took credit to himself for having "foiled" the brokers by his firmness. Mr. Bolton, the Minister of Public Works, speaking at Kyneton about the loan, said the Ministry did not want to "drag the colony through the dirt by taking less than was obtained by New South Wales," though, be it

Digitized by Google

observed, the minimum fixed by the latter colony was £102! He considered its failure was partly due to the unneighbourly conduct of New Zealand in advertising simultaneously a lower minimum; partly to the fact that "public men" depreciated it; and partly to the sinister influence of an article in the *Westminster Review*, which reproduced the substance of a debate in the Victorian Parliament relating to the importation of English rolling-stock and water-pipes, and drew the conclusion that a country that paid 25 per cent. more than was necessary for its carriages and machinery could offer but poor security to the London investor. It is somewhat startling to find this recognized authority in free-thought and philosophy trenching on the arena of financial journalism. Mr. M'Intyre, at Maldon, also took up the ill-used *rôle*. He chiefly blamed the fourth estate, and said it was a monstrous thing for the British press to damage the colonies as they had been doing, adding that if, as an Australian Federation, we had representatives in the House of Commons, the press would not dare to speak as it had done concerning the loan, or any other matter bearing on the colony. He was hard on the "money ring," in whose interest the press was inspired, and pinned his faith to a par minimum as due to our position and dignity. But he has a solution to offer which he believes would circumvent the "money rings." He would authorize Mr. Murray Smith to keep open shop with the debentures, and sell them over the counter singly if required.

This excellent device, more tradesmanlike than statesmanlike, be it said with all respect, might answer if every buyer of our bonds were content to hold them during their entire currency; but if the exigencies of his position required him to sell or raise money on them, he could only do so if he chanced to meet with a buyer through his own personal exertions. No bank in London will make advances against stocks or shares that have not a quotation on the Exchange, and no broker would undertake to sell or buy them in the ordinary course of business; and the Stock Exchange will not enter on their official list any loan that has not been offered in the customary way to public tender. It may be possible in time to break down the conservative tendencies of this representative of overflowing wealth, but it would be courting trouble and loss to fly in the face of its long-established usages. Those who have had anything to do with the issue of shares in the London market know that a "quotation" is an essential that is not obtained as a matter of form, but after

Digitized by Google

rigid and careful inquiry, and it is generally regarded by British investors as a guarantee of *bona fides*. Certainly it is an absolute essential to a handily-convertible investment, and cannot be ignored without danger. The facility with which stocks having the quotations are dealt with, is illustrated by Mr. W. H. Playford, who, in his "Hints to Investors," relates how, as a sworn broker, he had carried through a purchase and transfer of five pennyworth of Reduced Three-per-Cents. Our versatile Agent-General would require a considerable accession to his staff to compete with this very retail business.

Passing over the deliverances of many of the lesser luminaries, who followed on the lines already quoted, it is interesting to note what Mr. Service had to say on the matter in his speech at Castlemaine on the 7th of February. He was just fresh from the scene of the disaster; he had been frequently in conference on the subject with some of the leading financiers and stock-brokers in London, as well as with the Agent-General. His mercantile training enabled him to grasp the possibilities of a sensitive money market, and his experiences as a former Treasurer enabled him to lay an unerring finger on the mistakes that had been made. That portion of his speech relating to the loan occupies nearly two columns of the *Argus*. It is a masterly *résumé* of the entire position, and from first to last there is not one hint of a venal press running down our credit; not one angry or abusive word addressed to "money rings," or unscrupulous cliques of greedy speculators; not a hint of even unfairness in the passivity of the syndicates and jobbers who usually make these loans the subject of their kind attention. But, reviewing carefully the various steps from the day the Loan Bill was passed, he showed convincingly the disastrous effects of the various delays, intensified by the reluctant concessions which were tardily wrung from the Government in the matter of inscription and deferred payments, resulting in finally landing the important operation of floating the loan in an adverse market a few months in advance of another and inevitable appeal.

Having shown what the press and prominent politicians had to say about the failure, it now remains to give a brief account of the actual steps taken to place the investment before the British public, and thereafter to point out the circumstances that led to the inevitable, and, in some quarters, distinctly foreseen, want of success.

Digitized by Google

The various phases of this negotiation have been so frequently and so prominently before the public that it is only necessary to recapitulate the bald facts. The proposal to borrow £4,000,000 for public works, which was indeed but the remainder of Mr. Berry's original £9,000,000 proposed in 1879, was submitted to Parliament in October, 1881; the original intention, doubtless, having been to clear it out of the way before the conversion loan had to be announced. But either the exigencies of that "struggle for existence" which so commonly retards administrative action in our political life, or the weak habit of listening to many counsellors, stayed the hands of the Treasurer, and he did nothing but make inquiries and elicit reams of gratuitous advice. The *Age* newspaper urged him to have the courage to skake off the incubus which had so long belittled Australian finance; to no longer stand in dread of the associated banks, but to have nothing to do with them. It suggested that a "financial agent" should be employed to borrow the whole £11,000,000 as it was wanted; and it was generally understood that it indicated Sir Julius Vogel, who had suddenly developed much interest in our financial prospects and requirements. The Treasurer felt that the coffers of the State were abnormally full; the revenue was increasing; money generally appeared abundant and cheap—why should he be hurried? He wished to please all men, and he shrank from the heroic remedies propounded by the liberal broadsheet. But time slipped on, and in the middle of 1882 money was a drug in London, discounts being readily done at about 2 per cent. per annum. On the 8th June the New South Wales Government offered a 4 per cent. loan of £2,000,000 at £102, and double the required amount was tendered. The local press began again to inquire what was doing with the Victorian bonds, whose advent was looked for in London. The Treasurer resumed his inquiries and negotiations, and finally, on the 25th September last, as nearly as possible a full year from the time of bringing down the Loan Bill, he entered into an agreement with the contracting banks to place it on the market.

This agreement, which has been stigmatized by Mr. Mirams as forced upon the Government as an arrangement for "supplying the banks with accommodation bills to meet their engagements in England," was in reality very creditable alike to the business capacity of the Treasurer and the moderation of the banks. By it the commission to be paid for managing the loan was reduced to the lowest point yet reached—viz., one-quarter per cent., and the

Digitized by Google

conditions of previous agreements were modified in a liberal spirit. Under an erroneous supposition on the part of the Government, urged thereto by a portion of the daily press, that the negotiation of bills in anticipation of the proceeds of the debentures would tend to ease the local money market, it was also agreed to purchase at once the Treasurer's drafts on London to an extent of one-half the loan, and to allow the Government interest at the debenture rate on the amount so drawn, conditionally on the bills being paid within thirty days of their maturity. By this means the Government received about 105 days' interest on money which still remained in the pockets of the British capitalist, and the Treasurer is to be credited with having scored one good point as a set-off to the more serious mistakes. This condition, however, no doubt seriously hampered his freedom in dealing with the loan, by necessitating his offering it before the maturity of the drafts, to avoid having to refund the interest already received on the paper balance, which, up to 31st December, amounted to £16,250, and had been absorbed in the quarter's revenue. Hence his insistence, in the face of advice and protests, in offering the loan in the first week in January, the drafts for the first million drawn against it maturing on the 13th of that month.

The result of the tendering staggered the least hopeful, as only £455,500 was applied for, including £100,000 by a leading financial company, and £50,000 by one of the contracting banks. It was decided to keep it open at par for a week, and a few more offers straggled in. After a consultation with the Agent-General, in consequence of informal offers made to him by some speculators, the time was again extended for two or three days, and on the 17th January it was finally withdrawn, after selling £600,000. Many offers were made to bridge over the difficulty if the Treasurer would give way in the matter of price. One leading firm of London brokers offered to take £2,500,000 if allowed 2¼ per cent. brokerage, and it was officially announced that Sir Julius Vogel made overtures to the Government here to take the whole unsold balance on terms which were not disclosed. Fortunately the Treasurer stood firmly to his minimum, as any such private sale at rates below what the public had paid for the £600,000 would have undoubtedly caused the Stock Exchange to refuse the bonds a quotation. The associated banks, whose advice had neither been sought or deferred to on the question of minimum or time of issue, now urged that the matter should

Digitized by Google

remain in abeyance until April or May, when they recommended the offering of £5,000,000 to cover present requirements, and the conversion of the 6 per cent. bonds due in October, believing that such an operation could be successfully carried through at par.

But the Treasurer clung to the advantage he had gained by the interest already brought to account, and which would be imperilled when the thirty days of grace on the first million expired on 12th February. To save this he borrowed a sufficient sum from the London and Westminster Bank to take up the drafts before that date, and gained another month's breathing time. The days of grace on the second series of drafts for half-a-million expired about the 10th March, and on the 6th of that month he caused the loan to be re-submitted, with such an extension of the terms of payment as practically gave the investor an advantage of fully 1 per cent. over the tenderers in January—the accrued and accruing interest amounting to £1 11s.—making the nominal par price to the investor £98 9s. But as the colony has to pay 25s. per cent. for cost of inscription, 12s. 6d. per cent. for commutation of the English duty stamp, and nearly one-half per cent. more to cover commission, brokerage, postage, and advertising, £96 3s. would represent the par equivalent of these terms. Allowing, however, for the saving of interest on the £600,000 taken up in January, and the average premium obtained on the later issue, the net result to the colony was within a fraction of £96 7s. 6d. for every £100 bond, and, relatively, the highest price by more than 1½ per cent. obtained for any loan yet issued by Victoria.

Between the 9th of January and the 6th of March the Bank of England discount rate had fallen from 5 per cent. to 3 per cent., and its reserve had risen from under £10,000,000—which the late Walter Bagehot used to call the "apprehension point"—to over £14,000,000, indicating ease and strength. In this alone, exclusive of the more favourable terms of payment, we have the explanation of the difference in the result of the tendering. £8,993,000 was applied for, and only those who offered £100 2s. 6d. secured a full response, the average price obtained for the £3,400,000 being £100 3s. 6d. How evanescent must have been the influence of the hireling scribes who had been "writing down our credit," how feeble the nefarious machinations of the "greedy speculators" and "hungry money rings," when they vanish like a summer cloud before an enhanced bank reserve! The men who would "make a profit out of their own grandmothers" join in the crowd to offer us nearly

Digitized by Google

three times as much as we want, though they had a few weeks before absorbed a £4,000,000 loan of the Empire of Brazil, bearing 4½ per cent., at a net price of about £87. Could there be higher testimony borne to the financial reputation of the colony than this? For Brazil, with a population of some ten millions, has only a moderate debt, and has been scrupulously honourable in all its engagements, yet it cannot get for its bonds within about 15 per cent. of what is offered to us.

Three times before has the disaster which overtook the late Treasurer in January last been experienced in our financial history. Our first loan in 1859, bearing 6 per cent. interest, Sir James M'Culloch's 5 per cent. loan in 1869, and Mr. Service's 4 per cent. loan in 1874 all hung on the market, and were finally helped off by the contracting banks. In the first case there is now no doubt that the minimum was fixed too high (£107), and in the two succeeding ones it is assumed that investors were unwilling to accept the reduced rate of interest then for the first time fixed for Australian bonds. The one important feature in connection with the previous failures is that the minimum and the time of issue were fixed in conference with the banks, and were respectively considered to be very moderate and eminently favourable.

It must be admitted that, in view of the past, Sir Bryan O'Loghlen may have thought their advice not worth seeking; but it is a matter of fact that the banks were not informed of the minimum until it was advertised in the London papers, nor was their concurrence sought in the date of tender. Prior to the signing of the agreement in September they did not know whether the negotiation would be entrusted to them, and, therefore, could not urge the Treasurer to take advantage of the autumnal market. By the time the debentures reached London the chance of anything like free tendering had become remote, in consequence of two sharply consecutive rises in the bank rate and the steady drain on the reserve. The contracting banks urged delay, if only till the end of January; but the Agent-General's instructions were imperative to offer immediately after the new year's holidays. The banks advised that, if the date were imperative, the minimum should be fixed at £98, as there was practically no interest accrued; and they also urged deferred payments. On the latter point the Treasurer gave way; but on the former the answer was found in the advertisement calling for tenders at par, with the result already recorded.

Digitized by Google

It is very undesirable to impute blame to anyone in connection with a transaction that, in the end, has been the most successful of the kind the colony has ever been engaged in; but it may be useful to summarize the causes of the interim failure in the order of their greatest importance. They are—

1. The overshadowing effect of the conversion loan of £3,700,000 to be offered within a few months.
2. The stringent condition of the London money market and critical state of the bank reserve.
3. The remote prospect which a par price offered of quitting the stock promptly at even a small profit.
4. The ascertained and expectant losses of the syndicate which had taken up the New South Wales loan in the previous July, at a high premium, in an exceptionally easy state of the money market.
5. The length of time which this loan had been kept dangling before the Stock Exchange, and the publicity given in London to the discussions regarding its inscription, &c.
6. The magnitude of the amount.

The first four reasons may be taken together as representing the real attitude of the Stock Exchange speculator towards the loan, and without his aid no operation of this magnitude can be successfully carried through. He is the wholesale dealer—often, nay, generally, possessed of large means of his own; but he is rarely an investor. His operations run into millions in the course of the year, and necessarily he must frequently require the aid of a banker. Direct accommodation on such securities as colonial bonds, to about 90 per cent. of their value, costs fully the bank rate, often something over. In January last it would have been difficult to borrow money at 5 per cent. for a month at a time, and even if it could have been got, a 4 per cent. bond is not a desirable investment for it. The certainty that before six months had elapsed an abundant supply of similar bonds at par, if not less, would be in the market, dispelled all hope of a profitable resale; and it was only business caution, and not innate depravity, as we seemed to think at first, that made him refrain from involving himself in a possible lock up of capital. It is a curious fact that some of the jobbers were so strongly impressed with the belief that the Victorian Government must have the money, and would, to secure it, reduce the minimum, that after the failure they actually made considerable sales for the

Digitized by Google

account at £99. The result of the Treasurer's firmness in withdrawing the loan for the time was that they had to buy from the successful tenderers; and in some cases nearly 1 per cent. profit was realized within a few weeks on the bonds taken up. It is only necessary to point out that the success of the last tendering has been greatly due to the modification of the first cause cited, in the Agent-General's pledge to find half the money wanted in October from the present loan.

The fifth cause mentioned had, it is believed, more an irritating than a deterring effect on speculators and investors, but it is certain that had not the right of inscription been finally, however reluctantly, conceded, not half-a-million of the loan would have been floated to this day.

The last cause assigned may appear a strange one to colonists, who regard the wealth of England as inexhaustible. But it must not be forgotten that the whole world practically draws its financial stimulants from the vicinity of Threadneedle-street. Within the last twelve months, in addition to ourselves, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand have all been borrowers, besides the various foreign states that still command credit. When the Bank of England reserve, which is practically the combined treasury of all the English banks, is down to about 11,000,000, a loan for anything over a couple of millions creates some sensation. Mr. Westgarth, who has had a very long experience of colonial borrowing, says that under normal conditions the Stock Exchange cannot absorb more than about £4,000,000 of Australian loans in one year, concurrently with the other inevitable applications. Now, as £8,500,000 has been borrowed by these colonies since 1st June last, it must be inferred that a very large amount of bonds are still held in first hands.

The growth of capital in England has been estimated lately at from £80,000,000 to £100,000,000 per annum, but of course the great bulk of it is entered for home consumption, in the development of local enterprise or national undertaking.

Given a legitimate reason for borrowing, and the selection of a suitable condition of the banking barometer, there is nothing in the late fiasco to lead Australians to suppose they will ever have any difficulty in securing at reasonable rates a fair share of the overflowings of this surplus. Some general understanding should be come to amongst the colonies not to "jostle" each other as was lately done, and thus overburden the market; nor should the

Digitized by Google

amounts asked at any one time be so large as our last venture, unless the coast has been clear for a long time previously.

Happily, realized wealth is accumulating so fast in the colonies that it is quite possible Victoria may not condescend to place any more loans at the mercy of the London Stock Exchange, except those for the conversion of existing bonds to a lower rate of interest.

HENRY G. TURNER.

Digitized by Google

GOVERNOR GORDON AND THE MAORIS.

A CHAPTER OF NEW ZEALAND HISTORY.

THE wheels of life are ever moving. It seems as if the words of the sage were true—"There is no present." The present soon becomes history, and forgetfulness often happily obliterates the record of deeds done. Men come and men go, and both their good and ill deeds are alike forgotten. Why then write of the past? Have we not enough to do with the future? There are practical problems calling upon us for solution. In all our colonies we have many social evils. Crime has not ceased in our golden lands, nor intemperance, nor vice; and our political system is far from perfect. Bad men often get positions of power and influence, and electorates are swayed in their triennial choice of representatives by influences that should not be heard of amongst a free people. Again it may be asked, why trouble about the past, and why, above all things, deal with the action of a Governor? He can have little influence in the social or political life of the colony over which he is said to preside. The Government machine works as smoothly under the superintending eye of an administrator, as when we possess a Downing-street nominee. Our wool grows, our wheat ripens, our ships leave loaded with produce, our miners dig for gold, our laws are made, and nobody asks "Who is Governor?" Why then write of the doings of Sir Arthur Gordon during his scarce two years of gubernatorial reign? My excuse is that whilst he was Governor, events that must form an important chapter in New Zealand history occurred. Unlike the other Australian colonies, we had, and we have, a large aboriginal population semi-civilized. We did not conquer the Maoris—the English nation made a treaty with them; and when we have desired land, we have bought it from the Maoris. There have been no treaties with the Australian blacks, and no "Land Purchase Department" to negotiate for each bit of new territory to be taken up by the adventurous Australian pioneers. And then we have had wars. English soldiers even have shown themselves often foiled, often defeated, by the Maoris. A Maori war means something different

Digitized by Google

from an attack by armed constabulary on Queensland aboriginals. To us the Maori question has always loomed large. Even when we were far from the scene of strife, and when neither our homes nor lives were threatened, a struggle with Maoris called forth our earnest solicitation. Though even yet only a handful of people, we are far more able to cope with the natives than we were; and in the past our war expenditure was often more than a thousand a day. And then the native question has had other attractions for us. We found a noble race—a race physically, mentally, and morally stronger than any so-called savage race with which the English-speaking people had come into contact. The American Indians, the Negroes even, were not equal to the Maoris. Was—nay, is this race to perish? Is the saying of one of their chiefs to become true?—"As the English fly (house fly) drove out the Maori fly, so will the Pakeha (foreigner) drive out the Maori." Here is a question that must arrest the attention of every lover of his kind.

What, then, of Governor Gordon? It has been said by some of the newspapers he was not a popular Governor! Is this true? Before one can answer such a query there would have to be some precise definition of the term "popular." We have no metropolis in New Zealand. Auckland, Dunedin, and Christchurch, and their suburbs, are all larger and more populous places than Wellington, our political capital. We have no colonial newspaper—no one newspaper that circulates through all the towns and cities of the colony. Each provincial district has its own organ of public opinion, and each district is very much taken up with its own affairs. This is why the formation of well-defined party lines in New Zealand has always been difficult. At times a big question stirs us from North Cape to Stewart's Island; but it is only at times. Provincialism *versus* Centralism was once a rallying cry, and "Public Works" and "Progress" were heretofore political watchwords. But when the Public Works policy was affirmed in 1872 the latter cry died away, and after 1876 the first question was buried. Who, then, are the people? How can we find out what their views are? The Governor lives in Wellington. He rarely visits the larger centres of population; and when he does, he pays, at most, only a "flying visit." The people, therefore, rarely care who is Governor. A few—perhaps two or three hundred—of the Wellington residents, who look upon Government House as a place of cheap entertainment, will be heard speaking of a Governor; but, outside these few, the colonists go on with their work, caring little

Digitized by Google

who may be the Queen's representative among them. It is true a Governor may come into conflict with one or other of the political sides in Parliament. He may please the "outs" and displease the "ins," or *vice versa*, and then may be raised a cry of unpopularity; but are the few political quidnuncs, that may have been offended, the people? If the people of New Zealand were polled to-morrow, I believe that nineteenth-twentieths of them would say that Governor Gordon's rule was to them a mere matter of indifference. To take the statements of some of our "party" newspapers about the popularity of a Governor would be as wise as to ask one or two discontented schoolboys about the fairness of their head teacher.

When the news of Sir A. Gordon's appointment as Governor reached New Zealand, there was some little excitement in political circles. He was known as a personal friend of Sir George Grey's, and this, it was thought, portended evil times for our colonial conservatives. The sympathies of the Marquis of Normanby were moderately liberal, those of Sir Hercules Robinson mildly conservative; but what would happen if we got a radical Governor? The radicals' main measure of a land tax had been, in 1879, repealed, and the conservatives trembled, fearing that some aid might be given to the radicals in Parliament, and thus obnoxious measures become law. It was also pointed out that Sir Arthur Gordon had never been Governor of a "constitutional" colony: he had always had a Crown colony to rule over. How would he act in New Zealand, where a Governor had simply to do the bidding of his Ministers? Then there was another phase of his past career much dwelt on. He had been Governor of Fiji, and he was still to retain his High Commissionership over the Pacific. During all the time he had been in Fiji he had dealt justly with the Fijians. "Land sharking" he had put down with a high hand, and what would he do with our "land sharks"? In fact, it was stated that his sympathies were entirely with aboriginals, and that he would lean towards the Maoris. It was not long before the Governor became aware of these feelings. On the first public occasion he spoke, he took pains to point out that as he was Governor of a colony that had representative institutions, he would, so far as he could, perform his duties in strict accordance with constitutional usage. Looking back over every act of his, it can be honestly said that he fulfilled his promise to the letter. He did not decline the advice of his Ministry, though the carrying out of that advice was repugnant to his feelings. Recognizing that the people of New Zealand had a free, democratic

Digitized by Google

government, he gave effect to it in its widest sense. What he did do, however, that has made his memory not over-pleasant to perhaps a dozen of our politicians must now be stated; and it is this phase of his reign that must ever form a memorable chapter in our colonial history. To fully understand the doings of 1881 and 1882, I must go back to 1879.

There is a large tract of most fertile land lying in the south-west of the North Island. It is perhaps the richest grass land of the colony, and it is most suitable for settlement. This large tract of land had been confiscated after the native war of 1864-65. The West Coast natives, as they are termed, had been in rebellion, and, acting on the advice of his Ministry, the Governor issued a proclamation confiscating a belt of land stretching from Whanganui to the White Cliffs. This was done under the authority of the New Zealand Settlements Act of 1863, an Act passed by the Colonial Parliament and not disallowed by the Imperial Government. This Act gave authority to confiscate the lands of those engaged in rebellion. There was power to proclaim districts under the Act, and it was also stated that—

"Compensation shall be granted to all persons who shall have any title, interest, or claim to any land taken under this Act: provided always that no compensation shall be granted to any of the persons following, that is to say—to any person (1) Who shall since the 1st January, 1863, have been engaged in levying or making war or carrying arms against Her Majesty the Queen, or Her Majesty's forces in New Zealand; or (2) Who shall have adhered to, aided, or assisted or comforted any such persons as aforesaid; or (3) Who shall have counselled, advised, induced, enticed, persuaded, or conspired with any other person to make or levy war against Her Majesty, or to carry arms against Her Majesty's forces in New Zealand, or to join with or assist any such persons as are before mentioned in sub-sections 1 and 2; or (4) Who in furtherance or in execution of the designs of any such persons as aforesaid shall have been, either as principal or accessory, concerned in any outrage against person or property; or (5) Who, on being required by the Governor by proclamation to that effect in the *Government Gazette* to deliver up the arms in their possession, shall refuse or neglect to comply with such demand after a certain day to be specified in such proclamation."

It will be seen from this provision * that a Maori not engaged in war was to lose nothing. Unfortunately, the Maori title is not individualized. The old tenure, once common in Europe, remains, and the land is not the individual's but the tribe's, or the hapu's.

* It is doubtful if the Legislature of New Zealand had power to pass such a statute—an Act which allows a ministry, on mere suspicion, and without trial, to confiscate Maori land! In an able article on New Zealand in the *Westminster Review* (April, 1864, No. L., new series, p. 470), the legality of this statute is doubted, and whether the proclamations made under it are legal is also arguable.

Digitized by Google

When this confiscation was made, the whole land was taken. Though it was stated those who had remained loyal during the war would not be injured, no step was taken to find out who really owned the land that was confiscated, nor who had been loyal. Some of the chiefs who claimed an interest in the land helped us during the war. Some even fought for us; and some, by their influence, prevented others from engaging in the strife. Amongst others who prevented strife, Erewera Te Whiti deserves to be honourably mentioned.* Nor were the natives prevented from occupying the land that had been confiscated. The proclamation to many of them was, perhaps, unknown; but, if known, was treated as a mere idle notice of the Pakehas. Some of this confiscated land was given back to the natives in 1868, and from that date down to 1876 negotiations for the purchase from the natives of the confiscated land had been conducted by the Government, and portions of this land bought. To the Maoris this seemed like abandonment of the Government's right to the land. The Government had permitted the natives to occupy it, and had bought some of it from the Maoris, and had given "takoha" (gifts)—earnest money—to bind the natives to sell to the Government. Indeed, documentary evidence in the Native Office, and referred to in the second report of the West Coast Commissioners (Sir W. Fox and Sir F. D. Bell), shows that this abandonment was done with full knowledge (see minute, 25th December, 1871, in Native Office Paper 71 (1791). But as the power of the Maoris declined, the settlers were clamorous for these fertile plains. What was to be done? The Ministry of the day—the Atkinson Ministry—in 1877 determined to survey part of the land—part of the Waimate Plains. It seems to have been understood by the Government Agent (Major Brown), and by one of the leading chiefs who had fought against us (Titokowaru), that the survey should go on, and that the Maoris should get reserves, and more "takoha," or money payments.

In December, 1877, in consequence of information received by the Native Minister, Mr. Sheehan (the Atkinson Ministry having been defeated, and having resigned on 13th October, 1877), the survey was stopped. It is clear that up to December, 1877, neither sufficient reserves nor payments had been made to the natives. The survey was not recommenced till the beginning of 1879. Notice of sale of part of land was given, and the Maoris, then being afraid that the land would be sold and no reserves made for them, began to assert

* Appendix to Journals, House of Representatives, 1869.

Digitized by Google

their right to the lands. This they did by ploughing the land. Some of the land they ploughed had not been confiscated, and some of it had been bought by the Government after confiscation. To understand, however, what this ploughing meant, I must notice the director of the Maori movements, Erewera (or Edward) Te Whiti. It is as impossible for me in this paper to trace the history of the Te Whiti movement as it has been to even summarize the story of the confiscated land. I must refer to the reports of the West Coast Commissioners, Sir William Fox and Sir F. Dillon Bell, and the papers on native affairs published in the appendices to the journals of the House of Representatives in New Zealand. Te Whiti is a Maori chief of not very high rank. In the days of the Waikato war, he, like others of the younger chiefs, favoured the King movement, and in one of the Native Affairs papers there is a warlike manifesto bearing his signature.* However, in the later wars he counselled peace, and the Native Commissioner, Mr. Parris, records that his influence was always used to avoid strife. He had seen what the result of the Waikato war had been: his race had been defeated, their lands had been taken, and whole hapus had been left desolate. He also beheld that, just as the new settlements came near the dwelling-places of the Maoris, his race died away. Drink, debauchery, and inability to adapt themselves to the European mode of life destroyed the Maoris. What could a lover of his race do? The only safety of the Maoris lay in isolation, and Te Whiti by every means in his power urged the Maoris to withdraw from their settlements and reside with him at Parihaka. He preached temperance, he preached peace. The shedding of blood was abhorrent to him. His only literature was the Bible, and out of it he framed his faith. He said he was a messenger of God, a prophet; nay, even that he was Jehovah, and that he would lead his people safely through all their troubles. They were to follow the old ways of their ancestors, to keep their lands, and to avoid contact with colonists. At first there were meetings held twice a year, and at these Te Whiti "prophesied." Maoris from all districts went to his village (Parihaka), neglecting their own cultivations to listen to their new deliverer. He was the Maori Joshua, and to him the Maoris looked for spiritual guidance.

I was much struck, when visiting the settlements along the Wanganui River in 1880, to find that even the best or educated Maoris treated Te Whiti with the greatest respect. One, educated

* Appendix, Journals of House of Representatives, 1863.

Digitized by Google

at one of the New Zealand colleges, said, "Well, whatever may be said of Te Whiti, he alone can explain Revelations." When, then, the surveyors began to survey the plains, the Maoris looked to Te Whiti for advice, and he advised them to stop the survey and to assert their title to the land by ploughing it. In doing this it will be admitted that Te Whiti had no desire for war. Mr. Parris, the Native Commissioner, and whose knowledge of native affairs is perhaps second to none in the colony, has thus spoken of Te Whiti :—

"Te Whiti was in fact the representative, in this part of New Zealand, of the love of the Maori people for their ancient customs and ways of living, and of their dread of being hustled off the scene by swarms of strangers, and by the introduction of new conditions of life, under which they instinctively felt themselves unable to compete on equal terms with the eager and vigorous new-comers in the struggle for existence. Regarding Te Whiti's position and career from this point of view, all feeling of irritation against the man for his steady opposition to the progress of colonization must disappear; and we can properly estimate the firmness, combined with the total absence of any recourse to violent measures, with which he maintained the unequal contest for so many years, and can sympathize with his hopes and understand his prophecies, however quaint their form, that in some mysterious way a higher power would interfere to protect the rights of the weaker race.

"Notwithstanding his rooted preference for the old Maori ways of life, and his dread of their disturbance by the intrusion of European settlers, Te Whiti has shown no feeling of dislike or bitterness towards our race. On the contrary, whether at the summit of his prosperity, and when he might naturally consider himself to be master of the situation, or when his endurance was tried to the uttermost by the near approach of our forces to Parihaka, everyone was freely admitted to his settlement, and treated there with the utmost courtesy.

"As regards the practical result of Te Whiti's leadership of the Maoris on the West Coast, it is perhaps hardly too much to say that if he has shaped his course with the special intention of enabling the Government to tide over without bloodshed a period during which there was a constant risk of collision between the two races, but during which the Government (from want of funds or other causes) was not in a position to compel submission without involving the country in a ruinous war—he could not have been more successful in accomplishing this difficult task. It would, of course, be absurd to impute to Te Whiti a desire to prepare the way for the final bloodless victory of the forces at Parihaka; but it should, I think, always be remembered in his favour that it is mainly in consequence of his strong personal dislike to bloodshed and violence, that this happy result has been obtainable."

What was the Government to do? The survey was interrupted, and land was being ploughed that had been occupied by Europeans for years. The settlers were greatly alarmed. They demanded arms and the instant interference of the Government. The Ministry were really unprepared for a Maori war, for the armed constabulary, that had taken the place of the troops ever since the self-reliance policy, had been reduced. Being in the Ministry at the time, I know the

Digitized by Google

feeling of responsibility that weighed on every member of the executive. I was in the South Island when affairs first became serious, and was hastily summoned to Wellington, and cannot yet forget the anxiety felt, in case by some overt act of the settlers a war might be provoked. Some of our political opponents, also, seemed anxious to make political capital out of the interruption of the survey.* In great calmness, the Ministry determined to try to soothe the settlers, whilst at the same time Sir George Whitmore, the able leader of the colonial forces in the war of 1868, set about making every preparation for a possible conflict. The Maoris were to be treated just as European disturbers of the peace were treated. Had this course been followed, not only would the trouble have ended, but we colonists would not have to deplore some of the Acts in our Statute-book, and the "bloodless victory," as it has been termed, of Parihaka. The instructions given by the Premier, Sir George Grey, to his officers can be gathered from two telegrams which I quote:—

"The owners of the lands are quite justified in putting the natives off with the assistance of their friends, but arrests under warrants should be made by the police or armed constabulary." †

And again:—

"If natives should frequently return to plough, and a disturbance of the public peace be likely to take place, it would be your duty to have such natives arrested, and a charge of disturbance brought against them at once." ‡

The course of the Government was clear. First, everything should be done to soothe the settlers; § second, every preparation should be made to uphold the law; and, third, the Government was to appeal to the ordinary tribunals of the country to put down disturbers of the peace. The ploughmen were arrested—some two hundred of them—and were committed for trial. The Parliament met in July, and the ploughing seemed to have ceased. There was, however, great unrest amongst the settlers; and can that be wondered at? Many of them had lost their all in previous outbreaks. Sons and husbands had been slain; and what a war meant,

* Sir William Fox and Major Atkinson addressed various public meetings, demanding that the settlers be armed, and the latter stated that if a war arose a clean sweep was to be made of the Maoris.

† Sir G. Grey to Major Brown. 23rd June, 1879.

‡ Sir G. Grey to Major Tuke. 25th June, 1879.

§ The need of soothing can be seen when it is remembered that influential settlers threatened to shoot down all Maori trespassers.

Digitized by Google

the settlers, alas! from bitter experience, well knew. Those in the district demanded special legislation,* and the Native Minister yielded to the suggestion, and agreed to introduce a Bill to extend the time of the trial of the Maori prisoners. This was, I believe, the first wrong step in dealing with the Maoris. It was exceptional and unnecessary legislation. The Act was passed in one sitting, almost without protest, and it gave power to the Governor to fix the date and place of trial of the prisoners then in gaol awaiting trial. It was the suspension of the right of citizens to a fair and immediate trial. Nor was such a power required. If the Maoris had been guilty of a breach of the peace—and it is clear they had—or of the offence of "forcible possession," they could have been tried and punished. Why then ask for leave to postpone their trial, and thus educate the Maoris into the belief that the law was powerless to reach them? The Parliament was dissolved in August, and the Act was only to remain in force until thirty days after the commencement of the next session of Parliament. The Grey Ministry was defeated on the meeting of the new Parliament,† and the Hall Ministry on the 8th October assumed office. One might have thought that then the Maori prisoners would be brought to trial, and that no new postponing Bill would be sanctioned. On the 28th November, 1879, a Bill bearing the title of "The Confiscated Lands Inquiry and Maori Prisoners Bill" was introduced, and this Bill became law on the 19th December of the same year. It gave power to the Governor to appoint a commission to investigate the claims of Maoris to the West Coast lands, and also to again postpone the trial of the prisoners to a date not subsequent to the expiration of the Act. The Act was to expire sixty days after the beginning of the next session. This gave, at all events, a nine months' extension of the term of imprisonment; and as in the former Act, so in this—all Maoris arrested for "fencing" or "ploughing" could have their date and place of trial fixed. There was some discussion on the second reading of the Bill, and several members strongly opposed it. The cry of the "peace of the country" being involved carried the measure. The Parliament met on the 28th May, 1880, and in the meantime the Commissioners prepared a report, pointing out that one cause of the trouble had been the numerous unfulfilled promises to the Maoris of various Ministries. Indeed, this had been recognized by Mr. Sheehan, and

* See N.Z. *Hansard*, vol. xxxi., pp. 528, 529.

† I had resigned on 23rd June, 1879, and Mr. Ballance six days later.

Digitized by Google

reiterated by members politically opposed to him. Notwithstanding this, another Maori Prisoners Act was introduced, and the reason given for its passing may be gathered from the preamble:—

"Whereas 'The Confiscated Lands Inquiry and Maori Prisoners' Trials Acts, 1879,' recites that under the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly, heretofore in force, called 'The New Zealand Settlements Act, 1863,' and of the Acts amending the same, certain lands belonging to aboriginal natives on the West Coast of the North Island had been taken, and that some of such lands had been sold and disposed of, and other part thereof remained in the possession of the Crown, and that it had been alleged by or on behalf of the said natives that promises had been made by or on behalf of the Government of the colony in relation to the land so taken, and that such promises had not been fulfilled; and further that the said natives had been for some time past and then were in a state of discontent, and disturbances of the public peace and other offences had lately been committed by certain of such natives; and that it was alleged that such discontent might be removed by inquiry being made into the said alleged promises and grievances, and that it was expedient that a commission should be appointed for such purposes: And by the said Act it was further recited that a large number of aboriginal natives had been duly committed for trial at the Supreme Court at Wellington and elsewhere in respect of the said offences, and were then confined in prison; and that it was indispensable for the peace and safety of the colony that the ordinary course of law should be suspended, and the trials of the said natives should take place under special legislation:

"And whereas in pursuance of the said preamble it was enacted that the Governor in Council might by commission under the seal of the colony appoint commissioners for the purpose of inquiring into all promises and engagements that had been made or were alleged to have been made by or on behalf of the Government of the colony to or with any person in respect of the matters thereinbefore stated, or any of them, in so far as affected any lands or territory situated between the White Cliffs and the River Waitotara, on the West Coast of the North Island: . . .

"And whereas the said natives are now confined in Her Majesty's gaols at Dunedin and Hokitika, and their trial is now fixed for the 26th day of July instant, and the said Act expires on or about the 28th day of the same month:

"And whereas it is not deemed necessary to try the said natives with a view to the infliction of punishment:

"And whereas there are other aboriginal natives now confined in Her Majesty's said gaols who have been convicted of certain offences and committed to prison, and are now detained for default of entering into sureties to keep the peace:

"And whereas it would endanger the peace of the colony if the said natives were released from confinement and permitted to return to the West Coast district, pending measures which it may be desirable to adopt in pursuance of the recommendation of the said commissioners, and for the purpose of allaying any discontent that still exists in the said district."

The Maoris were not to be tried; but, after being in gaol for many months, they were to be released without trial on conditions.

Digitized by Google

In fact, the Governor was to grant to men never found guilty of any crime discharge from gaol "on conditions," the violation of which was to be deemed an offence. This Act became law on the 23rd July, 1880. But still Te Whiti kept on his protesting against the occupation of the land he deemed to belong to himself and his people. Four or five men were almost daily sent to erect fences across the road that the armed constabulary were making through the land. These were arrested; and so the protest went on, and the arrests were daily made. In August another Bill was passed. It was called "The Maori Prisoners Detention Act, 1880." This was, to authorize the detention of prisoners, arrested after the 19th July until the 30th October. And yet another Bill was introduced, "The West Coast Settlement (North Island) Act." Some of the provisions of this statute were remedial. Reserves were to be made by the Governor for the natives. It, however, contained several clauses creating new offences.

1. Any person who wilfully and unlawfully obstructed any person authorized by the Governor to do any act in pursuance of the Act, or for carrying out its provisions.
2. Any person who cut down or removed a building, bridge, fence, survey peg, station, or other erection whereby the public peace might be endangered.
3. Any person who dug, ploughed, or disturbed the surface of any land whereby the public peace was endangered.
4. Any person who erected a fence or building, or did any act whereby the lawful occupation of the land might be impeded.
5. Any person who broke up, dug, or injured the surface of any road which the Governor by *Gazette* declared to be a highway, or placed obstructions thereon.
6. Any persons assembling together, armed or unarmed, with or without tools or implements, for any of the purposes or objects aforesaid, or for any aiding or countenancing the commission of any such acts or offences, or, *being present, may reasonably be suspected to be present for all or any of such purposes or objects*, might be arrested without warrant, brought before a Justice of the Peace, and committed for trial.

It was provided that these offences were to apply to the Confiscated Territory, which was described as "All that part of the Colony

Digitized by Google

of New Zealand comprised within the following boundaries, that is to say:—Commencing at the White Cliffs, and thence by a line running due east 20 miles; thence by a line running in a south-westerly direction to the Ngaire Swamp; thence by a line known as the 'Confiscated Line' to the point where it strikes the Waitotara River, and by that river to the sea."

This description included as "Confiscated Territory" land sold to Europeans, even the town of New Plymouth, and native land never confiscated and never authorized to be confiscated. The Act was assented to by the Governor on the 1st September. On the 4th September sixty-five Maoris were arrested by the armed constabulary for placing pieces of sticks and branches on a road that had been formed by the constabulary. This road had been formed through the Maoris' cultivations. It was 18 feet wide, and drained by ditches and cleared—a bush track. At 9.30 a.m. the natives were arrested, and marched to New Plymouth; and on the 23rd September they were indicted before the District or County Court. It was not shown that the natives knew of the passing of the Act, and as to the gazetting of the road, that was not only not known, but a copy of the *Gazette* had not even reached New Plymouth. Though the prisoners neither knew of the passing of the Act, nor of the proclamation of the road, the judge told the jury they would have little difficulty in finding the prisoners guilty! The jury at first disagreed, but after the judge saying, "I would impress upon you the serious miscarriage of justice that will arise through the jury not agreeing upon a verdict, and the delay that *will ensue in dealing with the prisoners;*" and, after a threat that they would be locked up all night, the jury found the prisoners guilty, and then came the sentence. For re-erecting the old fence to protect their cultivations across a road that the Government had made through their land without compensation or permission, the Maoris were sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour! This was the longest term of imprisonment that could be given. The Act, however, gave a further enormous power to the Court—namely, to require the prisoners to be bound over to keep the peace for such further time as the Court shall think fit. The District Judge interpreted this provision as one enabling him to require the Maoris to find sureties, and not themselves only to be bound; and the other part of his sentence was—"Each of you will be required to find one surety in the sum of £50 to keep the peace for six calendar months." I forbear comment on such a trial and such a sentence. It is only just to

Digitized by Google

add that district judges have no tenure of office. They may be dismissed without notice and without fault by the Minister of Justice.

Such, very briefly, was how the natives had been treated when Governor Gordon arrived in New Zealand. He landed on the 29th November, 1880. The Parliament had been prorogued before his arrival. The treatment of the Maoris had called forth in England a protest from Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., and this was forwarded to New Zealand, and the Governor was asked to furnish a special report. Te Whiti was, it is said, sullen, and many of his people were in gaol. The armed constabulary were in possession of the plains, and road-making and surveying were going on. The Governor at once turned his attention to native affairs, and, as he had been successful in settling many Fijian troubles, he thought he might succeed with Te Whiti. He obtained a statement from the Hon. Mr. Bryce, the Native Minister, of the "causes that justify the detention of the West Coast Maori prisoners," and, acting under the advice of the Ministers, he addressed a letter to Te Whiti. Captain Knollys, his aide-de-camp, was sent to Parihaka, Te Whiti's village, as the bearer of the Governor's message. Te Whiti, however, said that "he was a cooked potato." What could he do after the treatment of his people? In this Te Whiti perhaps acted foolishly. The Ministry was anxious to treat him and his people liberally, so far as ample reserves were concerned; and had he expressed any desire to meet them and discuss his grievances, I believe every effort would have been made to yield to his wishes. This, however, he knew—the plains were to be settled by Europeans. The Maoris were to obtain lands, but they were no longer to be isolated from the colonists. Perhaps he knew that this meant the loss of his spiritual authority over his race. Looking at what had taken place where the Maori isolation had been broken down, a Maori patriot—one that desired that his race should live in their own land—would have acted as Te Whiti did. The Maori race ceases to exist alongside of Europeans. It does not seem to matter how they are treated, they die. Te Whiti having rejected all offers of settlement, preferring to live quietly amongst his people, and protesting against the occupation of the confiscated lands by sending men and children to put up sticks across the Government formed road, Mr. Bryce demanded that Te Whiti and Tohu be seized. In his memorandum, to which reference has been made, Mr. Bryce concluded thus:—

Digitized by Google

"The question now is how to remove the fear of Te Whiti and Tohu, which rests like a blight on the minds of the natives. When that is done the prisoners may be safely returned, and the West Coast difficulty may be regarded as settled."

The Ministry did not desire active operations against Te Whiti. Indeed, Mr. Rolleston, who had a considerable knowledge of native affairs, had pointed out in the House that the Maoris had not been properly treated; and Mr. Hall, the Premier, was opposed to a possible native war. Mr. Bryce resigned on the 21st January, 1881. After this there was hardly any change at Parihaka. Te Whiti lived there with his people. The constabulary made roads, and the surveyors went on making surveys. The West Coast Commissioner (Sir William Fox) was busy settling reserves and native rights, and settlement was slowly progressing. Some natives were still in gaol, and some had been released.* The monthly meetings were held at Parihaka, and many natives still looked to Te Whiti for advice and direction. The Government proceeded to sell more land, and some of the land sold should, in the opinion of the Governor, have been reserved. Parliament met on the 9th June, and was prorogued on the 24th September, and though, during the last week or two of the session, there were exciting telegrams in the papers as to Te Whiti's monthly speech, there was no idea that war was near. The Governor left the colony on the 9th September, hoping and believing that everything would be quietly arranged. On the 24th September a credit of £100,000 had been passed by the House to enable the Ministry to be prepared for any contingency, and many said that the policy Mr. Bryce had during the previous year advocated would be resorted to. The general election was also at hand—must, in fact, take place in two or three months; and what more desirable than a vigorous native policy?

In the absence of Sir A. Gordon, the Chief Justice was administrator, or Acting-Governor. On the 18th or 19th October, in a casual way, the secretary of Sir A. Gordon stated to the Premier that the Governor might return at any moment.† There was then haste in the Government offices. Mr. Bryce joined the Ministry as Native and Defence Minister on the 19th October. On the same day a proclamation was issued by the Administrator (the Chief Justice). The recommendation to issue it is also dated the 19th

* On the 23rd May, 1881, 156 natives were in custody, 161 having been released in the month of April.

† He had sent to Fiji the news of a possible native war.

Digitized by Google

October. Altogether the 19th October was an eventful day, and the events were numerous and rapid. The proclamation rehearsed what had been done to bring about an understanding between Te Whiti and the Government; how the Commissioners, the Native Minister, and the Governor had all been unable to bring about a reconciliation. It then said that Te Whiti and his people must accept 25,000 acres in the Parihaka Block, on the mountain side of the road, and some reserves on the seaside, as sufficient land for them, or, if not, they would get nothing. If the offer is disregarded, to quote the words of the proclamation—

"The claims of such natives under previous promises will then have passed away, and none of them will be allowed to occupy land in defiance of the law."

To quote further—

"Te Whiti and his people are now called upon to accept the proposals made to them, which would give large and ample reserves to the people. If they do not do this, they alone will be responsible for the passing away from them for ever of the lands which are still proffered by the Government, and for the great evil which must fall on them."

This was a proclamation of war. Some affirm that it was, in view of the early arrival of Sir Arthur Gordon, from Fiji, pushed on with alacrity; but this has been denied by one Minister. The proclamation was issued late on the 19th October, and the same evening the Governor arrived. He was actually within the "three miles limit" of New Zealand when it was issued; but, exercising a wise discretion, he declined to interfere, and readily issued, on the advice of his Ministers, a proclamation, on the 27th October, calling out several volunteer companies for actual service.

What happened at Parihaka; how, to emulate the horseman mentioned in Revelation, the Hon. Mr. Bryce, seated on a white charger, entered Parihaka; how the Maoris were taken prisoners, their food and houses destroyed—space forbids me relating. These are recorded in the Imperial Blue Book, C. 3,382 of 1882, presented to the Imperial Parliament in August, 1882, and I do not know any more interesting reading than the account of the Parihaka raid.

I wish only to point out how Te Whiti and Tohu were treated, and what was said of Governor Gordon's action. When the volunteers surrounded Parihaka they met with no resistance. Men, women, and children were seated in the village unarmed and quiet. Some Maoris were arrested, and they showed no resistance. How

* Rev. xix. 11.

Digitized by Google

Te Whiti treated the invaders of his village can be gathered from the following account of his arrest:—

"A few moments after Colonel Roberts said, 'call Te Whiti,' Mr. Hursthouse (another reporter) did so. Te Whiti replied that he would not come to him. Mr. Rolleston replied that he would not go to Te Whiti, but that Te Whiti must come to him, where he was standing by the burial-place. Te Whiti replied that he would remain with his people; he had nothing to do with the fight of that day—it was not his fight, but that of the Pakehas. Te Whiti then intimated that he was prepared to see Mr. Bryce if he had anything to say to him. For his part he had nothing but good words to say to Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce replied in a tone that those who heard considered harsh, that he would not come to him, unless he made a path among his people through which he (Mr. Bryce) could ride. The natives, it must be remembered, were so compactly packed that to do this was an impossibility. Te Whiti replied calmly that the horse's feet might hurt some of the children. Mr. Hursthouse, interpreting for Mr. Bryce, said the horse was a quiet one. Te Whiti replied that if Mr. Bryce wanted to speak to him he must come on foot. Mr. Bryce said the day for talking was past. Te Whiti immediately retorted, 'When did you find that out?' Mr. Bryce: 'This morning.' Almost immediately afterwards Mr. Bryce ordered Colonel Roberts to carry out his instructions. The latter, addressing Major Teeke, repeated the command, adding, 'Do not touch any of the women or children.' Major Teeke ordered Captain Newell to have Te Whiti arrested, and two of the arresting constables instantly made their way through the crowd to where Te Whiti sat. Instead of resistance being offered, way was made for them, and Te Whiti quietly awaited their approach. The moment they laid their hands on him he rose, and Colonel Roberts, evidently thinking the constables must use unnecessary violence, called out, 'Let him walk if he will.' He came away in a very dignified manner, his wife following closely."

Te Whiti and Tohu were arrested, and they had to be brought before a magistrate. The charge was laid by Mr. Hursthouse, a Government officer, and was that of sedition. Two lawyers appeared on behalf of the Crown, and there was a full bench of justices. How fairly the preliminary inquiry was conducted can be gleaned from a part of the examination in chief of the informant (Mr. Hursthouse) by one of the Government counsel.

Mr. SAMUEL (to witness): You are the informer in this case, and there are other expressions mentioned in the information. Can you swear to them?

Mr. HURSTHOUSE: There are expressions in the information I cannot swear that I heard myself. I got them from other gentlemen who were present.

Mr. SAMUEL: You can give us what you remember of the speech, and also the meaning?

Mr. HURSTHOUSE: It would be difficult for me to give the meaning of the sentences; I prefer not to do so. I heard him also say, 'I let my tribe go to contend for the land the white man has taken.'

Mr. SAMUEL: Did he not also say, 'I say to let all the white man come and swallow us up.'

Mr. HURSTHOUSE: I cannot remember him saying that. I remember him saying, 'Do not be afraid of the big one, although they all hunger for us.'

Digitized by Google

Mr. SAMUEL: To whom did he refer when he said big one?

Mr. HURSTHOUSE: I do not know. He might have meant God Almighty for what I know.

Mr. SAMUEL: Mr. Hursthouse, you must use the inference of a reasonable man. Was it not the Government he meant?

Mr. HURSTHOUSE: It might have been.

Te Whiti made a statement as follows:—

"It is very little I have to say about the land; it was finished some time ago with the King and the Governor. It was said the whole of the land belonged to the Government. We (the natives) have been staying on the land of the Government; we have been staying on the land ever since the war was over; we have been cultivating the land; we have not put food in to cause a quarrel; we have put food in for subsistence up to the present time. It is not my wish that evil should come to either of the tribes, or the two races; my wish is for the whole of us to live happy on the land. I have never wished to do evil or kill anyone up to the present time; my wish is for the whole of us to live happy on the land—that is my wish. This is the way I addressed the Maori people."

And knowing what Te Whiti had done; how, in the trying times of 1868-69, he kept his people from fighting;* how, when the volunteers came, he kept the young and fiery spirits of the tribes from bloodshed, can it be said his statement was not true? Nay, to show his friendliness to the Pakehas, he had even offered the armed constabulary food, and he sent a present to Colonel Roberts of a bullock when the volunteers arrived. He was committed for trial at New Plymouth on the 15th November. There are only two sittings of the Supreme Court in New Plymouth in the year—one in the last week of October or first week of November, and the other in the last week of April or first week of May. The November sitting was over, and the May sitting was far off. Te Whiti and Tohu remained in gaol. The general election came off, and with this bloodless victory the main body of the colonists was pleased, and no doubt the Ministry was helped. It has been said that the sitting of the Court in New Plymouth takes place twice a year. Te Whiti's trial would come off in May, and the Parliament did not meet till the end of May. There was no evidence of sedition; and even in New Plymouth, where the action of the Ministry was popular, it was not safe to

* See Mr. Parris's letter of 29th June, 1868, in which it is stated—"The young chief Te Whiti addressed the meeting, and said that there had been an understanding that hostilities should cease, that there should be no more killing of Europeans or natives, and that Titokowaru and his people were parties to the agreement; and Te Whiti warned his people against a repetition of the offence, and told them that anyone in future so offending should be given up."

Digitized by Google

risk the trial of Te Whiti; he might be acquitted. A trick was resorted to. On the statement that it would be fairer to Te Whiti and Tohu to be tried in some district not affected by native disturbances, the Attorney-General applied for a change of venue to Christchurch. This change of venue was not applied for until the April sittings of the Supreme Court at Christchurch had concluded, and the next sittings at Christchurch did not take place till July. In the meantime Parliament would meet, and of course an act could be passed detaining Te Whiti and Tohu in gaol without trial. Before the Parliament met, the Ministry informed the Governor* that they did not intend to bring Te Whiti to trial. They relied on the new Parliament doing what previous Parliaments had done—giving them power to imprison, without trial, Maoris against whom no crime could be proved. In the case of Titokowaru and Rangi, two arrested at the same time, even evidence of an offence against the stringent provisions of the West Coast Settlement (North Island) Act of 1881 could not be obtained, and at the last moment the Attorney-General had to enter a *nolle prosequi*, on which Mr. Justice Gillies remarked:—

"The Government have determined not to bring you to be tried on the charge. You have already been in prison six months waiting for trial, nor does the Government offer any evidence. You are therefore free to go where you will."

The Parliament met on the 18th May, and a few days later a bill was introduced to punish Te Whiti and Tohu without trial. They were not even allowed to be heard at the bar of the House against the passing of the bill. The Act provided that Te Whiti and Tohu should be kept in custody without trial. It also gave the Governor power to keep Te Whiti and Tohu in custody when he pleased, to release them conditionally or unconditionally, and after release to re-arrest them. But no judicial tribunal was allowed to give them freedom.

And as the Ministry felt that the Parihaka raid was illegal, an indemnity bill was passed enacting that the Governor might declare that a person had acted in preserving the peace, or in resisting, apprehending, or imprisoning, &c., persons suspected of damaging property, committing offences under the West Coast Settlement Act of 1880, assembling or holding meetings at Parihaka, destroying or damaging property, &c., and such declaration freed and acquitted such person from all civil and criminal proceedings.

* See despatch of 20th May, 1882.

Digitized by Google

Such is a very brief and inadequate sketch of native affairs in New Zealand on the West Coast. What, it may be asked, did Governor Gordon do? All that he did was to state, in clear and precise language, the facts of the management of native affairs. None of his material statements have been proved erroneous. In one or two slight details he was wrong, but these he at once corrected; and he was careful, more than once, to point out that the vast majority of the colonists were in favour of the native policy of the Ministry.* In his dispatch of 22nd October he says, "the Cabinet will be supported in its vigorous action by nine-tenths of the population of the colony." Why, then, should he be unpopular? The historian has often a difficult task. He has to record facts that may not be palatable to the actors. Sir Arthur Gordon, whilst loyally obeying his Ministers in every way, pointed out to them two or three things they did not care to have brought to their notice. He was amazed that a Parliament should not be called together after a general election. In a memorandum addressed to his Ministers he pointed out the constitutional usage, stating that if the Parliament was not assembled it could hardly be said to be following the English precedents. He was wasting his strength for nought in pointing out constitutional usage to a colony where political life is stagnant; and his reports on native affairs, though useful to the historian and valuable to the future New Zealander, were not estimated highly by men whose unconstitutional actions were criticised. Perhaps he erred in not estimating Mr. Bryce's position. Mr. Bryce is an able man, of great personal courage, and honesty of purpose. He has, however, a bias—perhaps an unconscious bias—against the Maoris. He has fought against them. He has seen the homes of settlers ruined, and many of his fellow-colonists and their children slaughtered by the aboriginals. Can it be wondered that, in his desire to see peace everywhere, and the supremacy of the English race established, he should pay little regard to Maori ideas or sentiments? Let the Maoris at once yield, and he will, I believe, treat them mercifully.† Mr. Bryce's attitude, I think, Governor Gordon did not sufficiently understand. Perhaps he looked upon the whole conduct of natives as a struggle between the Maori and the Pakeha

* See despatches 26th February, 1881, 22nd October, 1881, 3rd December, 1881, 28th December, 1881. It may be added, however, that though the press generally supported the Ministry in its actions, the leading newspaper of New Zealand, *The Lyttleton Times*, denounced the injustice with which the Maoris were treated.

† He has shaken hands with the blood-stained murderer, Te Kooti, and had him pardoned by Sir William Jervois.

Digitized by Google

for "the land." And considering how the Maoris were treated, how their land was confiscated, and special legislation passed to punish them, is it wonderful that a philanthropist should not plainly indicate the oppression the weaker race was being subjected to? As for the ability of Sir Arthur Gordon, none have questioned it. New Zealand can boast of a roll of as able Governors as any colony. Our record contains the names of Grey, Browne, Bowen, Fergusson, Normanby, and Robinson. Governor Gordon has shown, by his action, and by his able despatches, that he stood as high as any of them in intellectual ability and moral worth. He came to the colony to act on the advice of his Ministers, and loyally he did so. If Sir George Grey had been Governor it is questionable if he would have been as submissive as Sir Arthur Gordon was. But if it is constitutional for a Governor to accept the advice of his Ministry, so long as the Ministry possess the confidence of Parliament, and the Parliament is truly representative of the people, then the Governor acted constitutionally. The fact that, as Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon was helpless to protect the aboriginals against oppression, and had to sanction legislation and administration, which his soul abhorred, showed, perhaps, the strength, as well as the weakness, of our system of Government. A strong Governor—one who had to rely upon the voice of the people, and not upon the Colonial Office—might have had the courage of his opinions. So long, however, as we have what is termed Parliamentary Government, and so long as the Colonial Office's ideal of a Governor is "peace in our time," no Governor will, perhaps, be found to act differently from the way Sir Arthur Gordon acted. And now let it be said that hereafter, if not now, the reader of the story of the treatment of the Maoris in 1880–82 will say that throughout the whole time Sir A. Gordon's hands were unstained with any wrong deed. He counselled and he protested. Neither his advice nor his dissent was heeded, and on his advisers will rest the responsibility for the events, a brief sketch of which I have given.

And what shall be said of the attitude of the Maoris? If the confiscation was illegal, could not the question have been tested in the courts? This is the argument that those who approved of the native policy of the Ministry used. It seems peculiar that if the courts were open to Te Whiti and his people for redress, that they should not have been used by the Ministry. If Te Whiti had broken the law, why was not the aid of the judicial tribunals evoked? Why did the Ministry trust to special statutes, and refuse

Digitized by Google

to allow Te Whiti to be tried? The fact is, however, that hitherto the Maoris have appealed to the courts for protection in vain. First, all questions of fact in all suits in the Supreme Court must be determined by a jury, generally a special jury is asked, and this means, in some of the smaller towns in the North Island, a small list of men to choose from, and a list comprehending many who have had dealings in land with the Maoris. There is the bias of race. And his Honour Mr. Justice Richmond, in a recent case, said:—

"He felt very scant justice was done to the Maoris by European juries. No doubt, pettifogging attempts to upset former dealings in land was partly the cause of this, but he thought a jury oblivious of their oath and of their duty to systematically disregard Maori evidence."

But that is not the only difficulty a Maori has to contend with. He cannot sue in the Supreme Court unless his title to the land has been determined by a Native Land Court—that is, a tribunal of English judges, who, with the aid of Maori assessors, settle the title according to Maori custom. This means practically breaking up the tribal and communal customs of the Maori, and to many of them this is objectionable. It enables a disposition of the land to be made, and often without the consent of the tribe and hapu, and no one who wishes to maintain "the good old times" will consent to this. Case after case has been brought into court, and though trespass on Maori land has been proved, the Maoris have never recovered anything. Let us suppose that ten Maoris sued. First, they could only sue if the Native Land Court had given them a title. Perhaps one of them died. If that happened, the action was stayed until the Native Land Court investigated the succession, and the Native Land Court might not sit in that district for months or years. Looking over the list of cases in which the Maoris have been plaintiffs, it will be seen that whatever merits they may have had, they have hardly ever been successful. So disgraceful had this state of things become in 1878, that the Grey Ministry proposed to create a court to settle the differences that had arisen between the Maoris and the colonists on the East Coast. The Maoris alleged that their lands had been obtained from them, some by minors signing deeds, and others by deeds signed under duress and after the Maoris had been made drunk. Though there were numerous suits brought to test the transactions, I am not aware of even one settled on the merits. And the attempt of the Grey Ministry to appoint a special tribunal of three eminent men —Mr. Justice Higginbotham was proposed as president—was

Digitized by Google

unsuccessful. Those who had bought land from the Maoris did not desire any special tribunal. They had possession of the land, and every year made their title more secure; for the evidence that might have shown they had no good title was yearly lessening. Strange that those who opposed the appointment of a special tribunal to settle native affairs on the East Coast should have had to appoint a commissioner to settle the West Coast claims. This Sir W. Fox is now attempting to do, and he was one of those who, in 1878, denounced the creation of any new tribunal to settle Maori grievances.

If, then, Te Whiti were told to go to the courts, he could have replied, "As yet your Pakeha courts have not done justice to the Maoris; when this is done I can appeal to them." But Te Whiti had other views. He was one who wished to preserve the good old Maori times; he wished to preserve his race, and only by isolation did he think this probable. His only book, again let it be said, was the Bible; and, after reading what Jehovah had done for the Hebrew nation, he believed that God would succour the Maoris. He lived under the shadow of Mount Egmont, and it is a fact that this district has been prolific of prophets.* Perhaps the grand and sombre scenery of the mountain and bush had its mental effect. He was for ever praying, and he strove to lead the Maoris to live a good life; and he even preached peace, telling his people that some supernatural agency would come to their assistance. It is not at present my intention to write Te Whiti's life; but I fancy if any Maoris are alive in the twenty-first century, then, just as the youth of Scotland are stirred by the deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and those of Switzerland by the deeds of Tell, so will the young Maori of the future have as a patriot-martyr Eruera Te Whiti.

ROBERT STOUT.

Dunedin, 1st March, 1883.

* Te Ua and others.

Digitized by Google

A ROSEBUD FROM THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ.

(Continued from page 16.)

NIGHT THE FIRST.

THE DREAM.

THE night wears on—my lamp is trimmed,
The last log blazes on the hearth,
The pane with trickling moisture's dimmed,
And fog and darkness wrap the earth.

The train flies whistling madly past,
With hollow roll of thundrous wheels
Across yon bridge with roaring blast,
And jolting line of cars, that reels.

The sound of traffic in the street
Grows faint and fainter, but I hear
The panting newsboy's hurrying feet,
His cry upon the midnight air.

And here, upon my couch, I lie
Beside the fire whose failing light
Blinks on my books, and fitfully
Illumes the caverns of the night.

Through all the shuddering shades that dance
To eavesdrop drum-tap through the night,
I'm borne by some Heav'n-ordered chance
To Orient climes, where all is bright.

Where palms with trembling crowns in air,
Uprising tow'r against the sky
So calm, so cloudless, and so rare,
Surcharged with Eastern mystery.

Digitized by Google

O'er mango-topes, thro' citron groves,
Past rose-parterres and pepul shades,
And jungle rank where sullen roves,
The tiger crashing through its blades.

I mark the river's vein of blue
Meandering thro' the dusky plain;
The tide of life one traces through
The land, from mount to farthest main.

The gleaming sail, the terraced ghât,
The snowy tombs among the trees,
The wallëd fort whose tow'rs are fraught
With Saracenic memories.

The narrow street, the gay bazaar,
The turban'd crowd that comes and goes;
The marble mosque, the tall minar,
The Eden fair, where blooms the Rose.

I dream—the sum of life is dreams—
But how one dreams I never know,
Unless in sleep—my musing seems
To crystallize in flowers, like snow.

And what was once a shadow vague,
A vapour of the waking brain;
No more a paradox or plague,
Is fixed, and all is real again.

Or can it be that all around,
Each shape and figure that we see,
Exhales a something never found,
Till sleep unseals the mystery?

A spirit haunting every form,
Enclosed like geni in its jar;
Which only walks when visions warm
The sense with fancies from afar.

Digitized by Google

Like greenwood dryad, that of old
Became the soul of speaking tree;
Or Memnon's voice in granite cold,
Or oracles in history.

Or may not each dear household god
We prize, because a loved one's gift,
Retain some power before whose nod
The curtain of the Past may lift?

Or may not one who treasured well
The bust, the casket, or the urn,
The gilded tome, the rainbowed shell,
To love and linger—still return?

It may be thus—I would it were,
Mayhap 'tis fancy's trick, alas!
Our speculations melt in air,
The mystic line we never pass.

And thus am I content to think
Of other miracles and this.
Believing much, we haply drink
One drop of truth with all its bliss.

Believing naught, and hoping less,
We lose the substance with the shade,
And frame a creed of nothingness,
While all our dearest memories fade.

Such thoughts arose, as half awake,
Returning from my Eastern dream,
My sense a picture seemed to make
Pale in the fire-light's fading gleam.

Above me on a bracket lay
The sandal-casket with the Rose.
Below—the town all swathed in gray,
Forgot in sleep its joys and woes.

Digitized by Google

The flickering fire-light danced and played,
And wavered on my shelves and chair;
Subsided—rose—and creeping strayed
Around the glimmering wainscot bare.

And as all melted into air,
Methought I saw the faded Rose
Appear—unfolding, fresh and fair
In beauty from its long repose.

Behind the flow'r a bosom fair,
Half indistinct in dappled shade,
Where soft the circumambient air
A painter's atmosphere had made.

O'er this the bright young head and face
Of her whose lines enwrapt the Rose,
In all her radiant bridal grace,
The pictured card but feebly shows.

I gazed—it seem'd my eyes had drunk
The whole of that sweet image in,
And left no trace since all had sunk
'Neath our horizon dark with sin.

She passed away, but still the flow'r,
Expanding wide its pallid bloom,
Breathed of the sighing, scented bow'r,
That shed its sweetness o'er the "Tomb."

I rose and stretched an eager hand,
And caught it swiftly to my breast,
Which glowed awhile like desert sand,
Then cooling, calmed and sank to rest.

Oh! glamoured soul! I lay and dreamed—
Grand panoramas rolling past—
Of turban'd hosts, whose sabres gleamed,
Whose clarions poured a warlike blast.

Digitized by Google

I saw the haughty Genghiz-Khan
Pavilioned round with purple silk,
O'er which the fire of jewels ran—
I saw his charger white as milk,

His Tartar guards, with glancing spears,
And steel caps glittering in the sun;
His chiefs, astrologers and seers,
And all the glories he had won.

Next, Tamerlane the Mighty, who,
A stern-browed, pale, imperial ghost,
Limped slowly past through mists of blue—
A scourge, a terror, and a boast!

And Sultan Babur all ablaze
With mingled fire of gold and gems,
Whose stolen suns of burning rays
Were snatched from fallen diadems.

Grave Humayoon, Swart Ukbur proud;
Juhangeer glided grandly by—
And then th' Imperial tambours loud
Of Shah Jehan rolled gloriously.

Oh! wondrous reign of pearl and gold,
Of marble courts and jewelled walls,
Of crystal founts, whence, pure and cold,
The shower of diamonds glittering falls.

On, ever on, the pictures sail,
Unfolding slow, and rolling out
With varied charms of hill and dale
And foaming rill, whence fountains spout,

Imperial beauty 'neath a palm,
With fanning maidens grouped around,
While Heaven looks down, well pleased and calm,
As flow'rs burn incense on the ground.

Digitized by Google

I view the scene still gliding past—
The jewelled pomp, the silken pride,
The embroidered carpet, careless cast
On emerald turf, to seat a bride.

The blooming garden melts away—
Before me rolls one vast champaign,
Where martial hosts in mailed array
Stand close as yet-unsickled grain.

Plain of the Deccan, bare and gray,
The charging squadron o'er thee pants;
The massed batallions urge the fray,
Flanked in by castled elephants.

Night! and the broad expanse is starred
And dotted o'er with camp-fires red—
Where flash the matchlocks of the guard
That paces past the princely bed.

Yon scarlet tent that stands alone,
In proud but sad and sombre state,
Is trembling with a hollow groan,
For Azrael is there—and Fate.

And low the Garden Princess lies
Life-weary on her couch supine,
But, smiling, points to Khoorum's eyes,
The child just born to Babur's line.

And now a long procession slow
Steals sadly o'er the carnaged waste—
Burned out at last the battle's glow—
The body-bearers homewards faced.

On sails the picture silently:
The garden dawns upon the view,
Where low, beneath a pepul tree,
Lies what was Urjumund Banoo.

Digitized by Google

A mist descended on the scene,
Which faded swiftly into night;
No more the pepul's glossy sheen—
No more the citron's gentle green
Brought dreams of calm delight.

But all my soul advancing far,
And farther in my lengthening dream,
Saw rising, radiant as a star,
The Taj-Mahal o'er Jumna's stream.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

EESA MOHUMUD.

* * * *

I dreamed again! The monarch sate
In splendour on a high divan;
Right glorious the Imperial state
That girdled mighty Shah Jehan!

What webs of gold! what diamonds there!
What dower of pearl! what blaze of gems!
What blades of bright Damascus bare!
What aigrette's trembling on their stems!

Silent the steel-capped guard around,
In soldier-panoply arrayed,
About the couch—nor breath, nor sound,
Save where the palace fountain played.

And silent in the presence stood,
Upon a tissued carpet fair,
Eesa Effendi Mohumud,
With jewell'd arms and broidery rare.

Digitized by Google

A sage the Sultan sent from far—
Where Stamboul sits beside the sea;
Where flaunt the crescent and the star
O'er fort and palace splendidly.

A man of broad and massive brow,
With lines of thought serenely deep,
'Neath which his eyes, like embers now
Rekindling, seem to wake from sleep.

Keen was that face—the Turkish type,
Enlivened by a Tartar strain;—
His features regular and ripe,
Unscathed, though life was on the wane.

And grand the beard of silver-gray,
That floated o'er the silken vest,
Whereon the beaming orders lay
Of Islam in the Golden West.

The Prince of Architects is he;
Search east and west thou'lt never find
On any shore, by any sea,
Another such a master-mind.

* * * *

"Mohumud!" cried his Lord, "were't thine,
As honest arbiter and calm,
To give the nod—to make the sign—
To which would'st thou award the palm?

"To Painting or to Sculpture rare—
One warmly true, one sternly cold;
Or to the art which, high in air,
Uprears the bulk of stone-work bold?"

* * * *

Digitized by Google

"A language, sire, exists to day,
Whose sweetest speech, though all unheard,
Inscribed on canvas, stone, or clay,
Th' unletter'd mind hath ever stirred.
'Tis pictured symbolism, the same
To rudest savage, or to him
Whose soul was lit at learning's flame,
And fanned by wings of seraphim.
The painter's pencil, or the steel
The sculptor wields, both tell the tale
In matchless phrases, that appeal
From heart to heart adown the vale
Of years on years for centuries.
Or be the language clear and plain,
Or veiled in robes of mystery,
Link over link the wondrous chain
Is wrought, and lo! 'tis history.
Painters there be whose art renews
Fair Nature's face for those that gaze;
Nor life nor light their aid refuse,
And recognition hymns their praise.
But others scale a loftier height,
And plant their feet above the cloud;
To grasp their aim demands a light,
To master-minds alone allowed.
But be the painter who he may,
His art or simple or sublime,
He speaks to sons of every clay,
From all the flooded banks of Time.
Paint he on canvas pale and tense,
Or wide expanse of polished wall,
On wood or metal—to the sense
He speaks of nature all in all—
Reminders of a buried Past
Float fragrant o'er his tinted fields,
Whose bloomy surface, fair and vast,
The hemlock or the heartsease yields.
And there the Present towers on high,
With mighty frame and forward glance;
Dreams of the future fire her eye,
Which beams along her levelled lance.

Digitized by Google

The Giaour paints us as we are
(Our faith forbids)—*his* canvas glows;
He mirrors in the eye a star,
And to the cheek he holds a Rose.

* * * *

Fair Sculpture for the tutored mind,
That sees a part and grasps the whole;
And Painting for the partly blind,
Who on the surface trace the soul.
The painter may not reach the palm
We weave for victories alone;
Nor yet the sculptor cold, whose calm
Finds fit expression best in stone.
But hither bring the rustling leaves,
That crowned the tall imperial tree;
Cool judgment now a chaplet weaves,
Magician-architect, for thee!
Thou, like a skilled musician, who
But builds on more ethereal plans,
Thy work is lost amid the blue,
Whose arch the waste of ocean spans.
Endless the ornamental change
The sister arts may know and live;
All beauty dwells within the range
That either architect may give.
The one from geometric lines
A solid temple doth supply;
And all his cabalistic signs
Transform to marble 'gainst the sky.
The other, in his written "score,"
Includes all sweetness—and the ear
May follow where the angels soar,
Beyond our sublunary sphere.
But once the grandly swelling psalm
Is stilled and o'er—we know the rest
Is utter silence, breathless calm,
As e'er the wakeful soul oppressed.
But yet this proud magician may
From hieroglyphs revive the song,
Laid in the grave of memory
For days, for years, for ages long.

Digitized by Google

Lo! it awakes. As from the ice
  A frozen flower, thawed, unfolds—
And sweet as airs from paradise,
  The strains the vault enchanted holds.
All artist souls are poets true;
  But truest poet of them all
Is he who rears 'gainst heav'n's own blue
  The shapely arch, the storied wall—
His art is all-suggestive. He
  Inspires the lyric poet's lay,
Where, as in some rich treasury,
  Lie phrases coined in gold from clay;
The swelling dome—th' embattled tower—
  The cloisters low, with cool arcades—
The lordly hall—the lady's bower—
  He gilds with gold that never fades.
The silken-robed musician brave,
  He—gazing too—drinks in his theme,
And bids his willing beauteous slave
  Discourse in soft melodious dream.
The poet comes—his roving eye
  Runs o'er the wealth of fine detail:
He strikes the lute, and joyously
  He sings in praise of marble pale.
I speak my mind. My words reflect
  The teeming thoughts of every shade
That crowd my brain. The architect
  Shall bear the palms that never fade—
Palms for the pale, contriving brow,
  An arch of palm-leaves for the head,
And we who speak shall crown him now
  Immortal 'mid a world of dead!
But true and noble, pure and grand,
  As all the builder's work may be,
I love to see the artist hand
  Defining there its tracery.
The painter's choicer touches laid
  In frescoed fancies on the wall;
The sculptor's daintier light and shade
  Amid the columns of the hall;

Digitized by Google

And so the deft inlayer's craft
Displayed in flowers crowned with gems
On interspace and polished shaft,
And bright as pictured diadems.
There in the marble's virgin bed,
Let jewelled shapes be laid to rest,
Chalcedony to jasper wed,
Ruby and sapphire breast to breast,
The pale torquoise whose chilly side
With burning veins the bloodstone warms,
Unfolds the petals of her pride
And beauty in their slender forms;
An emerald leaf, a ruby rose,
Cornelian buds amid the snow
Of sparkling particles that froze
To marble centuries ago;
And where forget-me-nots absorb
With meek and gently earnest eye
The blue that canopies our orb—
Let this be lapis lazuli!
Yes, floral gems shall crown our work,
And fadeless on a field of snow
The petals carven by the Turk
Immortal, blossoming shall grow.
Earth, air, and sky beneath our dome,
The painter's artist-soul shall feel,
And here shall Beauty make her home;
And fix on every wall her seal.
The dim and distant heav'n appears
In twilight dreams within the dome,
And 'mid the columned aisles he hears
The curling wave that's lost in foam.
And all the pillars round and vast
That bear the arches on their heads,
Recall the forest and the blast.
The wind-toss'd boughs 'neath which he treads
The floor, the umbered forest-glade,
Where sere and fallen leaves around
Lie damasked in the chequered shade
Of sun-pierced foliage on the ground."

* * * *

Digitized by Google

"Enough, Mohumud! Let it be
On Jumna's banks, where fragrant bloom
Eternal Roses; we decree
The peerless dead a perfect tomb.

"Go! dream thy dream, thy plans mature,
Spin out thy web of fancies rare,
And thence exalt in marble pure
A faultless fane in fragrant air.

"Where blooms the Rose, where waves the pine,
Where sombre cypress bows and sighs;
Take thou the staff, and stretch the line
About the pepul where she lies.

"All limitless the rich largesse
Of Shah Jehan. He gives thee men
The trench to dig, the stone to dress,
Or aid with willing hand and pen.

"Mukrana's quarries wait for thee.
Jaipoor with all her marble store;
And arid Futtehpoor-seekree,
Thy workmen's hands shall soon explore.

"Slaves by battalions, all are thine,
And droves of oxen, fit to yoke,
And Deodar, the holy pine,
Shall bow before thine axemen's stroke.

"Spare nought, nor marble, gold, nor life,
The work's decreed—and so, must on;
Then to thy task with problems rife,
Astute Mohumud, get thee gone!"

(To be continued.)

G. GORDON MACRAE.

Digitized by Google

THE SO-CALLED CORRUPTION OF MODERN ENGLISH.

A GREAT deal has been heard, during the last few years, about the gradually increasing preponderance in our English tongue of those words which are directly derived from the Greek and Latin languages over those which lay claim to Anglo-Saxon origin. The tendency of the general public, we are told, is to prefer the long Latinized word to the short Saxon one; and while most of the authorities who have addressed themselves to the subject have agreed to condemn this tendency as vicious from a literary point of view, they have also been tolerably unanimous in finding a cause for it in the habitual language of the public press.

The general truth of this charge is beyond dispute. In these days of universal newspaper reading, the periphrastic composition of the reporter is, naturally enough, regarded as a model by that vast majority of the community whose education, while extending perhaps to the production of a correctly spelt and fairly grammatical letter, embraces neither a knowledge of English etymology nor an acquaintance with the English classics. To a man of this class the simple but pithy sentences of Swift or Sterne, Steele or Addison, would seem but bald and ineffective, in comparison with the polysyllabic flourish of the ordinary reporter. The absence of the empty rotundity—so to speak—of the newspaper paragraph cannot be compensated for, to such a man, by a pregnancy of apothegm which he does not understand, or a brilliancy of antithesis which he does not appreciate. Hence, in his ignorance of better standards, he elects to tread in the literary footsteps of the man who, as Dean Alford has somewhat contemptuously remarked, can never "go" anywhere, but must always "proceed;" who "retires to rest," instead of "going to bed;" who can only mention a church as a "sacred edifice," and with whom fire is invariably "the devouring element."

But there is another side to the question. The case for the reporter has hitherto been allowed to go too much by default. He is a busy and hard-working man, and has, as a rule, no time to

Digitized by Google

take up, on behalf of his brotherhood, the literary cudgels against those would-be purists who—going as far wrong in the one direction as the subject of their strictures does in the other—would ignore the essentially mutative character of all living language, and would pin the present day, with its wonderful development of things physical and metaphysical, to the inadequate vocabulary of the eighteenth century.

Before proceeding, however, to the consideration of certain circumstances which go far to extenuate some of the press offences against an exacting literary canon, it must be conceded that certain other of these offences are quite indefensible. Chief amongst the latter is the actual misapplication of terms, sometimes so gross as to be laughable, and sometimes so dependent upon a finer shade of meaning as to escape the notice of the general reader. An excellent example of the former blunder is supplied by the use, in a newspaper paragraph before me, of the phrase "wretched caligraphy;" the latter word, which means excellent or beautiful writing, having been substituted for "chirography," or handwriting in general—with the result of a ludicrous contradiction in terms. Close by, too, I find a fair specimen of the more trifling error. The reporter, in an account of a railway accident, writes of the "momentum" being "retarded." Now, momentum being a power —the force of a moving body—may be said to be "diminished," or "lessened," but not to be "retarded," or "delayed." The *carriage* would be retarded, or stopped—its momentum *decreased*, or *destroyed*. The mistake, as has been said, is not a very gross one, but still it is one which could not have been committed by a man with a keen appreciation of the respective values of cognate terms.

Again, it is to be noted that, although the proverbial verbosity of the newspaper paragraph had a perfectly natural origin in the system known as penny-a-lining, the effects have not disappeared with the cause, and the custom of striving to make a given amount of subject-matter cover as much space as possible has survived its *raison d'être*.

So far, well. But having thus granted that the reporter sometimes uses terms as to the precise meaning of which he is not very clear—that, *cæteris paribus*, he too often prefers a pretentious word to a simple one, and that, in accordance with a bad precedent, he seldom makes any attempt at a terse simplicity of style—we have admitted all that can be fairly alleged against him. Indeed,

Digitized by Google

as regards the two first-mentioned offences, he is no worse than some of his critics, one of whom, while in the very act of inveighing against the pressman's literary offences, appears himself to imagine that "predict" and "predicate" are convertible terms, and that "tenebrous" is a desirable substitute for "obscure." Nor must it be forgotten that, while the most strenuous objectors to current press phraseology prepare their ideas for the public "in learned leisure calmly set," the reporter writes in hot haste, and writes, too, what is to perish as soon as read. Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs" is not for him; he must do the best he can within a certain time; and, as he knows that he will be read for facts, and not for his particular way of presenting them, he subordinates style to convenience, and thinks himself lucky to have conveyed, in a tolerably grammatical narrative, a tolerably correct account of the matter in hand.

Then, again, as to many of the expressions found fault with, no one who has not made the experiment has any conception of the difficulty, in certain cases, of avoiding the clumsy repetition of certain words. In the account of a fire, for instance, the reporter may find himself obliged some forty or fifty times to use the words "fire" and "flames," and is consequently glad to escape, by the use of periphrasis, from a wearisome monotony of language which would not be tolerated by the average reader. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the learned wight who, in the calm seclusion of his study, sits and splits syntactical hairs, would acquit himself half as well as the ordinary reporter, as regards the production, under circumstances of disturbance, haste, and uncertainty as to data, of a narrative which, while fairly correct and trustworthy, shall be free from the "damnable iteration" referred to.

But behind the question of newspaper responsibility for the increasing use of what some of the purists are pleased to call "romance words," arises the question as to whether this modification of the language is, after all, a fit subject for so much lamentation. It cannot, of course, be denied that, other things being equal, to use a long and pretentious word instead of a short and simple one is an offence against both common sense and taste. A man who should seriously say "cachinnation" instead of "laughter" would probably cause his hearers to "cachinnate;" and the lady who referred to a bull as a "masculine cow" must herself have been something of a feminine ass. But the vocabulary of our forefathers, as has been said, is altogether insufficient for the needs of the present day, and the

Digitized by Google

purists themselves find it impossible to avoid the practical recognition of a host of words which have grown out of the social and scientific developments of our time—words which, at first technical and scientific, have gradually become part of the living language of the people, inasmuch as they have therein no perfect synonyms. And it is an undeniable fact that by the use, for instance, of such a phrase as "longitudinal vertical trisection" we present instantaneously to the mind a set of ideas which it would require quite a little army of Anglo-Saxon words to convey.

Nor is there any reason why this class of Greek and Latin-born words should be sacred to science. Their use in her service requires, of course, not a word of defence, but their very suitability to that service is an argument for their general utility, since by the use of one flowing and homogeneous word we may do the work of half-a-dozen short and jarring ones. For the Anglo-Saxon *is* harsh and uncouth. It is the meagre and circumscribed language of a semi-barbarous people, and to endeavour to subserve with it the lingual requirements of an advanced and highly civilized one is about as reasonable as it would be to oppose an army of the present day with the weapons of Hengist and Horsa. And the sticklers for an impossible purity of English appear, one and all, to have founded their opinions of the merits of Anglo-Saxon upon what is, for them, at once a blunder and an inconsistency. The English classics by whom they swear may have used Anglo-Saxon words, but, almost to a man, they have arranged those words upon Greek and Latin models. Bacon's method of composition is Latin, not only in the general construction of his sentences, but even in the very idioms he employs. Milton marshals his magnificent ideas, now upon Greek lines, now upon Latin, and now again upon Italian; indeed, his immortal epic opens with a fine use of the anastrophe, or inversion. Johnson reads like a translation from the Latin; Pope is nothing if not classically antithetical; and the noble thoughts, the delicate fancies of Addison owe sometimes not a little of their charm to an unobtrusive but masterly use of the machinery of ancient rhetoric.

It has been said above that the purity of English which is so much talked about and sought after is a myth. A living tongue never stands still. Its standards of correctness can never be more than approximate, for, with every day that shines, some words will have completed that term of desuetude which cuts them away from the spoken language for ever, while others will have crossed the

Digitized by Google

imperceptible line which separates doubtful acceptance from assured recognition.

But this effort to attain the unattainable is no new thing. Such men as Dean Alford would pin us to the vocabulary of an earlier time, just as the purists of that day placed *their* ideal still further back, till we find that even the "well of English undefiled," as Spenser called Chaucer, was considered by some of his own contemporaries to be a very dirty well indeed, much befouled with Norman-French and other impurities. And Spenser, who may reasonably be supposed to have taken the object of his admiration as a model, had, in his turn, to submit to the strictures of those who vainly sought, as others are seeking to-day, to give to a living language the fixity of a dead one.

The elder Disraeli, with characteristic keenness of literary insight, makes very merry over the earnestness with which, as he says, critics, "from the days of Julius Cæsar and Quintilian downwards," have worshipped a fixed standard of ideal purity, which has not, nor ever will have, any existence in a living language. And concerning the much-bepraised Anglo-Saxon, he says:—

"Popular language can only convey the single, uncompounded notions of the people. . . . . Their Saxon-English is nearly monosyllabic. . . . But this popular style can never be set up as the standard of genius, which is mutable with its age, creating faculties and embodying thoughts which do not enter into the experience of the people. . . . . The language of every literary people exists in a fluctuating condition, and its vaunted purity and continued stability are chimerical notions. This taste is rife *among critics of limited studies*. . . . . Could the chimerical purity which these are in search of ever be found, never would it lend enchantment to their page, should their taste be cold or their fancy feeble. The language of genius must be its own reflection, and the good fortune of authors must receive the stamp used in their own mint."

But—it may fairly be asked—are there to be no checks upon innovation? Are we to accept, without hesitation, the verbal coinage of any man who may imagine that he has succeeded in giving to some generally-recognized conception that outward expression which it has hitherto lacked? By no means! The problem, like most others, is here found to resolve itself into the old question of drawing the line, and that all-important line has, in this case, to be drawn somewhere between those critics, on the one hand, who—now, as in all times—have planted a shadowy standard of correctness upon the literature of the generation preceding their own, and those

Digitized by Google

"illiterate literates," on the other, who are incapable of distinguishing between what is legitimately terse and homely and what is merely and hopelessly vulgar.

But we must have a criterion of some kind. We must have some test by which to judge the constantly-arising candidates for admission to our recognized language; and the best and simplest rule, in my humble opinion, is to ask, concerning any such word-candidate, the three following questions:—First, Does it supply an unmistakable want? Second, Is it free from logical absurdity? Third, Is it in consonance with the genius of the English language?

Now, it will not be denied that in the present day two great sources of the modification of our language are native slang and American neonism. I have written "modification," and not "adulteration," because—judged by the rules above given—many words from both sources have a good claim to recognition, and, indeed, have in many cases practically vindicated the soundness of the test by taking a place in the language in spite of all opposition.

And, first, with regard to slang. It will, no doubt, surprise many people to be told that our English language is thoroughly permeated by sea-slang; but the very surprise in question will be an evidence of the complete incorporation of nautical technicalities with the tongue of a people whose glory and whose interest are so closely identified with the sea and those who go down to her in ships. "Taken aback," "weather it out," "take a departure," "throw him over," will scarcely be recognized by some people as nautical phrases at all, but such they undoubtedly are, and as such they have made good their footing in the language by supplying—in accordance with the first rule—an undoubted want. And here, instead of "an undoubted want," I might have written "a felt want," a phrase which, unpleasant-looking though it may be, is in itself a "felt want,"* and bids fair to crystallize—through the intermediate form of "felt-want"—into "feltwant."

As to the slang which does not fulfil the conditions laid down, there is, of course, no lack of specimens; and I will take, as nearest to my hand, an instance which I find more than once in the work of a successful modern novelist. The expression is "no end"—a terse phrase enough in itself, and proper enough to be placed in the

* I am of course aware that it may be here objected that a want which is not felt is not a want at all, but this is a metaphysical aspect of the question which has nothing to do with the popular acceptation in which I have used the term.

Digitized by Google

mouth of an actor in the story, but totally inadmissible when used by the author *in propriâ personâ*, since he is supposed to be writing in the English tongue, and the expression fulfils none of the conditions which would justify its admission thereto.

With regard to Americanisms, however, we shall find that we have chiefly to do with the first rule only. Let us take, for instance, the verb "invite," used as a noun, and the noun "interview," used as a verb. The former expression is simply abominable. It has its origin in a mere vulgar aberration, and, since it supplies no want in the language, is not, let us hope, likely to take permanent root in it; but the latter—since, by translating a conception of which we had no previous verbal representative, it *does* supply a want, and since it offends against neither of the two remaining rules—is destined, in spite of much opposition, to become in time a universally-recognized English expression.

The consideration of breaches of the third rule will take us into a very different literary atmosphere, since the prime offender in this respect—with all deference, be it spoken—is Thomas Carlyle. Huge indeed would have been the contempt with which that Thor of the literary world would have received any suggestion that he should trammel himself by any recognized canons of verbiage. "My thoughts," he would have said, "are not ordinary thoughts, and cannot be clothed in ordinary language!" A sound position enough—*from his own point of view.* His language may have well expressed his thoughts, and his thoughts in themselves may be destined to live for ever; but, strong as Carlyle was, the genius of the language is stronger, and the violence which he has done to that genius will for ever debar him—whatever his place in philosophy—from his coveted niche in the English classics. His archaisms, his affectations, his Germanized involutions and never-to-be-sufficiently-wondered-at sentence-words may be—indeed, are—powerfully expressive as a whole, but there still remains the fatal fact that he—a British author, undertaking to write for British readers—has *not* written in the English language!

Our language, then, though not susceptible—as a living and ever-changing tongue—of any final and absolute standard of correctness, has still an approximate one, lying somewhere between the impossible fixity of the purists, on the one hand, and the caricature-like distortions of Carlyle, on the other. Each man must make that approximation for himself; and though—since a dead level of style, prescribed by an iron rule, is a sheer

Digitized by Google

impossibility—no two individual standards may ever be exactly identical, the differences will never be serious among men who, to a tolerable sense of the fitness of things, unite a fair technical knowledge of the subject and a disinclination to ignore—in too nice a consideration of the manner—the vastly superior importance of the matter.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Melbourne.

Digitized by Google

PROMOTERS OF COMPANIES.

THE history of our mercantile law would, it is believed, afford ample materials for a work of no ordinary interest. It would be instructive to point out the exploded prejudices that have operated at various times in our courts of law, and the mode in which they have influenced the judicial mind in the formation of that "common law" which was supposed to reside in the breasts of the judges, and which has been frequently described by its authors as "the perfection of reason." One curious chapter in such a book would deal with the rise of trading companies. Within the last century—indeed, it may almost be said within the last half-century—they have successfully struggled into existence, after encountering and overcoming much irrational opposition, both from the legislature and the law courts. They were at one time regarded as little better than public nuisances, and the first legislative enactment relating to them—the famous Bubble Act—has been described as an attempt to put them down altogether. That act was in force from the reign of George I. down to the year 1825, when it was repealed. From its repeal to the present time the legislature has by slow and faltering steps endeavoured to give a freer scope to capital. Yet it was not till the year 1862 that the Imperial Parliament could be persuaded to allow people to form companies for any purposes they pleased, and even then that liberty was conceded amidst many misgivings and anticipations of unforeseen evil. But what little foundation was there for such melancholy surmises! Within the last twenty years a vast number of companies has sprung into existence. A large portion of British commerce is now carried on by them. Splendid fortunes have been realized through their instrumentality. They have opened immense fields for labour, and they have supplied the best investments for persons of moderate means. It cannot, however, be denied that these magnificent advantages have been attended by some minor evils, many, if not most, of which, however, may, it is believed, be attributed, not to any inherent defects in the law, but to the rashness of investors, and perhaps to an imperfect apprehen-

Digitized by Google

sion on the part of many promoters of companies of the nature and extent of the duties and liabilities which devolve upon them. Speculative rashness is probably incurable. But obscure conceptions of duty may be rendered clear; liability may be defined; and when this has been done, much good may be accomplished. In the hope of contributing to such a beneficial result, it is proposed to call attention in this article to some cases which have recently been before the English courts of law, and in which questions of great interest to promoters of companies and to purchasers of scrip have been discussed and determined by the judges.

The first question that naturally suggests itself is, what is a promoter? To that the answer given by the judges is not altogether clear or satisfactory. In a recent case, where the point was discussed at some length, the judge who delivered the decision of the court said:—

"With respect to the word 'promoters,' we are of opinion that it has no very definite meaning. As used in connection with companies, the term involves the idea of exertion for the purpose of getting up and starting a company (of what is called 'floating' it), and also the idea of some duty towards the company imposed by, or arising from, the position which the so-called promoter assumes towards it."

From the preceding definition it would seem that the term promoter could only be applied to a person who was endeavouring to start a company not yet formed, and that once a company was duly constituted and registered, the promoter's office would be completely performed, and that he would *ex necessitate* cease to act in that capacity, and that the directors would be the only persons who could afterwards have any duties towards the company. But that is not so, for the judge added:—

"A person not a director may be a promoter of a company which is already incorporated, but the capital of which has not been taken up, and which is not yet in a position to perform the obligations imposed upon it by its creators."

It is difficult to define precisely what kind or degree of exertion would constitute anyone a promoter. In the case from which the preceding extracts have been quoted, certain metal brokers were held to be promoters of a company which had been formed to purchase a mine, because they allowed themselves to be referred to in the prospectus for information concerning it, and not only answered inquiries respecting it, but by agreement with their co-adventurers maintained silence about certain facts detrimental to its reputation with which they were acquainted.

Digitized by Google

One of the first acts of the promoters of an intended company is to publish a prospectus, setting forth the nature and objects of the proposed company, the number and value of the shares, and the amount of its capital. In drawing up such a document, the law for the protection of the public, who are invited to subscribe to the company, imposes upon the promoters certain grave responsibilities and obligations which are not as a rule fully understood. Usually, promoters consider themselves at perfect liberty to make high-flown and exaggerated statements concerning the prospects of their company; and some of the numerous prospectuses which have at different times been placed before the public have been marvellous efforts of imagination. Others, again, are, with greater art, drawn up in carefully studied terms of apparent moderation. It seems as if the writers had placed a severe restraint upon themselves, lest they should raise exorbitant expectations which might not be realized. But whatever style is adopted, care is taken to leave the reader under the impression that by subscribing for shares he will invest his money in a most admirable and hopeful speculation. These things should be considered by an intending investor before any application is made for shares in a new adventure. For, in the language of a distinguished judge, which has been frequently cited with approval in the courts of law—

"It is so universally known and understood that the prospectus of a company never in fact contains a strictly accurate account of its prospects and advantages, that the validity of bargains founded on such instruments cannot properly be tried by so severe a test as may be applied in other cases."

But at the same time it should be clearly apprehended that this latitude does not confer unlimited license upon promoters, as some of them seem to imagine, and they may be held answerable for misleading statements or suppressions which are not made in good faith.

The public who are invited by a prospectus to subscribe for shares in a new company, are entitled to have the same means and opportunity of judging of everything which has a material bearing on its true character as the promoters themselves possess.

"Those who issue a prospectus holding out to the public the great advantages which will accrue to persons who will take shares in a proposed undertaking are bound to state everything with strict and scrupulous accuracy, and not only to abstain from stating as fact that which is not so, but to omit no one fact within their knowledge the existence of which might in any degree affect the nature, or extent, or quality of the privileges and advantages which the prospectus holds out as inducements to take shares."

Digitized by Google

Moreover, promoters should, in justice to themselves, be careful to examine into and sift the statements in a prospectus before they issue it. For even innocent misrepresentations, made in good faith, and without any intention whatever to mislead, may sometimes afford a sufficient ground to avoid a contract to take shares, and may even expose those who publish such misstatements to pecuniary liability, since (according to Lord Cairns in a recent case) it is a settled rule of law "that if persons take upon themselves to make assertions as to which they are ignorant, whether they are true or not, they must, in a civil point of view, be held as responsible as if they had asserted that which they knew to be untrue."

Promoters have duties, not merely towards the public whom they invite to take shares, but also towards the company which they assist to float. They stand in a fiduciary position towards it, and are bound faithfully to communicate to it all the information which would influence it in deciding whether it ought to undertake the business which it was intended to carry on. For example, if a syndicate purchased a mine or other property, it would be competent for the members of it to become the promoters of a company to buy the property from themselves. But in nominating a provisional or first board of directors, they would be bound to see that it was composed of independent and disinterested persons, who could form a fair opinion as to whether the sale to the company was one that ought to be adopted in the interests of the shareholders; and they ought not, by any device, such as by causing the contracts to be made through the medium of trustees, to conceal the fact that the property in question belonged to themselves. The situation of promoters who engage in an enterprise of this kind was thus described by a very able and illustrious member of the House of Lords—

"They stand, in my opinion, undoubtedly in a fiduciary position. They have in their hands the creation and moulding of the company; they have the power of defining how, and when, and in what shape, and under what supervision it shall start into existence, and begin to act as a trading co-operation. If they are doing all in this in order that the company may, as soon as it starts into life, become, through its managing directors, the purchaser of the property of themselves, the promoters, it is, in my opinion, incumbent on the promoters to take care that in forming the company they provide it with an executive—that is to say, with a board of directors—who shall both be aware that the property which they are asked to buy is the property of the promoters, and who shall be competent and impartial judges as to whether the purchase ought or ought not to be made. I do not say that the owner of property may not promote and form

Digitized by Google

a joint-stock company, and then sell his property to it; but I do say that, if he does, he is bound to take care that he sells it to the company through the medium of a board of directors, who can and do exercise an independent and intelligent judgment on the transaction, and who are not left under the belief that the property belongs, not to the promoter, but to some other person."

The last circumstance relating to promoters that will be noticed in this article is one that results from the legal doctrine already mentioned, viz., that the promoter of a company occupies a position of trust with respect to it. It is an established principle that no trustee is to be allowed to make any profit by means of his office without the knowledge or consent of the person for whom he is acting, and should he make any secret gain he may, on its being discovered, be compelled to surrender it to his *cestui que trust*. Therefore, as a promoter is in point of law a trustee for the company which he is engaged in floating, he ought not, in relation to its formation, to enter into any contract or bargain for his own benefit without the approval of the directors, for should he do so, and should it come to their knowledge, they will have it in their power, and it may become their duty, to proceed against him, and to compel him to pay over his secret profits to the company. A clandestine bargain of the kind referred to is in a court of Equity regarded and treated as a fraud. Accordingly, a promoter is not allowed to receive any commission or promotion money by way of reward for services without the knowledge of the directors of the company. Thus, if a company were formed to purchase a property, it would not be lawful for the vendor to make a secret agreement with a promoter that the latter should receive any portion of the purchase-money by way of commission or remuneration for his trouble, and any sum paid for such a purpose might be claimed and recovered from the recipient by the company.

"Commission received by an agent or trustee of a purchaser from a vendor without the knowledge of his principal is a bribe—it is a profit which the principal has a right to extract from the agent whenever it comes to his knowledge."

In a recent case, where the vendor of a mine, which was sold to a company formed to purchase it, received a large number of fully paid-up shares as part payment of the purchase-money, and, in performance of an agreement made with the promoters, transferred 250 of the shares to them as a remuneration or compensation for their exertions in floating the company, without disclosing this transaction to the directors, it was held that the company was

Digitized by Google

entitled to recover the value of the shares from the promoters, as secret profits received by them in fraud of the company and its shareholders. Other instances of a similar kind to those which have been cited might be given, but the preceding examples afford sufficient illustrations of the species of transactions that are most strongly condemned by courts of law; and it is believed that if the principles which have been established by the decisions of the judges were more widely known and steadily acted upon, fewer bubble companies would come into existence, while an immense impetus might be given to genuine and sound speculation, arising from the increased confidence that would be engendered in the minds of many who at present are probably inclined to hold back from engaging in new enterprises, in consequence of unpleasant experiences in the past.

E. B. HAMILTON.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S LIBRARY TABLE.

ALL the indignant protests of medical men have taken not one jot from the truth of the charge that there exists no Science of Medicine, at any rate no science comparable with the true great sciences. The practice of medicine exists as a profession of the first rank; the doctor as a money-making professional man of good social standing, has perhaps an advantage over the lawyer and architect, and decidedly over the engineer. The lawyer exists only as a professional man, he can get no science of law to grow on his selection, his soil can produce no such thing, therefore it is no more reproach to the legal profession that they have raised no science of law than it is to the Esquimaux that they rear no cocoa-nut palms. Engineering has its pure science, for the science of engineering is physics; but though physic exists in the plural as a science, it certainly does not in the singular. And from what department of human research and thought have men a greater right to demand a large return of pure science than from medicine? From the time of Æsculapius till now, what an immense amount of medical material must have been turned over, and how utterly disgraceful it is to the profession that so little scientific truth should have been dissolved out, and that to-day there should be so few crystals of pure science to show. Attention need be drawn to only a single fact to illustrate how little real science has hitherto been to be found in medicine. Whenever a medical man with scientific aspirations had leisure, he almost invariably had to satisfy his scientific cravings by going outside of his own profession and taking up a branch of science quite alien to it—astronomy or botany, chemistry or entomology.

A complete science of medicine must grow in three main branches:—1. The Physical Science of Man, or Anatomy and Physiology. 2. The Science of Disease. 3. The Science which connects the previous two, and will include the Science of Prevention of Disease and the Science of Cure. Certainly it can be conceded that the first branch is well grown on its anatomical side, and is shooting out vigorously on the physiological, while the other two branches

Digitized by Google

exist only as buds. But the Science of Disease promises a rapid growth, the promise dating from the recognition of biology as a separate science of great importance, and the devotion of such men as Schwan and Pasteur to biological inquiry. And that what they have begun is going to be carried on, is promised by the large number of medical professorships established all over Europe, and still more by the opening of physiological laboratories. During the last fifty years a different spirit has been coming over medicine, and now the good medical schools instead of turning out a combined sawbones, head nurse, and quack—such as the average young doctor of fifty years ago was, to batten on the credulity of the public—send out young men at least somewhat elevated in aim, ambition, and self-respect, by the conviction that they are scientific workers. The tone that prevails in the physiological laboratories is that of earnest scientific enthusiasm, and the student who works in one, if only for a couple of years, enters on his professional work in a very different spirit from that of bygone times. Fifty years hence there will be as many theoretical medical workers in the medical laboratories of Europe as there are theoretical chemical workers now.

Such being the general condition of the Science of Medicine in the world at large, how fares it in Australia? At present it must be said that not much science of any sort comes out of Australia; and not much need be looked for, for many years to come. America is only beginning to produce a little. But whatever little in the way of science, art, or literature struggles into the light amid the forcing and developing of such material resources as wool and hides, ought to receive full recognition and encouragement. Not that anything should be overvalued because it is Australian; a scientific fact and a picture have each an absolute value, whether they be French or Californian; but as it is better for a poor working man that he should grow a few flowers of his own in his cottage plot, than that he should get them all sent him by the wealthy squire, and that he should value his scarlet geraniums as his own growing without vaunting them equal to prize primulas, so it is well for Australia to foster some home-made science and art, so that there may be a little leaven of pure intellect to lighten the heavy soddenness of mere cattle-breeding and carcase trafficking.

This much of preface leads us naturally to "The Germ Origin of Tubercle,"* by William Thomson, F.R.C.S., inasmuch as the author

* *The Germ Theory of Disease Applied to Eradicate Phthisis from Victoria.* By William Thomson, F.R.C.S. Melbourne: Sands and McDougall, 1882.

Digitized by Google

claims to have made an important contribution to Medical Science, and his work is Australian. The title of the book is somewhat misleading, its main theme being not so much the origin of tubercle as the origin of the theory; it may be summarized thus: Dr. Thomson claims to have discovered the theory by inductive reasoning, and to have announced it in 1876 in almost as complete a form as that in which Koch has since given it, he hints that Koch and Cohnheim both borrowed his ideas without acknowledgment, then he gives valuable definite succinct tables of phthisis mortality in this country and in England, from which he completely proves his previously advanced theory that phthisis is practically independent of climate; the rest of the book is a rambling discussion of various points connected with phthisis in its new light, and it finishes with a series of inconclusive general descriptions of particular cases to prove the contagiousness of the disease, and a suggestion that boroglyceride inhaled seems to be the best known antiseptic for it.

Is the paternity of the Germ Theory of Phthisis a matter of importance enough to justify a publication such as Dr. Thomson's? Most decidedly; for a theory which drags into the clear light of science a disease that in awful mystery works a third of all the deaths amongst those who attain the age of puberty; a theory which shows so clearly in what direction to seek defence against its melancholy ravages, is one with which any man might be proud to have his name associated. Fame is part of the scientific man's reward. Pure love of the work is his strength for the toil; fame is his stimulus to special efforts, and it is hard when he has lived the "laborious days" of Milton, to be cheated of his merited fame. Dr. Thomson's book is a claim for his share of the fame of which the medical profession all over the world has offered profuse tribute to Dr. Koch. The respective titles of the two men will best be estimated by considering what each has done.

There can be no doubt that for many years past advanced medical thought all over the world has been proposing to itself a contagious hypothesis for phthisis; indeed, it was almost a current, though unexpressed, conviction, just as thinking chemists and physicists believe that there is only one ultimate matter of which hydrogen, tellurium, and carbon are merely different conditions; if a chemist were to publish this belief as a theory, he would neither deserve nor get a particle of the fame that will ultimately come to the man who proves it. But if a chemist reviewing the present known facts of chemistry were to bring forward facts and analogies

Digitized by Google

from which he reasoned out some of the properties of this ultimate matter, and indicated the direction in which experimental investigation must search for it, surely he would be entitled to share the fame of the man who seeking in that direction actually found the ultimate matter with the indicated properties. This is somewhat Dr. Thomson's case, though, of course, in its purely scientific aspect his theory is very far from belonging to the first rank, yet in its aspect of immense practical utility to humanity, it does belong to the very first rank. If Dr. Thomson had merely written a pamphlet to broach the hypothesis that phthisis is contagious, no credit would be due to him, but he gave an account of the probable nature of the micrococci or bacteria that produce tubercle, of their probable mode of action, and how that mode of action could produce the observed phthisical effects, and spread the disease contagiously. He suggested the true reason why none of the host of observers had ever recognized these micrococci—namely, that they are never associated in the zooglæa form; and deduced from the theory that phthisis should be independent of climate, a deduction which the proper statistics, when gathered by Dr. Thomson, fully verified.

What has been Dr. Koch's work since? He has actually studied the micrococci under the microscope, and ascertained the elements of their life-history; he has cultivated them apart from the living tissue, and proved their infective power by actual experiment. Here, then, Dr. Koch has an actuality to offer to the scientific world for every probability of Dr. Thomson's, and an observed fact for every theoretical deduction. It is much to be regretted, for the credit of Australian science, that Dr. Thomson did not follow up his clear theoretical conception by a thorough practical search leading to experimental demonstration. At present the *science* of medicine is too young and imperfect to accept unverified theories; all sciences, in their young stages, are fed by facts, and thrive on facts alone. However, considering the whole question as it stands, Australians ought, as far as possible, to give and obtain due acknowledgment of Dr. Thomson's work. He himself almost actually damages his good cause by the weak and illogical style of parts of the book. There is a sad lack of consecutiveness in some of his arguments; indeed, in one or two places, he sets out to prove a particular proposition, and after half a page of reasoning, lands the reader at a totally unconnected conclusion. It is disappointing to find Dr. Thomson speaking as if

Digitized by Google

he had exhausted the whole subject, instead of insisting on the vastness of the field thrown open to coming investigators.

It would greatly redound to the credit of this colony if it were the first country to take scientific sanitary precautions for the suppression of this terrible contagious disease, whose effects are as calamitous as an annual visitation of small-pox sweeping off a thousand souls. But phthisis works in such a decent, quiet, orderly, decorous, and inoffensive manner, that no one can be roused to indignation against it. If the medical profession would only bring home to the people what it really means, something might be done. Ultimately the Government might be roused to tackle a monster that robs the population of a thousand of its most valuable lives every year; or, to make the figures appeal straight to the sensitive breeches pocket, let us give a life the railway-disaster value of £1,000, and we see at once that phthisis robs the country of a million of money each year. It would be a fitting recognition of Dr. Thomson's work if the Government secured his services in directing some sort of efforts to cheat Death out of, at least, a few hundred thousands of this yearly million tribute that he levies.

W. S.

One would scarcely expect to find a book on controversial grammar to any extent entertaining, and yet it may be said that Mr. J. W. Rogers's book* is by no means dull reading. It is so vigorously polemical that the reader who cares for such studies cannot but find his attention arrested by the aggressive style of the author. Every English writer of note on logic or on grammar is attacked, refuted, crushed, in an offhand way which grows more entertaining the further the reader proceeds. A list of the authorities thus disposed of, and relegated by Mr. Rogers to the obscurity which systems of logic and grammar deserve when their backbones, so to speak, are broken by Mr. Rogers's notable discoveries, would fill nearly half a page of this review. These are a number of them:—Horne Tooke, J. S. Mill, Dr. Morell, Dr. Crombie, Professor Earle, Dr. Sullivan, Archbishop Whately,

* *Grammar and Logic in the Nineteenth Century, as seen in a Syntactical Analysis of the English Language.* By J. W. Rogers. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. 1883.

Digitized by Google

Cardinal Newman, Mr. Grote, Dr. Latham, Mr. Mason, Dean Mansel, Professor De Morgan, Sir William Hamilton, Herr Krug, Rev. J. Balmes, Dr. Brownson. These writers are not only attacked, but Mr. Rogers tells us that their systems fall hopelessly to pieces before his sweeping charges.

The most characteristic feature of Mr. Rogers's book is a simple and unaffected egotism: such passages as the following have that calm assurance in self which makes the possessor happy and does nobody else any harm. Referring to his definition of the verb, he says:—

"The writer pauses in some tremor before giving his own definition, which he has not met in the works of any author nor heard from the tongue of man. Where the profundity of even Aristotle is at fault, how can he hope for success? With a feeling of relief he answers this question by another. What avails profundity for the discovery of those treasures that lie near the surface? . . . . So, with this definition, so simple, so plain is it that while some will ask, 'Why did we not see this before?' Others will say, 'Everybody knew it.' To the latter it may be objected, if everybody knew it why did no one proclaim it? The merit of the discovery may be little, the value of it must be great, for reasons already stated. What then is this much-wanted definition? Smile not, reader, when told that *a verb is a word which with a noun, or equivalent, forms a sentence.*"

But the reader is certain to smile when he finds that this inestimable definition is the sole aim and object of fifty-three pages of solid reading, and, indeed, one of the two objects for which the book was written. That Mr. Rogers has a high opinion of his own work will appear from these passages, in which he refers to this definition—

"It was only by examining the verb in all its uses that the present writer was enabled to induce its distinctive mark and to give the definition, one that a child may learn in a few minutes, but which philosophers have for centuries expected to obtain without systematic search."

"The simplicity, comprehensiveness and accuracy of the given definitions are such as will probably commend them to the matured judgment of most readers. How much depends on their acceptation it would be hazardous to determine. . . . Not for centuries only, but for more than two thousand years, has the philosophic world been divided with itself concerning the nature of verbs; and it is not going too far to anticipate that should the explanation of the matter here attempted be received, nothing less than a radical reformation may be looked for in what is too frequently 'the most illogical of sciences.'"

Elsewhere we are told "no one but the present writer knows what difficulty he had in obtaining the definition of the verb."

The third part of the work, embracing about 90 pages, is entirely devoted to the question of what logicians call the copula; of which

Digitized by Google

the simplest type is the word *is* in such a sentence as "*gold is heavy.*" Logicians call *gold* the subject, *heavy* the predicate, and *is* the copula. Mr. Rogers contends that there should be no copula—that *is heavy* is really the predicate.

The use of this term copula, he tells us, "has led great scholars, not only into great mistakes, but often into palpable contradictions, uncomfortable dilemmas, miserable evasions, and patent absurdities." "The theory here supported," he says elsewhere, "regarding the bipartite nature of propositions will, if accepted, render many systems of logic, as systems, valueless, though portions of several are very valuable." He thus proceeds to demolish every system of logic written in the English language.

While expressing our surprise that a book of 211 pages should have been printed to demonstrate so little, we must admit that he has fairly well established the two points he contends for. There is no doubt that the definitions generally given of a verb are clumsy and incomplete; and Mr. Rogers's is, on the whole, an improvement, though we cannot altogether consider it to be the crowning point of philosophy, or the climax of two thousand years of progress. In the course of his investigations, Mr. Rogers has some sharp criticisms which are more or less deserved, though there are many others which appear to us to the last degree hypercritical. We are pleased, however, to see that he calls attention to the constant mistake among English grammarians of confining the imperative mood to the second person alone, whereas such expressions as "Now tread we a measure," "Be his name accursed," are undoubtedly imperatives. Here and there throughout the book Mr. Rogers makes a point; and hence, no doubt, his work will have a certain value for controversial purposes. Of its genuine ability and careful research we can speak in terms of much praise; we only wish they had been employed in thrashing out a wheat that had a greater proportion of corn to chaff.

Mr. Rogers's definition of a verb is not yet perfect. In such a sentence as "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" there is no verb. There are two complete thoughts, and therefore two complete sentences, here. The first is the summons for a horse, the second is the statement of a proposed exchange. Grammarians are in the habit of getting over such difficulties by the simple but decidedly cool method of supposing an unlimited number of words to be "understood." In the second sentence they supply "I will give;" that is, by inserting both subject and predicate, they make it

Digitized by Google

a sentence of the ordinary type. But the idea of giving does not really occur in the original, in which the idea of the kingdom is first called up, then that of a horse, and the preposition "for" of itself, and without the aid of any verb whatsoever, expresses the idea of exchangeability. So in expressions like "Down with the traitor!" "Away to the mountain's brow!" if we supply any verb we change to a sensible degree the meaning of the sentence. Hence, it seems to us that Mr. Rogers is wrong in representing the verb as a necessary part of every sentence.

He exposes many of the shams by which logicians have sometimes sought to reduce all sentences to the form of subject, copula, and predicate; on the other hand there are difficulties connected with his own position which he apparently neglects.

There is not the smallest doubt that the book before us contains good and valuable work, worthy to be incorporated into future grammars, but that it is itself a suitable treatise for instruction in grammar we are inclined to deny; and we most certainly do not expect to hear of those startling revolutions which Mr. Rogers supposes to be the logical outcome of his labours.

A. S.

It is only some few months since Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen brought out a volume of verses; he is now once more before us as the author of a similar book, entitled "Australian Lyrics."* Every one of the short poems of which it consists has been published, the author tells us in the preface, in one or other of the leading journals of Australia. He considers that to be a guarantee of their excellence; and so it is to a certain extent; but we would remind Mr. Sladen that it is not always the case that verses which please the casual reader in a paper or magazine will satisfy his taste when he sees them collected in a volume and given to the world as poems of permanent value. However, we can congratulate Mr. Sladen on his improvement. Certainly improvement was needed to entitle him to the credit of possessing that accomplishment so common and familiar now-a-days—the art of correct versification. Even now we have such lines as these—

"But moving in its own and distinct sphere,"

* *Australian Lyrics, &c.* By Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A. Oxford, B.A. and LL.B. Melbourne. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. 1883.

Digitized by Google

where the dismal lack of rhythm on the word "*distinct*" speaks of the most careless workmanship; or,

> "Isabella, Isabella, defiant Isabella,
> So cruel to her prisoners, but when besieged so brave,
> We shall see her when the conqueror predestined comes to quell her,
> Holding her hands out for the chains, a captive and a slave."

To make Isabella rhyme with "quell her" and "tell her" as in this —poem shall we call it?—is in perfect keeping in music-hall doggrel, but for serious poetry it betrays an innate want of taste which only much study and care can remedy.

> "The shades of night have fallen round us
> Here in Australia;
> The hour-hand verges upon seven
> Of a mid-winter day."

Why should "Australia" be tortured so as to be assonant with "day"? And yet that is a style of rhyme which occurs constantly in Mr. Sladen's verses.

However, in spite of the many, the very many blemishes which mar the book, there is here and there something to praise. The ode to Queen Victoria is distinctly good, and pleases the student of Horace by an agreeable echo of that wonderful master.

"To a Fair Australian" is mere commonplace, but pleasant, so long as there is no suspicion that the author means to pass it upon us for poetry. "Isabella Victrix," from which we have quoted, is poor and tasteless stuff. "The Twelfth of August" is in the metre of Gordon's "Sick Stock-rider," and is possibly modelled on that exquisite lyric. There is, however, a world of difference. Gordon has a poetical subject, and he treats it in a poetical manner. Mr. Sladen has what ought to be a poetical subject—in his hands it becomes a galloping set of society verses; smooth, yet vigorous, but without a hint of poetry.

"To the English of Three Continents" is a better effort, though the metre halts terribly. "The First of September" may be gauged by quoting the following verse, which seems the best, or, at any rate, one of the best in the piece—

> "There stands the hall where he was born, with chimney-stacks and gables
> In the Elizabethan style, and crown-glass window panes,
> And with a courtyard quadrangled by outhouses and stables
> All of red brick, suffused with brown by sun and weather stains."

Digitized by Google

The third and fourth lines of this verse have no suspicion of metre. They are merely a bald sort of prose, and remind us forcibly of Hood's lines on "Our Village"—

> "Of course the green's cropped very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village boys play at cricket;
> Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass is sure to come and stand right before the wicket."

Hood meant his lines to be comic, as indeed they are. Mr. Sladen means his to be serious; but are they so?

"The Belle of the Ball" is an agreeable little piece; it contains two or three verses which a taste not excessively exacting might rank as poetry.

> "She is so palely beautiful that I had almost dreaded
> That she would pass unnoticed 'mid the sheen of brighter hues,
> As in the woods the veiny white anemone imbedded
> Amid the blaze of primrose golds and hyacinthine blues."

"A Birthday Letter," "A Christmas Letter," "A Wedding Letter," "A New Year's Letter," are all short epistles, in which Mr. Sladen expresses his feelings of regard for his own immediate relatives. Other people wrote such letters and put them into straightforward prose; Mr. Sladen is more laborious, but not more effective. He cuts his prose into lines of fourteen syllables, and introduces a rhyme at the end of each; some of them not very correct, as, for instance, "a few months' stay" with "Victoria," and "one to-day" with "Australia." But it would be folly to call any of these effusions poetry.

"To the Fallen Gum-tree on Mount Baw-Baw" is a happy effort in imitation of Brunton Stephens.

"Out West in Queensland," and "Mrs. Watson, a Queensland Heroine," are the prosiest of prose, spoiled by being tricked out with the external garb of poetry.

"The Two Birthdays" and "The Watch Tower," as well as "A Transformation," are somewhat better; they justify the external appearance of poetry by a certain infusion of poetical feeling; but the subjects are to the last degree commonplace.

"My Longfellow" is an account of the author's copy of that poet's works with the pencilled marks and notes on its margin made by beloved but departed hands. The last few lines are very pretty, and seem to us the best in the book:—

Digitized by Google

"But when the summer came she wept and drooped
Like a wild bird that's cooped
From soaring up to carol nearer heaven.
Sixteen years was she given,
And then the hand that lent her took her back,
As transient as the rack
That for a while a hill-peak did enshroud,
And then resought its cloud."

There is excellent feeling in the next piece, "A New Ariadne." A girl who has married a man of ability longs for the old time when she was everything to him, and expresses her heart-hunger now that he is occupied with his work and ambitious projects.

"No! he grows wiser, nobler, grander
Before me day by day;
I hear his sayings and his praises
In all men's mouths alway.

"But in the dear old weeks of wooing
He was mine, wholly mine;
His time, and thoughts, and eyes surrendered
As though I were divine."

And further on—

"You throng and hail the man that revels
In the glad consciousness
Of power and praise; but who among you
Has thought for the distress

"Of the girl-wife, whose whole devotion
Is centred in one man,
Who leans against the window watching
Until her cheek is wan,

"And sees him not? She hears his glory
With mere contentment now;
She would rather have a day of kisses
Imprinted on her brow."

Without being first, second, or perhaps even third rate, this seems to us to have some faint hint of poetry, though the idea is worthy of a better workmanship in regard to rhythm and rhyme. The three following pieces are dull commonplace. But in that which follows, the mentally tasteless character of the author appears in all its nakedness. It has so happened that Mr. Sladen has had the misfortune to be solicited by a lady friend to write his "Confession" in her "Character Book" in forty-one lines of doggerel, not

Digitized by Google

quite equal in standard to a "Nursery Alphabet." Mr. Sladen tells us what wine he likes best; that he is fond of almonds, and has a taste for beef and beer; he admires the iridescent hue of the cactus, and so on. In order that the reader may see that we are not unnecessarily severe we quote the last seven lines:—

"I hate coarse-voiced vulgarity. The character in history
I most admire is Pericles: of all peculiarities
The most excusable are those round which a halo genius throws.
I think the most delightful way to pass a perfect summer day
Is round a reedy mere to prowl and stalk the wary waterfowl.
My favourite apophthegm is this, 'Truly the light is sweet, and 'tis
A pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun,' and herewith all my tale is told."

We ask our readers if anything but disgust can be felt with a writer, who, having had the folly to perpetrate such stuff on paper, has the assurance to print it and scatter it broadcast throughout the world as an "Australian Lyric?"

The next piece "Wiltshire" calls to notice a most remarkable feature in this volume. No less than ten pieces, out of the forty-five it contains, appeared in the volume we reviewed in our last number. Evidently Mr. Sladen does not intend to let his light be hidden under a bushel when he republishes such stupid fragments as "On a Birthday Card." Let us quote a verse from what he calls "A Prayer," to give the reader a sample of the value of what is thus reprinted:—

"I always have loved dogs and horses
To guide with firm but facile rein
The uncomplaining friend that courses
Beneath one's saddle o'er the plain;
To pat the faithful friendly collie
That eyes me every time I move,
But these would fail to soothe me—wholly—
Could I not have her whom I love."

This may be of interesting import to the lady concerned, but how Mr. Sladen expects the general public to take an interest in ordinary feelings expressed in a manner bald even to ludicrousness is a mystery that we do not pretend to fathom.

Our readers will think we have quoted sufficiently from this volume to show that its best passages reach but a moderate level, while the bulk of it is poetry only in name and external appearance. But those to whom the volume is accessible might refer to the

Digitized by Google

verses entitled "To the Australian Eleven" for a specimen of the most pitiful doggerel that ever tasteless ambition inspired.

Mr. Sladen has, of course, a right to publish such verses if he please, but we are only doing our duty in expressing plainly our opinion of them, and regretting that Mr. Sladen does not see his way to throw out the rubbish, gather up the passages of some merit, improve himself for some years to come, and perhaps eventually give to the world a volume of which in after life he may not be ashamed.

A. S.

THE only consolation in connection with the "Religion of the Future"* is that it is happily not the religion of the present. The author, who, in relation to mundane matters, is well known as a genial and law-abiding citizen, becomes a veritable Boanerges when he mounts his Spiritualistic pedestal, and slashes about him with a hearty vigour that indicates a complete and unswerving belief in the Gospel according to Browne. It is possible that the feeling of intolerance is the result of the irritability engendered by the letters received from various parts of the globe in reference to statements made by the writer in previous publications, which, he complains in his preface, have taken up most of his time; but, whatever may have been the exciting cause, it is certain that the most vigorous polemics of orthodoxy pale their ineffectual fire before this outbreak of vituperative wrath.

"*All* religions," we are told, "contain a certain amount of truth. *From their consisting principally, however, of pernicious errors*, the beneficial effects which they would otherwise produce are almost entirely counteracted by the evils engendered by their misleading falsities. The forms of religion popular with us chiefly consist of credulity in ancient superstitions, and the observance of certain traditional ceremonials, resulting in false hopes, pious sentimentalism, and artificial righteousness."

From this gratifying starting-point, the batteries are opened on the teachers of the more generally accepted forms of religion. We are warned not to be led away by the bland sophistry of parsons, who have been trained to hide the truth; not to allow the Bible to be read in schools, to "poison the minds of the youthful" with its

* *The Religion of the Future; or, The Higher Law of Truth and Right.* By Hugh Junor Browne. Melbourne: Published by the Author. 1883.

Digitized by Google

irrational dogmas. We are told that there is nothing the clergy of all sects dread more than rational or spiritual truth, for it exposes the follies and delusions on which their social position and stipends depend. They are said to be faithfully described as a class of men who, having been "educated in sophistry in order to perpetuate error and obscure truth, spend their lives in disseminating falsehood, if not willingly, in culpable ignorance." They are totally devoid of spiritual knowledge, but still point theatrically upwards to vacancy, and their unsuspecting dupes still applaud their solemn knavery. They pander to popular prejudices, and cunningly hoodwink their supporters by associating creeds with deeds. Dishonesty is their prime characteristic; they burlesque and travesty the holy truth; they are the people's spiritual enemies; they are reverend charlatans, spiritual know-nothings; their pulpits are cowards' castles, and so forth *ad nauseam*.

From these selected phrases, taken at random, it may be inferred that the religion (?) of the future will make it rather warm for those who do not see their way to embrace it; and as the constructive portion of the book is almost as nebulous as the destructive part is vigorous, it is not very easy, even for the willing disciple, to discern the paths in which he shall find the ways of pleasantness. It is ludicrously suggestive of Mark Twain's inopportune remark, "What is grammar so long as you're good?" The shibboleth of the future is—Be good in your own opinion, but do not allow any good in people who think differently.

It is hardly likely that so prolific a writer as Mr. Browne has time to relax his mind with such a genial author as the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," but surely it would do him good to commit to memory the following wise and witty words of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

> "Do you know that every man has a religious belief peculiar to himself? Smith is always a Smithite. He takes in exactly Smith's-worth of knowledge, Smith's-worth of truth, of beauty, of divinity. And Brown has from time immemorial been trying to burn him, to excommunicate him, to anonymous-article him, because he did not take in Brown's-worth of knowledge, truth, beauty, divinity. He cannot do it, any more than a pint-pot can hold a quart, or a quart-pot be filled by a pint. Iron is essentially the same everywhere and always; but the sulphate of iron is never the same as the carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable; but the *Smithate* of truth must always differ from the *Brownate* of truth."

In the chapters on bibliolatry and popular superstition, the well-worn ground which has been so thoroughly thrashed by the

Digitized by Google

principal free-thought authors of this century is gone over again on the old lines. When Tom Paine and David Hume tackled these questions they had something to face; and even in later days, when Holyoake and Bradlaugh commenced their crusades, they had knotty controversies with doughty champions of orthodoxy; but now, since an Anglican bishop has demonstrated the abounding errors of biblical history, and the theory of verbal inspiration is practically abandoned, it seems a weary waste of energy to thrash over again all these dead husks.

But the remarkable part of the religion of the future is, that while it denounces all other religions as based on superstition and priestcraft, it expects its disciples to believe in the most improbable and unprovable aberrations of physical laws, and to accept as inspirational the fantastic vagaries of minds perverted by conceit, or unhinged by an unhealthy introspection. Thus, in the chapters on the Evidence of a Life to Come—the Seen and the Unseen worlds—and Life Here and Hereafter, there is no faltering on the threshold of a mystery. With the calm assurance of an eye-witness—or, rather, it might be said, of a returned visitor—the social economy and the physical geography of what is generally vaguely called the next world, are laid bare to the curious, and commented upon approvingly. Without doubt it is this bold attempt at satisfying the innate craving for knowledge about that bourne from which no traveller returns that has kept Spiritism alive from the advent of Kate Fox until now, and that has enabled it to survive the shafts of ridicule, the demonstrations of logic, and the exposures of science. Unhappily for the peace of mind of the anxious seeker after reliable intelligence on this subject, the revelations of mediums have differed so widely as to be absolutely contradictory. There can be no doubt that Mr. Browne is quite as good an authority on the subject as Andrew Jackson Davis, or Mrs. Phelps, or even the whilom Mrs. Jackson, of Melbourne fame; but they differ widely. Let us gather from the author some scraps of celestial news.

People generally suppose on waking to consciousness in the spirit world, that it is a dream, and, as a rule, remain under that impression until they are enlightened by some spirit friend. They then feel greatly disappointed that they do not see the Infinite, and mostly come to the conclusion that there is some mistake, and that they will have to wait till they hear the last trumpet before they are finally settled. As they become acclimatized they gravitate

Digitized by Google

towards those spirits who belonged to the same religious denomination to which they were attached on earth! All the religious sects are perpetuated in the spirit world. The Mahommedan is still looking for Mahomet. "The Jew still considers himself one of God's chosen people, and looks upon Moses as a divinely inspired law-giver; the Roman Catholic still prays to the Holy Mary and counts his superstitious beads; the Episcopalian still declares himself to be a miserable sinner; the Methodist still chants his doleful and sanguinary hymns; the Calvinist still trusts in predestination and election through grace; the bigoted of all sects still retain their hatred towards everyone who does not hold similar views to them," which is rather rough on the denunciatory Futurists.

As all the earthly relationships are continued in the next world, such as husband and wife, parent and child, provision is necessarily made to insure identity. By the natural law of attraction the spirit of man at the death-change retains the counterpart of the clothes he has been accustomed to wear, these having thereby become saturated with his magnetism. Nevertheless, there is no distinction through wealth or social position, and, *malgré* his raiment, each man is loved only for the good that is in him. It seems a little inconsistent to find that the aged and decrepit are restored to the heyday of youth, while all personal deformities and physical infirmities are obliterated. The scientist pursues his studies, the artist his paintings, the musician his music, and things generally conspire, as in a fairy tale, to make everybody live happily for all time.

Space will not permit extracts relating to the special provision made for infants; to dwell upon the indescribable beauty of the scenery and surroundings; nor to prove how angels are really wingless, but have an "aura" which the old masters mistook for the more prosaic appendage. But it is all set forth, and in such concise phraseology that doubt can only co-exist with innate depravity.

While this sort of thing was confined to the pages of the *Harbinger of Light*, it was quite appropriately interred, because it may be assumed that the journal in question circulates only among the cult, to whom this kind of intellectual pabulum is the breath of life. But when it is issued to the general public, and impliedly challenges criticism, it is not unreasonable to ask, if not for intelligibility, at least for evidence. None is vouchsafed, but a favourite device of spiritist literature is resorted to. In lieu of evidence, we

Digitized by Google

have at least authority, and it is attempted to give weight to the opinions expressed by a parade of names of persons who have fully satisfied themselves on the subject. They comprise scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, philanthropists, literary and artistic celebrities, and last but not least crowned heads and nobility, beginning with Queen Victoria and ending with some very long-named German princes! What folly is this? Are numbers to overawe our beliefs? Is it not our duty to think for ourselves on a matter of such import? It would be following a very bad example to apply to Mr. Browne and his most illustrious brethren in the faith the hard names and the ungenerous taunts he has levelled at his fellow-teachers in another portion of the vineyard, but he surely must see that if the religion of the world is to be decided by counting heads, Christianity and Spiritualism combined must yield to the disciples of Buddha.

It was a profound saying of the late W. R. Greg that he never despaired of a future life until he heard someone attempting to prove it; and, while conceding to Mr. Browne the full privilege of enjoying his own unassailable convictions, the majority of his readers will feel that the views he entertains, or allows himself to believe he entertains, about those whose religion is not his, would tend to render his particular hereafter an unenviable one to share. They would probably prefer to follow the example of the Peruvian Inca, and scornfully reject the salvation which he was informed he would have to share with the merciless Spaniard.

H. G. T.

WITHOUT any claim to the elegant diction and polished literary style of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the "Personal Recollections of Mr. Richard Pigott"* take us over the same ground as that lately occupied by our ex-Speaker, to whom, by the way, he pays a high tribute for the part which he took *with his pen* in the troubles of '48. There is a direct incisiveness and vigour of style about the narrative that, combined with the absence of anything like padding, makes it an eminently readable book. Commencing with the famine of 1847, the exciting cause of the outbreak in the following year, the recol-

* *Personal Recollections of an Irish National Journalist.* By Richard Pigott, late proprietor of *The Irishman*. Dublin: 1882.

Digitized by Google

lections carry the reader through all the details of the various risings and their resulting trials and convictions; the birth, progress, and decadence, of Fenianism; the growth of the Home Rule movement; the inception of the Land League; and the effect of the more recent Land Bill, down to the beginning of last year; the book being actually in the press at the time of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

Mr. Pigott's indictment against the British Government as being influenced by a policy of plunder and blunder is a very severe and vigorous one, though he does not entirely endorse the popular belief that the chief cause of the potato famine of 1847 was British rule. "The Almighty, indeed," wrote John Mitchel, "sent the potato blight, but the English created the famine!" Happily for Mr. Pigott, though he has himself tasted the pleasures of martyrdom by being imprisoned for sedition, he has lived long enough to see that the recent efforts of the British Government have been directed towards the true welfare of the unhappy country that has been the enigma of all her statesmen, and he says in his preface—

"Having spent, if not wasted, a lifetime in the advocacy of Irish rights, my only desire is now to make clear my reasons for conceiving that the time has arrived for Ireland to make a new departure, and that in the direction of reconciliation to England, with self-government still steadily in view, and more distinct on the horizon of the future than it has ever been within living memory."

It is absolutely impossible for sober law-abiding Englishmen to understand the train of reasoning, if so logical a condition may be assumed, that influences the opinion of Irishmen in relation to land tenure, and it is remarkable that a book like this, which is full of eloquent and fiery denunciation of the wrongs of the tenant farmer, offers no intelligible statement in support of the grievances which could be accepted by any dispassionate mind. The fundamental idea that appears to underlie all the eloquence, is that the ownership of property, *per se*, especially what is called "real property," is in itself an iniquity, and that the man who cultivates the soil has a better right to it than the man who buys it. Of course, one of the chief contentions is that the property was not honestly come by in the first place, that the people have been defrauded of their birthright; a theory that has found favour even in Victoria, where projects are mooted for "bursting up" the large estates. It is useless to argue on this question, for it is impossible for the disputants to agree upon common premises.

Digitized by Google

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the book are the extracts given from the writings and speeches, in the dock, of some of the leading agitators who have occupied the turbulent stage of Irish politics during the last thirty years. In spite of occasional trembling on the verge of bathos, of an invariable tendency to exaggeration, and a touch of melodramatic fire, it is impossible not to be impressed with the brilliant rhetoric, the deep pathos, the mournful dignity, and the polished invective which mark many of these deliverances.

In this utilitarian age we know, of course, that the brilliant talkers are not the men who regenerate society. Probably in the whole course of his life, Washington never said as much about the love he bore his country, as the average Irish patriot poured out every week, and it is a sufficient test of its value to note its absence in the case of nearly all the men of action who have shaped the destinies of nations. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck, and a host of others, spring to mind as examples of a masterly taciturnity. But in Ireland we constantly learn that the impassioned denunciations of some heaven-born orator "convulsed the country from end to end," that "a shout went up throughout Ireland that echoed in every capital in Europe," that "the heart of an united people throbbed with one pulsation," and so forth. We have known something of this kind of talk in Australia, but the "still strong man," for whose advent Mr. Justice Higinbotham once vainly hoped, has got to be evolved from the intellectual and not the emotional side of our nature. Mr. Pigott is not slow to recognize that the very vehemence and vividness of this hysterical enthusiasm proved its evanescent character, and that it was invariably succeeded by a sullen and despairing discontent.

Perhaps the darkest aspect of the Irish character, which is brought out in strong relief in this book, is the underlying tendency to treachery of the baser kind. There has never been a movement of any kind since '48 that has not owed its failure in a greater or lesser degree to the operations of that repulsive form of treachery worked by informers. In any case where the strong arm of the law made a seizure there was a stampede amongst the most blatant patriots to see which could be the first to save his miserable neck by turning Queen's evidence. The grovelling fear of death may be urged as some sort of wretched palliation, but what language can express adequately the sense of the conduct of those scores of wretches who, in the pay of the police, wormed themselves into the

Digitized by Google

confidence of nearly all the seditious organizations, and, with a pre-arranged system, led their quondam confederates on to the commission of acts that were daily reported to their employers. The system permeated all the conspiracies to such an extent that it came out in evidence, at one of the Fenian trials, that out of forty conspirators in one leading Dublin establishment, ten of them were in the pay of the police.

The conclusions to which Mr. Pigott has been forced, after a long career as an Irish journalist, are that the Land Leaguers have obtained, chiefly from America, something like £200,000, and have squandered it without any beneficial result. He is greatly afraid, he says, that the chief end and aim of that agitation is to keep Ireland in a state of unrest and turmoil, for no worthier object than to sustain the movement and its leaders. The statements in his book fully confirm this opinion, and he vigorously condemns the no-rent manifesto as a scandalous and unworthy device, which can have no hope of success. He believes that the recent bill to amend the Land Act, with some modifications, which he is sure could be obtained legitimately, is the keystone of a hopeful future, and he urges his countrymen to try for what they can surely attain, rather than continue to beat the air and shriek hysterically for the impracticable.

H. G. T.

FUTURE generations of Victorians will, we hope, remember with no little gratitude the labours of Mr. James Bonwick for the preservation of their early historical records. His contributions to colonial literature would of themselves form a small library, and of these some seven or eight have been devoted to Australian history. He has now produced what seems to be his *magnum opus*,* a handsome volume of 534 pages, in which are carefully gathered together all the documents and references of every sort connected with the history of Victoria down to the year 1840. Of course, in such a book there must be a great deal that has already been well known; indeed, there are many documents that have been published *in extenso* over and over again. However, Mr. Bonwick has made his

* *Port Phillip Settlement.* By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1883.

Digitized by Google

collection complete by omitting none of these, however familiar they may have become. He has hunted up in old newspapers, in record offices, and in private correspondence everything that related to the early times of the colony or to the earliest colonists. The result is not so much a history as a work of the *Labilliere* class, a few pages by the author sandwiched between extensive letters, deeds, diaries, proclamations, newspaper articles, and so forth, which are allowed to tell their own tale. It must be confessed, however, that that tale is neither smooth nor continuous; indeed, the effect is decidedly jerky. The book would have been smaller, more readable, and not less valuable if Mr. Bonwick had only quoted fully the relevant parts of many of his documents, instead of inserting everything at full length. For this reason we feel that, while Mr. Bonwick's book will be a mine of information for the student and the writer, and is, indeed, the most complete and reliable work yet issued on the history of Port Phillip, it is, nevertheless, not a work which will command popular attention.

The author is genial, but often injudicious. The personal pride he has in being the first to unearth them, constantly induces him to devote an altogether undue proportion of space to minor matters. His style is simple and correct, but not at all elegant or peculiarly effective; and his discursive manner, his utter want of anything like condensation, his tendency to bathos when expatiating on the colony and those wonderful heroes, its founders, make the narrative less attractive than it ought to be.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bonwick's book will hold an honourable place in our Australian literature; much of what is here preserved is rapidly becoming inaccessible. Original letters in the possession of private persons, if not now hunted up, will never be secured; personal narratives, if not now recorded, will steadily pass into oblivion, and Mr. Bonwick has done a great public service in rescuing them.

The book is provided with lithographs from Mr. Wedge's sketches, taken in the first year of the colony's existence. These are of small merit from an artistic point of view, but they have a certain degree of historical value. There are forty of them, however, and as many are of no interest whatever, a selection of a dozen would have been preferable. There are also fac-similes of letters, and other curiosities, which will assist in making the book attractive to those who are in any way interested in colonial history.

A. S.

Digitized by Google

THIS little pamphlet* is an attempt to reconcile contradictions in Scripture by the help of some esoteric method of interpretation. Efforts of a similar kind have been plentiful enough in our religious literature. The public mind seems to have outgrown the need of them through the more rational method of studying the Bible now practised. Formerly, the Bible was regarded as one book, all parts of equal value and authority, because all given under direct divine inspiration. The modern view of the Bible takes cognizance of the fact that it contains fragments of a literature extending over many centuries, that its several books represent different stages in the religious development of a people remarkable for their high ethical standard.

A knowledge of the progressive character of the Bible should surely remove such difficulties as that with which the pamphlet opens, the reconcilement of the *lex talionis*, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," that forms the basis of the legislation contained in Leviticus, with the golden rule of Jesus Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

There is evidence in this little book that the writer is a disciple of Swedenborg, a profound religious thinker, and a great spiritual force in Christendom, but whose interpretation of Scripture has ever seemed fanciful and strained to those who cannot accept the doctrine of correspondence. M. W.

* *One Teacher: One Law.* By John Le Gay Brereton, M.D. George Robertson, Melbourne. 1883.

WORKS PUBLISHED IN AUSTRALIA

During the Quarter ending March 31, 1883.

FOUR YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY. Forming the Second Volume of "Young Ireland." By the Hon. Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. Melbourne: George Robertson.

ONE TEACHER: ONE LAW. With an Appendix on the Scripture Use of Certain Anatomical Terms. By JOHN LE GAY BRERETON, M.D. Sydney: George Robertson.

GRAMMAR AND LOGIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, as Seen in a Syntactical Analysis of the English Language. By J. W. ROGERS. Melbourne: George Robertson.

AUSTRALIAN LYRICS. By D. B. W. SLADEN, B.A. Melbourne: George Robertson.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE; OR, THE HIGHER LAW OF TRUTH AND RIGHT. By H. J. BROWNE. Melbourne: J. C. Stephens.

AUSTRALIAN BUILDERS' PRICE BOOK. Fourth Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and Corrected. By CHARLES MAYES. Sydney: George Robertson.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES: AN ESSAY. By REV. J. E. TENISON-WOODS, F.G.S., &c. Sydney: Thomas Richards.

Digitized by Google

THE

MELBOURNE REVIEW.

No. 31.—JULY, 1883.

SIR JOHN O'SHANASSY: A SKETCH.

WHEN John O'Shanassy sailed from Plymouth in the *William Metcalf* on the 26th July, 1839, he never thought of settling in Melbourne. A near relative of his had already emigrated to New South Wales and had induced him to go out to Sydney. The voyage was a long one, and it was not till nearly four months afterwards—that is, on the 15th November—that the ship cast anchor in the bay of Port Phillip.

The young emigrant, who had barely reached man's estate, was noticeable not only for his fine manly bearing, but for his peculiarity in dress. It was also observed that among his several hundred fellow-passengers he was very reserved, and that, book in hand, he generally kept retired from all. His favourite practice was to climb up high in the rigging and thus secure his studies from interruption. He was arrayed in a blue swallow-tail coat adorned with brass buttons; and his garb and position must have often stimulated the curiosity and the gossip of those beneath him.

Among the first of the visitors to the ship was a Catholic priest. As soon as he stepped on board he called on all who might be Catholics to come forward. The most stalwart of the group of emigrants advanced at once and grasped the hand of paternal welcome held out by Father Geogheghan. That meeting was the commencement of a life-long friendship. The discerning eye of the wise ecclesiastic took in at a glance the promising look of the new arrival; and his satisfaction was not lessened when he learned that the young emigrant had brought with him a young wife.

Digitized by Google

ANDOVER HOUSE 9 MAY 1936 LIBRARY

Long years after, Dr. Geogheghan told me how he was struck by the appearance of them both. As he gazed upon the young man, who was tall, athletic, and of intelligent appearance, and on the young girl, who had more than an ordinary share of good looks, and whose face was beaming with hope and gladness, he felt instinctively that those two were cut out by nature to help in making a new community prosperous; and he lost no time in trying to persuade them to cast their lot on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. He told them that Sydney was overdone, and that Melbourne would prove a richer field for young folk such as they. In the end he prevailed, and they permanently united their fortunes with the few hundred persons who had already settled in the straggling township which is now a great metropolis.

It was a very fortunate thing for young O'Shanassy that he fell into the hands of such a man as this good Franciscan friar. Father Geogheghan was one of the old school of priests. He was no raw Levite. He had studied at college in Lisbon, and had been trained under the strict discipline of his order in Coimbra. He had a kind heart and a genial smile, which would often light up his frank face of brilliant natural complexion; and his wise words of counsel gained weight in his very manner of utterance. He was poor in this world's goods. The days of wealthy clerics had not yet come.

The first act of public worship on the part of the new arrivals was performed in a rudely constructed wooden hut on the site where St. Francis's Church now stands. The priest had no house of his own, but slept in the bar of a neighbouring public-house. A pallet was prepared for him nightly by the hands of the good-hearted landlady on a few planks placed across some beer-barrels. The poorest of his little flock knew that their pastor practised a poverty severer than theirs; and saw that what was a matter of admiration for them was but a matter of course to him, for he was bound with the cord and had taken the vows of "the seraph of Assisi."

It does not come within the scope of this slight sketch to give, even in outline, all the efforts of the young couple to open up a permanent, profitable career. Whatever little means they might have brought with them was slowly increased, and they at last took a small station a few miles from Melbourne. They stayed there some few years, and the venture was not a success. Disease broke out among the stock, and the prospects of the owners became

Digitized by Google

gloomy. They took a drive together into the town, to see what opening might be there found of retrieving their fortunes. To their dismay they discovered that the townspeople were as badly, or even worse off, than themselves. The whole place bore the aspect of most serious depression. The disappointed man urged upon his wife that it would be well to realize at once and return to Tipperary. They had still something to the good in the bank—"dry money," as they called it—and that amount might be increased by a speedy sale of their remaining goods and chattels, although at a sacrifice. But the brave-hearted little woman lent a deaf ear to the proposal. She had two infants, and she dreaded a sea voyage both for them and for herself. Added to this, her spirit rebelled at the notion of going back to her people baffled and poorer than when she started. They had come to a new land under the guidance of Providence, and nothing would convince her but that, in the long run, their "bread would be certain and their water sure." He reluctantly fell in with her views, but not till later on, when, with her own woman's wit, she opened up a promising means of living in the shape of a drapery store, of which she was always the moving spirit, and which she eventually made a decided success. Her husband never took kindly to a trading career, but she, strong in their mutual affection, toiled on in a hopeful, persevering way, knowing that he would seize the first additional chance by which he felt he could work and win.

They had fairly prospered in business in their establishment in Collins-street during two or three years of exertion—she in her way and he in his—when, to the dismay of both, their landlord unexpectedly refused, on a certain date, to renew the letting. They had accumulated a considerable quantity of goods, and they knew of no place in the town vacant to which they could carry the stock. The enterprising young man seized this opportunity, also, of urging a departure from the shores of Australia. But this time it was not to Ireland that he proposed to go. His imagination was fired with the news of the gold discoveries in California; but once more the wisely-wilful woman had her way. Coming from St. Francis's Church, the very next Sunday, her eyes lit upon a corn-store in Elizabeth-street marked "To let;" and early next morning she had pryed into the structure and had made up her mind that, at a moderate expense, the place could be made to suit her purpose. The end of the matter was, her husband consented to take the place on a long lease, and once more he was strongly, although unwillingly,

Digitized by Google

linked to trade. The investment was a fortunate one, especially when the goldfields broke out, and the miners passed the door with their drays on their way to and fro through Melbourne.

During this trading period O'Shanassy had held office as a member of the Melbourne Town Council, and gradually assumed a leading position among his fellow-countrymen. All that was superior in his mental and spiritual nature became at the same time improved by his frequent intercourse with the educated and pious Father Geogheghan.

On the 11th of September, 1851, he was elected to the first Legislative Council as a member for the City of Melbourne.

The independent political history of the colony had commenced twelve years previously by the arrival of Mr. La Trobe as Superintendent of the District of Port Phillip. This was a stepping-stone to separation from Sydney. O'Shanassy had arrived in the same year, and was witness to and shared the growing discontent of the inhabitants of Australia Felix at seeing their revenues poured by hundreds of thousands of pounds into the lap of the Sydney Government. He had personally shared in the vicissitudes of the colonists. He had benefited by a sudden and feverish prosperity, and had suffered from its terrible collapse. He had been unwillingly present in scenes of physical strife, and had tasted the bludgeon, and narrowly escaped the bullet, of the Orangeman. He had seen hundreds of aborigines flocking in to hold their wild corroborees in the region of the city, and was present at the arrival in the bay of a more dangerous social difficulty in the shape of a body of transported convicts. He saw the struggles of the squatters to invite, and of other inhabitants to repel, the introduction of these unhappy men. He had seen the pastoral tenants agitating to obtain a share in the elective franchise, and saw them gradually becoming a powerful landed aristocracy. He was indignant, in common with most of his fellow-colonists, at Mr. Superintendent La Trobe having informed the Secretary of the Colonies "that any form of Constitution which would take the government out of the hands of a governor, executive, and nominee council, and substitute for the latter a representative body, would be ill-suited to the colony, and render the administration of government a task of exceeding difficulty." And he found himself, on the 11th November, 1851, sitting as an elected member of the first Legislative Council.

O'Shanassy of course was never a nominee member, but neither

Digitized by Google

was he ever an ultra-radical member, or, indeed in the usual sense of the word, a radical at all. At a meeting of citizens held in the early part of 1851, he denied "that the squatters had in any way earned the gratitude of the country. It was the squatters who were indebted to the colony." He said this "although he had been a squatter himself, and was by no means inimical to their interests." Again, he said, "rather than population alone should be the basis of representation he would prefer that some other element should be considered, as wealth, labour, land, or intelligence." "He would rather adopt that principle which they had seen handed down to them for generations in the Constitution of Great Britain." Further, "he opposed vote by ballot," and he asked the working men, "who were the real aristocracy of this country, whether they would sacrifice their proud position and make their independence an offering at the shrine of fear." He never gave up his preference for open voting. Whenever, in after days, he was twitted with being the author of universal suffrage and vote by ballot, he always denied this, and passed the paternity on to Messrs. Haines and Childers.

Sir William Stawell has never hesitated to testify that O'Shanassy rendered the country and himself most material aid when legislative action had to be taken in framing the new Constitution. The industry with which he worked on this important measure, when nearly all the rest of the colonial world was distracted with the fever for gold-getting was a thing never to be forgotten. His reading, too, was almost incessant; and it was astonishing with what rapidity he seized and applied the information so obtained. I never asked him what works he was enabled to get hold of in those early days, but I see he quotes in the debate on the second reading of the New Constitution Bill the once famous and much used "De Lolme on the Constitution," and I think I can recognize in his other utterances some of the notes of old Dr. Adams, the author of a "History of the Principal Republics in the World," being "a defence of the Constitution of the Government of the United States of America against the attacks of M. Turgot."

The debate on the New Constitution Bill commenced on Wednesday, the 18th January, 1854. The Colonial Secretary (J. F. L. Foster) spoke first, and O'Shanassy followed him. His speech was thoughtful, calm, and temperate. He affirmed it to be "as certain as any truth laid down in political science that it is

Digitized by Google

desirable there should be three independent and co-existent powers to govern people of British origin with wisdom and justice." He declared it "necessary to have two chambers," and that those chambers "should be elective." He agreed on "the propriety of constructing the second House upon the principle of a larger property qualification for the electors than is either necessary or desirable in the Lower House." He wished that the Upper House should represent the "Conservative interest in the country, and that the Lower House should represent in reality the people." He held that there was "nothing inconsistent with the theory of the British Constitution in providing that a man should represent property, and should also protect it." He was, however, in favour of "no property qualification for members of the Lower House." He further pointed out that on the occasion of separation from New South Wales, "when the existing Constitution was about to be brought into operation here, a meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Melbourne, to instruct the representatives then going to Sydney—Mr. Westgarth and Major Mercer—upon the subject of framing an Electoral Act for Victoria; and then he laid down the principle with regard to representation that property, intelligence, and population should be fairly represented."

About the middle of 1854 he was attacked by a dangerous fit of rheumatism. He received all the rites of the Church, in anticipation of death; but, happily, the disease took a favourable turn. His friendly antagonist, Stawell, visited him in his convalescence, expressed gladness at his recovery, and told him he "would rather have him to fight in Parliament than lose him." The memorable outbreak of the miners at Ballarat took place in the following December, and he hurried away in a state barely fit for travel to help, as one of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor, to investigate the wrongs of the diggers and to apply a remedy.

It was shortly after this that I was introduced to him by Mr. Haines. I had known Mr. Haines ever since the time that I founded the department of the Registrar-General in 1853, and had stayed, on more than one occasion, with him and his family at the Barrabool Hills. O'Shanassy and I took to each other at once. He soon sought me out again, and his first consultation with me was as to the most necessary books for the library of a public man. He was also desirous of adding useful works to the library of St. Patrick's Society.

I found that he had never read systematically. He had no well-

Digitized by Google

defined plan of study. He never kept the golden rule to read with pen in hand, and note the results of his reading there and then. Hence, vast as was his information, it was to a great extent fragmentary down to his dying day. He, therefore, often felt the want of those connecting links which would have enabled him to methodize his knowledge, and thus make it scientific. But his powers of assimilation were enormous. He treated books as his pliant slaves. He took what he wanted from them at the moment, and then tossed them aside. He would find what he sought as if by intuition, and, once he had found it, his powerful memory would never let it go. He rarely read for the mere sake of reading. I think he told me he had once, of late years, read a novel, or tried to do so, just as Beau Brummell acknowledged that he had once ate a pea. It was, I believe, the "Lothair" of Disraeli. He certainly was not familiar with Dickens, for he never recognized the aptness of any allusions to the characters of that author when they were made in his presence; and if he ever looked into the works of any other writer of fiction, it must have been in early days.

At this period he often lamented the difficulty of finding educated Catholics to sit in the Legislative Council. Mr. Haines had expressed his personal readiness to consent to my entering the House, although I was a Government officer, but he was not quite sure as to the views of the rest of the Cabinet. He promised to bring the matter under consideration. He did so, and the answer was not favourable. I had declined to act, except as an independent member. Some of the Ministers said that meant I was sure to support O'Shanassy. They were wrong; but I was not in my secret heart altogether sorry to be shut out of politics, for I foresaw that under such circumstances the position might be very embarrassing. I spoke to O'Shanassy about my old friend Frederick Lucas, who was a connection by marriage of John Bright, and was then a member of the House of Commons. The fact of Lucas being an Englishman, like myself, was no drawback with O'Shanassy. He often expressed his liking for the English character, and especially in regard to its frankness and truthfulness. Now in this, as in many other respects, Lucas was the very type of the best of Englishmen. Riethmüller, his Protestant biographer, truly says:—

"His very look and manner, suggestive rather of some stalwart Kentish yeoman than of Irish rapparee or Popish conspirator, told at once on the assembled Commons. The portly figure, the frank, fair, Saxon coun-

Digitized by Google

tenance, the genial smile, the glance of kindly humour, the unaffected and manly bearing, were sure to impress an English audience in his favour; and when it was found that he brought to every subject of which he treated considerable knowledge of detail, great skill in arranging his facts, and the power of putting a statement in the clearest light, accompanied by a flow of language and illustration which rose often to eloquence—while none who saw and heard him could doubt for an instant of his sincerity—the former hostility and suspicion were replaced by something like interest and sympathy. Ministers and leaders of party accosted him in words of compliment, and the House granted him that respectful attention which is the highest praise from political opponents. Personally he became almost popular."

And this notwithstanding the fact that Lucas had been born of Quaker parents, and had become a Catholic, and stood up vigorously for Catholic interests. There were other traits in Lucas's character which made me believe he would have proved an invaluable colleague for O'Shanassy and a boon to Australia. First, he was "the most unselfish of human beings," and would have allowed no jealousy to enter his soul. "His flow of spirits was irresistible, and his very look a gleam of sunshine, while the freshness and originality of his views on almost every subject impressed the most careless listener with a sense of his intellectual power." "In debating, he had a power of sustained and consecutive reasoning, a readiness in reply, a command of language and illustration, and altogether a weighty and solid style of eloquence rare at any age." "He could read Dante and Goethe in the original." He was one of the first leader writers of the age. "His smile was the sweetest, his laugh the most exhilarating." "He had a constant flow of rich and genial humour, and, sweet and buoyant, he was ever the gayest and most delightful of companions." Such are some of the traits extracted at random that lie scattered on the pages of the biography of this dear old friend, and his arrival on these shores I firmly believe would have proved of advantage both socially and politically to this my adopted country.

It so happened that just at this time the Catholic Bishop of Melbourne informed me that he had heard Lucas had been ill and was staying in Rome, but that it was rumoured there was a likelihood of his sooner or later coming out here. By the next mail, on 29th September, 1855, I wrote to him as follows:—

"Now, how it is possible you can be allowed by the Catholics of the United Kingdom to leave your splendid career of usefulness without most earnest remonstrance and substantial proof of their readiness to make almost any sacrifice to force you to stop, I cannot conceive. But if, from a sense of duty

Digitized by Google

to your family, or unavailing struggle against lukewarmness, prejudice, or intrigue, or any other demon likely to possess the hearts of those who ought not to have occasion to be exorcised therefrom, or from any other cause whatsoever you should determine to make Victoria your home, why, then do I believe that, without any doubt, no position, whether political or otherwise, in this colony would be out of your reach."

When the letter, of which this is a portion, reached London, Lucas was dead. It was opened by an executor, Mr. Richard Swift, one of the sheriffs of London, and was inserted by him in the London press. Of course, it soon came out in this shape to Australia, and, as chance would have it, Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy arrived about the same time.

To my amazement, the coming of that gentleman was set down as the effect of my innocent missive, and there was a burst of bigotry on the part of Mr. J. P. Fawkner and others that showed a strong, and by me unsuspected, current of religious prejudice, and a readiness to put forth reckless slander for truth, for which I was totally unprepared. I never took the trouble to deny any of the numerous and irrelevant assertions then made, and I only say now, as a legitimate opportunity here offers itself, that neither my letter nor any act on the part of O'Shanassy of which I am conscious, was the inducement which led Mr. Duffy to these shores. That gentleman had made arrangements to leave Europe long before, and he was received with almost frantic enthusiasm. He was, in the eyes of the Irish Roman Catholic colonists, in almost every way a representative man. He was a poet, and had written national ballads; he had been a member of the House of Commons, and there denounced the corruption of some of his countrymen; he was a journalist, and as such had been a political martyr. Under the coming new Constitution no member could take his seat in parliament without a property qualification. This he did not possess himself; therefore, the necessary amount must be raised by his willing admirers. And it was raised, more than twice over.

At the meeting held on the 20th August, 1856, to make the presentation of the gift, O'Shanassy took the chair. He said "they had come to testify their regard for genius, talent, honour, and fidelity, shown in a good cause. It was intended to invest the entire sum raised (£5,000) in a freehold property, the title deeds of which would be presented to Mr. Duffy. One-half had already been expended in the purchase of a suitable homestead near the city, which he hoped the honourable gentleman would enjoy

Digitized by Google

through a long series of years." Mr. Duffy said that he accepted the gift "as frankly as it was given, as a noble retaining fee to serve the interests of Australia according to his best abilities, and he felt it would be a lasting reproach to him and his if he did not labour through good report and ill in the service of the generous Australian people."

Thus all went merrily as a marriage bell. But a time came when, instead of this sweet harmony between the brother politicians, there arose dread discord. I do not think it would serve any useful purpose to rake up the ashes of their quarrel now. Perhaps Sir Charles may one day give his reminiscences to the world, and then disclose the history of the estrangement. My notes of the affair can very well rest till then.

In the month previous to the giving of the testimonial a public meeting was held in the Hall of Commerce, Melbourne, of requisitionists and others interested in considering the policy which ought to guide electors in the choice of candidates and the Legislature in the discharge of its duties, on the introduction of responsible government. As the resolutions come to at that meeting were moved by O'Shanassy, and as they clearly show the manner in which, after having helped to create the Constitution, he now proposed to work it, I give them as they were passed. He said:—

"I. That, in order to secure a just and economical administration of government, and a full development of the great material prosperity of the colony under the new Constitution, it is essential to secure the co-operation of the friends of progress, irrespective of creed or nationality; and inasmuch as this can only be done upon broad and general principles, it is expedient to except from the programme of this movement the disputed questions of State aid to religion and the system of public education, leaving the consideration of the same to be dealt with specially by each constituency in making their choice of representatives for the new legislature.

"II. That the essential basis of such co-operation must be political liberty and religious equality. Political liberty, to ensure the full and unrestricted representation of the people in the legislature, and through it in the executive; and religious equality, to ensure to every citizen the unfettered exercise of his faith and the unimpeded enjoyment of all civil rights and privileges.

"III. That the government of this country has not hitherto been conducted in a manner to entitle it to the confidence of the people, as proved—

"1. By its clogging the Constitution with an excessive property qualification.

"2. By its harsh and coercive practices, which have seriously endangered the public peace.

"3. By a reckless creation of unnecessary offices.

"4. By irregularity in the public accounts.

Digitized by Google

"5. By misappropriation and unconstitutional application of the public funds.

"6. By wanton extravagance in the public expenditure, for which no adequate results remain.

"7. By weak and vacillating counsels, which have lowered the character of the country before the world.

"8. And, finally, by a premature, ill-judged, and unconstitutional assumption of responsible government before the members of it could become amenable to popular constituencies, as the law requires, and by accepting office under a minute of the late Governor on terms humiliating to themselves and derogatory to the rights of the people and the power of the legislature.

"IV. That we will withhold our support from any administration which is not prepared to give the country the immediate benefit of the new Constitution—

"1. By a land system which shall adjust equitably, under a permanent law, the rights of agriculturists, miners, and squatters, and facilitate the rapid sale and distribution of the land for occupation and settlement.

"2. By public works which shall most effectually facilitate the development and enjoyment of our national resources.

"3. By a reconstruction of the public departments, with a view to greater efficiency and economy, combining therewith a classification of the subordinate officers, whereby merit, capacity, and length of service shall be rewarded according to a fixed rule, with a view to the future distribution of public offices fairly among our mixed population, and with a view to the permanent establishment of the English practice, which forbids the removal of a subordinate officer on political grounds.

"4. By replacing the present illusory system of audit of the public accounts by a system which shall afford an effectual check and control over every branch of the public expenditure.

"5. By the appointment of a public officer through whom the Government may be sued.

"6. By an enlarged and amended municipal system, which shall give to the people increased power over the expenditure of public money and the management of local affairs in their district.

"7. By a reform of the law, with a view to make the administration of justice less dilatory and expensive, and to render it more accessible to the people by localization of the means of redress and the increase of the unpaid magistracy.

"8. By an immigration system which shall provide a sustained stream of human labour and diffuse it fairly throughout the country.

"9. By the prompt establishment of steam communication with Europe.

"10. And, lastly, by a Reform Bill which shall extend the franchise, abolish the property qualification for the Lower House, reduce it for the Upper House, shorten the duration of both Houses of Parliament, and redistribute the electoral districts on a fairer and more popular basis.

"V. That we are of opinion the early attention of Parliament should be called to the necessity of a Federal Assembly, empowered to legislate on all intercolonial questions. Tariffs, public lands, immigration, a postal system, railways, a mint, a supreme court of appeal, lighthouses, defences, and a penal

Digitized by Google

system can only be satisfactorily regulated by the legislation of a Federal Assembly, instituted by the consent and authority of the colonies of Australia."

A truly statesmanlike programme, much of which remains to be performed.

The first session of Parliament under the new Constitution commenced on Friday, the 21st November, 1856. O'Shanassy had been elected both for Melbourne and for Kilmore, and he declared to sit for the latter constituency. On the Government side appeared Messrs. Haines, Childers, Sladen, Pasley, Clarke, Stawell, Fellows, Lalor, Griffiths, E. Henty, and Rutledge. On the Opposition benches sat O'Shanassy.

It was not long before O'Shanassy saw his opportunity of proving that he was to be the first member of Parliament in this country to hold the position of Premier by a vote of the majority. This he said was the real commencement of the era of responsible government. But he was unfortunate in choosing most unpopular colleagues. Messrs. Foster and Duffy were in very bad odour. O'Shanassy had formerly condemned Mr. Foster for "one of the worst breaches of faith ever committed," and yet he took him into his counsels. Mr. Duffy had used an unlucky expression at a public dinner as to his being an "Irish rebel to the backbone and spinal marrow," and this was taken as significant of his being a colonial rebel too. Some of those who viewed his advent to office with fear and abhorrence, lest his machinations should imperil the loyalty of the newly-formed state, little thought they would live to see the day when he himself would be their Premier. And their minds would have been strangely quieted as to the anticipated reign of terror if they could have beheld him with prophetic eye as he is at the moment whilst I write, living in retirement on the sunny sides of Europe, titled by the Queen, pensioned by this country, and showing, as he approaches the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten, a freedom from all turbulence and an intense devotion to letters and soft domestic peace.

It was Mr. Fellows who brought forward a motion of want of confidence in the first O'Shanassy Ministry, and Mr. Service seconded it, as he considered the Chief Secretary had gone beyond his own judgment in the selection of his colleagues. Mr. Duffy asserted that the opposition existed because O'Shanassy was an Irish Catholic. He cited a series of articles that had appeared in the *Argus* headed "Where are the Ninety?" O'Shanassy

Digitized by Google

had previously uttered a similar sentiment, and called upon the members, if this were the case, boldly to aver that Catholics should hold no power.

Mr. Haines, and other members of his government, had approved of a movement to erect a statue to Mr. J. P. Fawkner just after the latter's pen-and-ink assault on the church and on individual Catholics all round. Mrs. Fawkner told me afterwards that her husband was wheedled into writing much of this by others. My own impression is he did not require much prompting. There were also all sorts of absurd rumours of a Titus Oates stamp. For example, it was whispered with great gravity, that O'Shanassy was working to become President of an Australian republic, and that it had been ascertained he was a Jesuit, and had been allowed to marry by the Pope in order to disguise his secret plots! One paper even spoke of the finger of the Pope paralyzing the action of O'Shanassy as an independent citizen. The writer might with equal propriety have accused the ten digits of Moses of frightening him into keeping true to the decalogue.

After all, however, the real sterling worth of O'Shanassy was well recognized, although few men's minds had as yet been reconciled to see him at the head of affairs, and especially when associated with those whose presence in the Cabinet it was considered would not promote the country's interests. That able lawyer, Mr. J. D. Woods, said:—"O'Shanassy had never sought the appointment of a nominee member, and if his inclination had been money-making he might have been one of the richest landowners in the colony, but instead of this he had used his exertions for the good of the people, and had shown a desire to write his name on the page of history. In the words of Milton, he had 'scorned delights and lived laborious days.'" Mr. Moore said "he was like a sturdy old Irish oak whose existence was sapped by the number of parasitical plants which fastened about him." Another member (Mr. Michie) said he felt it right to give testimony to the general honesty and valuable services of O'Shanassy. There was no man more fitted to hold office as a member of the Government. The Ministry fell by a majority of fifteen. The House sat all night till twenty minutes past seven in the morning.

It would be impossible, within the few pages of space allotted to me here, to give even in skeleton form a true idea of the nature and extent of O'Shanassy's parliamentary labours from their commencement to the date of his death. To do the subject justice

Digitized by Google

would require a goodly volume. But I have placed at the foot certain dates which the student of his political career will find useful.* I must now

> "Jump o'er times,
> And turn the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass."

O'Shanassy was Premier in three administrations. He frequently told me that it was his firm determination never to take a lower rank in any ministry. He gave up the reins of power on the 22nd June, 1863, and never held them again.

A few months before—that is, on the 20th November, 1862—he authorized the purchase of Moira station, Upper Murray, by Robert Glass for and on account of "O'Shanassy Brothers." The brothers

* His Parliamentary career was as follows :—

First Legislative Council—

Elected for Melbourne, 11th September, 1851, and held seat until the introduction of responsible government in 1856.

Legislative Assembly—

I. (21st November, 1856—9th August, 1859.) Elected for Melbourne, 23rd September, 1856; also for Kilmore, 3rd October. Elected to sit for Kilmore. Re-elected, upon two several acceptances of office, for Kilmore, 19th March, 1857, and 19th March, 1858.

II. (13th October, 1859—11th July, 1861.) Elected for Kilmore, 26th August, 1859.

III. (30th August, 1861—25th August, 1864). Elected for Kilmore, 5th August, 1861; and re-elected on accepting office, 27th November, 1861.

IV. (28th November, 1864—11th December, 1865). Elected for Kilmore, 3rd November, 1864.

V., VI., VII. [No seat 5th, 6th, or 7th House of Assembly. Was not a candidate].

VIII. (19th May, 1874—25th April, 1877.) Was defeated at Kilmore, 22nd April 1874, and at Villiers and Heytesbury in 1876.

IX. (22nd May, 1877—9th February, 1880.) Elected for Belfast, 11th May, 1877.

X. (11th May, 1880—29th June, 1880.) Elected for Belfast, 28th February, 1880.

XI. (22nd July 1880—30th December, 1882.) Elected for Belfast, 14th July, 1880.

XII. (27th February, 1883—current.) Defeated at Belfast, 22nd February, 1883.

Legislative Council—

Elected a member for the Central Province, 26th February, 1868, and resigned seat in April, 1874.

Approximate duration of seats in the various Chambers of Legislation :—

1.	The first Legislative Council ...	5 years.
2.	The Legislative Assembly ...	15 ,,
3.	The new Legislative Council ...	6 ,,
		26 years.

The above synopsis was compiled with great pains by Mr. Finn, of the Parliament House, at the desire of Sir John, who handed it to me in aid of his proposed memoirs.

Digitized by Google

were two of his sons. He had resolved to start them in a squatter's career in another colony. He told me that he would never lease an acre of the Crown lands in Victoria, or allow any of his children to take an office under its Government. He had begun to sicken of politics, and thought it was high time to do something for his family. I was at his house at the time of his discussing the purchase with Mr. Hugh Glass, and he had to pay between nine and ten thousand pounds down. I asked the latter whether he thought it prudent for O'Shanassy to venture perhaps his all at one stroke. He told me that the transaction was as safe as the bank. He was certain that the station itself would enable the purchaser to pay off the twenty thousand pounds' worth of bills that had been given for the balance of the purchase-money. Hugh Glass was right. The station has paid itself over and over.

On the 16th May, 1866, he left Victoria for a journey to Europe in the *Great Britain*. His medical advisers had recommended him to rest both from public and private business, and to take a voyage home. He was accompanied by the loving and beloved companion who had, more than a quarter of a century before, arrived with him in the *William Metcalf*. He landed unknown, he was going back illustrious. A banquet had been given to him a week before in St. George's Hall, and a presentation added of £1,500. This was subscribed mainly by English and Scotch colonists. About sixty addresses were presented from the cities, towns, boroughs, shires, and districts of Victoria, and he sailed away with shouts of admiration ringing in his ears.

As he arrived near Cape Clear, he wrote:—

"We had a good view of my poor old country. . . . Oh, what sensations did not this scene call up in my memory. In the same month, twenty-seven years before, I passed out through one of the harbours which lay before me *en route* for Australia. I bade adieu to my country and friends, as I thought, for ever. I was going to what was to me a totally unknown land. I was once again after such a distance of time, and I hope I may add with something of a history worth recording, passing the same spot—accompanied, too, by Mrs. O'Shanassy. . . . I cannot describe my feelings on the occasion. I would have given much to be able to land and touch my native soil."

In Liverpool he was struck with the Brown Library—"A splendid gift of an Irishman who acquired wealth as a merchant in Liverpool." When he passed the spot where the *Royal Charter* foundered he recalled the loss of several friends and "offered up a memento for them."

Digitized by Google

On his way to London, his view from the railway carriages gave him "a pleasing picture of English life." He noted especially "the working of the canals, and learned with much pleasure that notwithstanding the immense network of railways by which England is intersected, the canals carry most of the heavy goods, and that the owners still derive handsome profits by the traffic." Their construction afforded him an opportunity of considering "how far canals could be rendered available in time in Australia."

London itself he found an inexhaustible field. It gratified him to find he was no stranger in the mighty city. He wrote, "I was soon recognized by persons who had been resident in Victoria, and always obtained a cordial greeting." Mr. Verdon and Mr. C. G. Duffy paid him visits at his hotel, "which visits I returned." "In walking through the city," he adds, "I saw Mr. Duffy looking into a shop window admiring some bronze ornaments. We met and exchanged compliments." Nothing more!

He eulogized in high terms "the most hospitable attentions" paid to him and Mrs. O'Shanassy by Mr. Edward Wilson, formerly editor of the *Argus*.

"Mr. Wilson," he wrote, "naturally associates with literary men, and we had much enjoyment in hearing one Mr. Neill, a countryman of mine, and Mr. Wilson discourse on the near approach of the great crash of the British Empire!! Both gentlemen agreed that its days were numbered to the shortest span, but from opposite causes. My friend Mr. Wilson might in later times in Melbourne be called a Conservative, but in England an unmistakable Radical. Mr. Neill, I fancy, was always opposed to British institutions. I confess I could not follow up to a conclusion the terrible catastrophe from anything stated."

He went to the Houses of Parliament one night when the Habeas Corpus Act was to be suspended owing to the Fenian movement in Ireland, and he found the suspension of Constitutional Government in his native country was a subject sufficiently exciting to keep him in the Commons till two o'clock in the morning.

"While waiting for the debate I was introduced to Daniel O'Connell, junior—a strange coincidence for me. Here was the son of the Liberator, the great one departed, and a small little fellow as unlike the father as it was possible to conceive, unmoved by what was to take place in a few hours. I ascertained from him that he held an appointment worth £600 a year in the Customs! I ventured to say to him 'If your father were here to-night he would cause the House to fill to overflowing.' The question was introduced in the shape of a Bill giving extraordinary powers to the Irish Executive. . . . Lord Naas, Chief Secretary for Ireland, opened the business in a speech the least logical I ever heard. Mr. Maguire, the member for Cork, followed, and after delivering a

Digitized by Google

stock-speech on Irish grievances, such as the land question, &c., he concluded. After he had finished he came to me in the gallery and said, 'Well, what do you think of my effort?' I said, 'You must excuse me, Mr. M., but I thought you had risen to answer Lord Naas' speech, and I am disappointed that you scarcely referred to it.' He rushed off to see some member of his party to get him up; but before quitting me I said, 'As you have plenty of able speakers of your party I hope you will get one of them to reply to Lord Naas.' I believe Mr. M. did not trouble himself about the matter."

Later in the evening Gladstone spoke.

"This was my first hearing of Mr. Gladstone, and I was much pleased with his style, as, though supporting Lord Naas, he was only sustaining the principle which he had to introduce when in office a few months before. He gave much better reasons for the suspension than the Government; but he also touchingly admitted the necessity of removing Ireland's long-cherished grievances, and he fully impressed me with the belief his conviction lay in this direction. I was enabled to judge how much influence the Irish members had in the Commons from attending closely to this debate. I conclude that, for all practical purposes of a national representation, Ireland had none."

He next went to Dublin and visited the grave of O'Connell. "It was most gratifying to see the flowers, so new and beautiful, strewed in large profusion on his coffin, a religious duty performed by his friends with love and tenderness. . . . I offered up," he continues, "a humble prayer for the soul of the great departed."

One of his Dublin evenings was spent with Judge O'Hagan and family. He met a large party, including Duffy, Dillon, Lentaigne, Blennerhassett, Cashel Hoey, &c. "The topics of conversation were chiefly Australian." The company were deeply interested about his adopted country. "O'Hagan," he continues, "was surprised to hear me address Duffy as 'Mr. Duffy.' He thought the relationship a little more intimate; but thereby 'hangs a tale.'"

His next social pleasure was a gathering at which his uncle, the priest of Drangan, was present. After twenty-seven years he had "the happiness to meet him in a long and cordial embrace." They dined with a jovial and hospitable gentleman of eighty, who was as "lively as a young man of twenty-five. He brought a numerous party to meet us, and gave me an interesting account of some of my relations, who were, in the days of Ireland's commercial prosperity, leading merchants of the city of Dublin."

O'Shanassy spent a day in visiting all the prisons in and near the city. "Saw the room in which O'Connell was imprisoned, as also where Mr. Duffy spent his prison hours; and had explained to me the mode in which Stephen (head centre) effected his escape." The Inspector-General of Prisons, John Lentaigne, showed him

Digitized by Google

over the "castle," and explained to him all that of interest was to be found therein; and concluded by introducing him to Sir Bernard Burke, "whose works on 'Heraldry' are so well known and appreciated." "Historic record of my family exploits read over to me from official records." "Had the knotty point determined by authority how to spell my name." "Sir Bernard Burke decided that I had the correct method of writing my name—O'Shanassy, from O'Shaghnassy, or, as sometimes written of old, O'Shaghnessy, pronounced Sha-gh-out-nassy."

On leaving Dublin he went to his uncle's residence at Drangan. "The good people of my uncle's parish testified their joy in the most enthusiastic manner by bonfires, fireworks, and a triumphal arch, bearing the well-known Celtic motto of welcome. I addressed to them a few words at my uncle's request, and they remained most of the night playing sweet music." He next proceeded to Clonmel, and gazed upon the magnificent range of mountains upon which he had so often sported in youthful days. He wrote of them with delight:—

"I lay down," he said, "to embrace the loved spots. In front of me I had my favourite Galtees, and I fancied myself young enough to make for them and climb their rugged sides, evading the gamekeepers and bringing back hares, &c. But, alas! such was only the vanity of human wishes; my rheumatism reminded me that it was not to be done."

Much later on he wrote:—

"I drove out from Thurles to where I first drew breath, to Ballinahow," about two miles distant. "I had curious sensations as I looked over the ground. I saw the orchard, still in full bloom, where I often in childhood plucked the most delicious fruit."

He goes on—

"I returned by way of Holy Cross Abbey. I entered the holy structure with profound feelings of respect and affection. My early instructor, my dear grandmother O'Shanassy, lies buried at the place where the high altar stood when the ancient ruin was filled with devout men who were constantly engaged offering the Holy Sacrifice to God on this blessed spot. She died during my absence, at the remarkable age of one hundred and six years, a holy woman of great strength of character. . . . I knelt down on the spot where her remains lie mouldering, and poured out my heart in prayer for her eternal happiness. In youthful days I derived impressions from her of religion, and her practical piety instilled into my tender heart lessons which I have never forgotten."

In this fashion he jotted down his impressions by fits and starts all through his journey. Some things which would be of special

Digitized by Google

interest for us now he wrote little about. He doubtless intended to dilate upon them afterwards by word of mouth, and in fact to some extent did so. Among the bushels of letters which lie in my boxes in heaps just as they were huddled together on the household wreckage produced by Black Wednesday, I may one day select some of his which will throw light on his continental tour and the influence it had on his mind. I cannot do so now. I have just come across a letter dated 20th April, 1867, in which he writes:—

"I am off to Paris for a few days to see the French 'Exposition,' and return to eat a terrible dinner on 1st May, *à la London Alderman*, and receive a handsome testimonial in silver plate to the value of £1,000, and then on the 9th May sail for Melbourne per *Great Britain*. I have purchased £500 worth of books with the balance of the testimonial fund, and I hope you will like my selections. I have spent a month over this item. You can understand my labour in this respect. I can now invite you to a read at Tara, and I need not say how much happiness I always derived from a comparison of the ideas in books with your own."

On his return to Melbourne his health was not altogether so firmly re-established as his friends had hoped. He still remained resolute in his determination to make a fortune, and his efforts in this direction, as I often told him, did not improve his better nature. For in truth his monetary success was not realized without much anxiety, much wear and tear of body and mind, some expensive lawsuits, and great loss of popularity as a politician. Often and often would he, in times of drought and mercantile depression, come to me of an evening and give vent to his fears of the future. He had a terrible dread of dying in debt; but, nevertheless, he did not limit himself to Moira, but eventually speculated in much larger areas. All the while that his proprietorship of broad lands was widening he looked upon it as a necessary duty to restrict his expenditure to a very modest annual sum. He said it would not be just to his creditors to spend more than he did, either on his house, his family, or in charity. And yet while labouring under this sense of responsibility, and conscious of the absolute importance of living in a way which at times looked very like parsimony, he was never disposed to declare that the pension available under Schedule D of the Constitution Act was necessary to keep up his position in life. Some of his own family, as well as some of his friends, both clerical and lay, frequently urged upon him the propriety of his taking the £1,000 a year, as Ireland and Duffy had

Digitized by Google

done. But no—he felt he could do without it—and his conscience, and, perhaps, his pride, made him firm in resisting the advice given.

It was not, however, a rise in the rate of interest or a cessation of showers from the heavens that harassed the brain and wearied the heart of the keen speculator. There were the free-selectors, who, as he said in a speech years before, were worse than an invading army to the squatters. A family of the name of Joachim sat down on his run. Infants at the breast, by a legal technicality, were made to claim a power of selection. O'Shanassy, burning with indignation at a process which he believed to be contrary both to law and justice, would make no terms with the invaders as other squatters had done under similar circumstances, but he determined to appeal to the legal tribunals. Years of worry ensued, including an appeal to the House of Lords. O'Shanassy was the loser of between three and four thousand pounds, and Joachim and his family remain on the run. Of course this affair was not neglected as an opportunity for his political antagonists in Victoria to get up a cry against him as a bloated squatter who was ready to oppress and ruin the poor man.

He did not, however, give up political life. He tried the Upper House, found the atmosphere uncongenial, and at last re-entered the Assembly. Here it was impossible for him to remain inactive, and he took his fair share at least in the discussion of the prominent public questions of the day. But this portion of his career I but slightly touch just now.

One question gradually became to him of paramount importance —the Education question. It was ever in his mind. Our conversations on this subject over five-and-twenty years must have exceeded in duration all the other conversations we ever had upon all other subjects put together. I succeeded him as a Commissioner on the Board of Education in 1857, and held the seat for about ten years. He concurred with me, and approved of my endeavours to work in harmony with my fellow-Commissioners for the common good. It is a gratifying reminiscence for me to look upon those long days of gratuitous but useful labour shared with able and earnest representatives of the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Nonconformists, and the Jews. We were a much abused body at the time.

But while O'Shanassy was pleased at my personal success in keeping up cordial relations with my non-Catholic co-workers, he never shared my hopeful anticipation of amicably overcoming the religious difficulty. He was averse to my suggesting to Mr.

Digitized by Google

Heales that if that gentleman stuck to the clause in the new Common Schools Bill, prescribing four hours' consecutive secular instruction, he would imperil its chances of success, but that if he divided the four hours proposed into two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, religious teaching might be secured in the interval, and the measure rendered more palatable to the Catholic body. O'Shanassy was for opposing the bill tooth and nail, and to throw the responsibility of alienating the Catholics on the Government. Its object, he firmly believed, was to destroy the Catholic Schools. A large number of the clergy shared this feeling, and expressed themselves willing to refuse all Government aid. At a meeting that was held on the subject I stood nearly alone in saying that it was a thousand pities to create an antagonism at once. Let us go on working with our fellow-citizens until it was forced upon us that we could not co-operate without some compromise of principle. The Bishop came to the same conclusion, and I took my seat at the board under protest, and only so long as the board should be conducted fairly in spirit and without any trenching upon faith and morals. This step stayed the severance of the Catholic schools from the State for many years, but, for a time, it strained my relations with O'Shanassy almost to snapping.

The first sitting of the new board, which was to supersede the operations of the old national and denominational boards, was held on the 14th August, 1862, in the offices I then occupied as Registrar-General. From the first I went in for a trial of the system of results, and after some sharp thrusting and parrying between the Commissioners and the Government, the latter conceded its approbation to certain rules which embodied the result system so far as the retention of "some sufficient stimulus to the teachers to look after every child in their schools." This was enough for me. I fondly hoped that a single trial would prove to all fair-minded people that the principle was a good one. As I afterwards said to Mr. George Higinbotham, when examined by him in 1866, before a Royal Commission on the system of Public Education:—"I prefer this principle: pay on the presentation and passing of all children, no matter who presents the children, even if the parents presented them. The State has only to be satisfied the children have been taught. . . . If a dame presented children, and they passed, I would pay her." This idea was based on the sincere desire I had to remove the only substantial hindrance that existed to Catholics

Digitized by Google

living in equal brotherly freedom with their fellow-colonists of all denominations. O'Shanassy adopted similar views, and stoutly fought for their realization.

It would take too long to go over the whole ground of O'Shanassy's struggles in the political arena over this matter. Year after year the subject became to him more and more important. He at length arrived at the stage when he conceived the notion, and seriously set to work to carry it out, namely, of upsetting every ministry that would not endeavour to render what he deemed justice to Catholics. He to a certain extent succeeded. I have a document lying before me, written in 1880, wherein he, however, admits he could not carry on this *rôle* for ever. I was delighted when he wrote that, for I had often remonstrated with him on his course, and predicted that the only result of his contrary policy would be to band the rest of the community as one man against him. He became inclined towards a Commission of Inquiry, and to take office with those willing to concede this step. Indeed, negotiations were entered into, but the arrangement never came off. Sir Bryan O'Loghlen afterwards became Premier, and offered O'Shanassy a portfolio without office. The latter indignantly declined the offer. Sir Bryan initiated steps to appoint a Commission to inquire into, amongst other things, "the alleged grievances" of a portion of the population. The word "alleged" offended O'Shanassy. When the House of Assembly insisted upon adding to the names of the Commissioners, already proposed by the O'Loghlen Government, and my name was thus included, he took good care to let me know that the thing was a sham; that it was a mere put-off, in order to shelve the question; that I was not on the Commission as a representative of the Catholic body, and that, in fine, no good would ever come of it.

So matters went on—he fuming whenever he met me at the interminable prolongation of the inquiry, and shaking his head at my insisting that we were making haste slowly, and that he should be a little more patient, as this was the first legitimate chance that the Catholics had ever had to give sworn evidence as citizens before a lawful tribunal established for the purpose of ascertaining what their grievance was, its nature and extent; and that they could take advantage of what he thought undue delay by accumulating a large amount of business-like evidence.

In this mood he went, early in 1883, for re-election at Belfast, and was beaten. A few evenings after his return he came to see me,

Digitized by Google

and related the history of his election. I never saw such a change in the physical appearance of a man in so short a time. When he went away, a few weeks before, he was certainly not thoroughly well, but he was cheerful, if not energetic. Now he was depressed in mind and despondent in look. His face was pallid, and of an ashen grey. His eyes were lustreless. His mouth was no longer set firm as of yore, and his jaw appeared to droop. As the night wore on he became more like his former self, but at first I feared he was on the threshold of an utter collapse. I could see that an old physical ailment was beginning to tell on him severely.

What stung him was the ingratitude, as he called it, of his own people. He had laboured for them for more than forty years, and they had knowingly and deliberately flung him aside as they would an old rag. It was not merely the Clare or O'Loghlen men, it was his own Tipperary men that had sped the hostile shafts. The clergy had done all that men could do for him, but the exertions of the Belfast parish priest had brought forth words of opprobrium against the priest himself, even from the younger members of his flock, just outside the very church door. I found it useless to attempt any form of consolation. "That he hath an habitation giddy and unsure, that buildeth on the vulgar heart" was fearfully exemplified in him. My citation of similar crosses in the lives of illustrious statesmen he considered without point or fit application in such a case as his. He refused to be comforted, and finished by stating that to cap all there had been but four persons who had condoled with him in his fall, namely, one ecclesiastic, one Protestant gentleman, one Catholic gentleman, and myself.

Some days afterwards, he turned to the subject of the apparent indifference of his old friends to whatever might happen to him. I told him I had heard that many of the Belfast folk already began to regret their action against him. This notion he tossed off with disdain. He said that an ecclesiastic had spoken about a testimonial to him. I asked of what sort. He replied he did not know, and it was not for him to suggest. Of course he did not want money.

One day, not long after, he returned to the matter once more. He talked about Sir George Bowyer, and asked me what I remembered of him when I used to meet him at Cardinal Wiseman's, and whether he was not a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. I told him he was a Knight of Malta, as well as the recipient of many other distinctions; also, that he was a man of wealth, who had built a church and hospital, and had done other munificent acts for the

Digitized by Google

love of his fellow-men. "Ah," replied O'Shanassy, "I suppose he inherited his wealth; I have had to work hard for mine." He then went on to say that he should like some hereditary distinction for his eldest son; that it was time he himself mounted a step higher than a Knightship of St. Gregory, much as he valued it, from its being a rare reward, and for good action. I rejoined that, admitting his personal claim on the score of long service, what had that to do with his son, who had not yet earned his spurs in that direction. He replied that the very fact of succeeding to such a dignity might stimulate him to acts that would render him worthy of it. To be "worthy" was O'Shanassy's aim from his youth up. He ever lived under a deep sense of responsibility. I have noticed evidence of this a thousand times.

His, to me, sudden fancy for further titular distinction was, I now think, very largely due to a half-formed conclusion that his own day for active working was nearly over, and that he would settle down for the rest of his life to comparative ease, with the consciousness of having secured a permanent legacy of honour for his posterity. He described the feelings he experienced one day in Ireland as he approached Gort, an old town not far from Lough-couter castle, which he recognized as the property of his ancestors, but then the residence of Lord Gough. He jocosely said he consoled himself with the intention he had formed of obtaining all the land he could in Australia as compensation from Queen Victoria for the injuries done his family in ancient times by her ancestors. I recognized this as a far better policy than that of stopping in the old country and eating his heart out with seditious indignation. While he was ill he was waited upon with a view of inducing him to take the chair for the Brothers Redmond. He refused to have anything to do with them. He had not invited them. He would not receive them. He was not satisfied as to where the League money went to. He was grieved to hear the clergy were likely to countenance them, and believed that evil would result therefrom.

Not only had he become dissatisfied with the inadequacy of the Gregorian distinction, but I have just learned for certain that he desired something higher even than his knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and George. About three weeks before his death—in fact, the last day that he ever was in Melbourne—he called upon a gentleman of long standing and repute, and suggested he should write to a member of the English Government upon the propriety of making Sir John the Knight a baronet. Whether he himself

Digitized by Google

wrote on the matter to London by the next mail is not yet known.

I saw him frequently between that time and his death. Neither he nor his family expected his end was so near. In fact his doctors led him to believe he would be out again in about three weeks, and he proposed to me that I should arrange for a day when he might be examined before the Education Commission. I was astonished at this offer, knowing his previous antagonism to that body. He saw my surprise, and said that, after all, we had done some public good in exposing much shameful abuse of political patronage, and that what I had said to him formerly as to the legitimate opportunity for Catholics to give some evidence as to "grievances" had much weight. I suggested he should amuse himself by writing his autobiography. If it were only the length of that of Franklin, or of Gibbon, it would be prized. He replied that, one of these days, he would like me to take down for him some reminiscences in shorthand, but he would not trouble himself to write out any lengthy memoirs. As for Gibbon, he wrote the "Decline and Fall," but I was mistaken as to his having written any account of his own life. I smiled, and did not like to contradict him. He had sometime or other had occasion, no doubt, to look into the masterpiece of the great historian, but of the man himself, and his charming account of his youth and early manhood, he knew nothing. He had used Gibbon as he would use a porter. He accepted the facts conveyed to him at the moment he desired them, and gave no thought to the bearer. When he sat in his study he never saw in imagination the very beings who had kept the torch of genius and of learning flaming from age to age. He saw only a collection of works for reference. These were most valuable piles of useful literary labour, but for him they were not literature. He did not regard his library as a temple for intellectual worship; it was rather a quarry for getting the rough material of fact which from time to time he might need to shape unto his own ends. He had no favourite master spirit who remained with him at his downsitting and at his uprising, and whose genius was for him a perennial illumination.

He told me he was going to review his whole life for the purpose of a general confession. This he would find as easy as breathing, for he had always been attentive to his duties. He never obtruded his religion or his practices, but in private life he kept the lamp of piety ever burning. The book he

Digitized by Google

intended to use was the world-known "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius."

All of a sudden he became alarmingly worse, and then he was zealously and devotedly attended to day and night by his parish priest. Every necessary Christian rite was administered to him, and when his ear was becoming for ever dull to the world's hum, he was asked by God's minister, in a raised voice, if he forgave all his enemies, and he answered fervently "I do forgive them. God bless them." The political athlete had become as a little child in the conscious presence of his Maker.

WILLIAM HENRY ARCHER.

Maryvale, Hawthorn.

Digitized by Google

A RIVER FAMED IN SONG.

ANYONE who has the opportunity should spend a holiday in that part of Otago which lies round the sources of the Clutha. If he is at all open to the influences of natural scenery he will find in the lake and river features of this district ample compensation for the leagues of dust to be traversed in reaching Hawea and Wanaka. After doing reverence to the glorious majesty of Lake Wakatipu and the Remarkables he may follow the Kawarau from the point where it leaves the lake along the terrible channel it has fretted for itself through the mountains to the township of Cromwell, where its sea-green waters grow "drumlie" with the search for gold. From the bridge, where the Clutha, fresh and unstained as it melted from the parent glaciers, rushes into collision with the tawny Kawarau, he may look on a meeting of the waters amidst surroundings Dantesque enough in feature to have a place in the "Inferno." Forty miles or so northward along the Clutha will take him to Lakes Hawea and Wanaka, standing on whose shores he may watch the infant river—not gathering slow strength from countless capillaries—but sweeping at once into existence with irresistible and relentless force; stately, gigantic, and fierce, even in its birth. To walk upon its banks is to be impressed with the nearness of a power almost human in its passion; to be borne upon its surface is to be brought into convincing contact with nature's enormous reserve of force. From source to sea there is no rest; no glassy pools reflecting the image of sedge or bulrush; no long peaceful stretches where the water lazily lips the margin, uncertain how to flow; no retreating bays or fairy forelands where overarching trees dip to touch the sleeping water. This river has no time to loiter, and it disdains the frippery of foliage. Its sea-green glacier-water, cold and merciless, hurries on as if with some remorseless purpose to the sea. As you look into its translucent deeps, where wave and eddy in their onward rush jostle each other with convulsive gush and "swirle," you shudder to think of any luckless wight in the power of this ruthless stream. And the banks, varied as they

Digitized by Google

are, always make a fit setting for the river. Whether, as at Cromwell, they rise into steep-sloping walls, calcined into hopeless barrenness by the rigours of fierce weather-extremes, or stretch along the weary length of interminable tussock-flats, or lurk in the gloom of overshadowing mountains, or skirt the base of those lacustrine terraces which mark the various levels of an ancient lake, the sweep of outline is still in character with the stream—majestic, uncompromising, and fierce. Surely a river this to appeal to that poetic sensibility which is moved by the revelation of nature's overwhelming strength—in the thunderstorm or the avalanche, or the noise of mighty waters.

Nevertheless, there is something wanting, and one is only half satisfied. It is a river without a history. It wants that sanctification which other rivers, less sublime, have acquired after centuries of contact with human life. Of grandeur it has enough, but it lacks pathos. Human beliefs and passions have not consecrated its waters, nor has any human struggle glorified its banks. Superstition has not peopled it with those embodiments of protective or destructive force which haunt other streams—river-gods and nymphs, water-wraiths, brownies, and kelpies. No one in whom the world has had any interest has ever lived upon its shores, or even visited the river. It has no associations, no romance, no tragedy, no poet.

It is my purpose now to follow a train of thought suggested by vicinity to this majestic stream, and to show how a river may be ennobled by contact with generations of human life; may gather round it a glory of tradition, history, and song, and, by the accretion of tragic, romantic, and poetic associations, may vindicate for itself a human interest entirely independent of the cubic measure of water it carries to the sea.

In the summer of 1882 a friend and myself spent our midsummer holiday in the Hawea and Wanaka district, and, much impressed with the river, lake, and mountain grandeur, which in many of its features was new to both of us, we more than once remarked the worthiness of the Clutha to have its poets. As we were returning, one lovely morning, on the box of the coach running from Lake Wanaka to Cromwell along the right bank of the Clutha, the conversation fell upon the difference between the New Zealand lark *(Anthus Novæ Zealandiæ)* and its musical British congener *(Alauda Arvensis)*. One of those blithe spirits was hopping on before the horses, occasionally fluttering upon the wing for a short

Digitized by Google

flight, and anon lighting upon the road to hop for another few yards. Somebody by way of benediction muttered—

> "Bird of the wilderness,
> Blithesome and cumberless,
> Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!"

Along the subtle chain of association, the transition from song to singer, and from the singer to his local habitation, was natural and easy; and presently my friend, probably influenced by the vicinity of the river and by previous conversations, expressed the opinion—not as his own, but as another's—that never since man began to sing has any river been so celebrated in song as the Yarrow. The Tiber and Ilissus were objected, and perhaps the Simois and Meander; but the objector was readier with the names of rivers that ought to be celebrated than with songs to support their claims. The river which should have been put forward as a rival claimant to the Yarrow is the River of the Lorelei, the river

> "Whose breast of water broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine,
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine;
> And scattered cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine."

That the magnificent Rhine, one of the highways of Europe, the heart's desire of two mighty nations from the middle ages until now, should have been celebrated by many poets is a thing of course; but it is a wonderful fact in literature that a mountain-stream, whose whole course is not much more than twenty miles, so remote that one must leave the beaten track of travellers to look for it, should have every square yard of its banks blazoned with splendid song. When we recall the list of glorious singers who have done it honour—Wordsworth, Scott, Hogg, Laidlaw, Hamilton, Logan—we may well ask what this little stream has done for poets that they should thus throw their laurel leaves upon its waters. And this question is answered only by an examination of the mass of historic and romantic tradition that clings to every cleuch and hope and haugh that abut upon its banks, and to every burn whose waters empty themselves into its channel.

The Yarrow takes its rise in a small crescent-shaped lake, called St. Mary's Loch, lying high up in the watershed that divides the counties of Selkirk and Dumfries. Perhaps the real source should

Digitized by Google

be considered to be the Loch of the Lowes, a small lakelet a few hundred yards beyond St. Mary's, near which small loch lies St. Mary's Cottage, known to Christopher North and other anglers as Tibby Shiel's Inn. After leaving St. Mary's Loch the Yarrow runs north-east, for about eighteen miles, almost parallel with the Ettrick, and then, making a sharp curve to the east, joins that river a little above the town of Selkirk. The narrow strip of ground thus enclosed by the two streams is the famous Ettrick Forest, once the royal hunting-ground of the Stuarts—now, for the most part, a bare sheep-walk. This little Mesopotamia was then thickly covered with trees, probably with birches, which even now spring up where there is any protection against the browsing sheep. The forest was then stocked with all manner of four-footed game—the roe, the deer, the wild boar, the Caledonian bull, and, if game it can be called, the wolf.

"Ettricke Foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie tree,
There's harte, and hynde, and dae, and rae,
And of wild bestis grete plentie."

Sir Walter Scott gives a vivid picture of Ettrick Forest in the olden time, when it was thickly shaded with oaks and red-berried rowans, with pines and birches, aspens and alders. An occasional isolated thorn may yet be seen; and such a lonely survivor of the general ruin the poet imagines endowed with power of speech—

"'Here in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name),
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop against the moon to howl;
The mountain boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe and roe, and wild deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay greenwood.'"

Hither came the royal Stuarts to hunt, with their retinues clad all in the "Lincome green, sae gay to see," equipped with horse and hawk and good cross-bow, with gaze-hounds straining in the slips, and bratchets to drive the game from cover. The last Stuart to hunt in the royal forest was Mary. Her learned son was as little of a huntsman as he was of a warrior, and succeeding Stuarts had to think of other things than hunting. Perhaps the most famous royal hunt in Ettrick was that of Mary's father, James V.,

Digitized by Google

in the year 1529. James in that year, by public proclamation, called upon "all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said countrie as he pleased;" but in a letter to his uncle, Henry VIII., he states the true purpose of this expedition:—"At this tyme we are in travail towart oure bordouris to put gude ordoure and rewle upon thame, and to stanche the thyftes and rubbarys committit by theiffis and traitouris upon the samyn." In short, James's true errand was to exterminate the hordes of robbers that were at this time the curse of southern Scotland. One of the first to suffer was Adam Scott, of Tushielaw—"King of the Border," as he was styled by some, "King of the Thieves," as he was styled by others—who was strung up on an ash-tree beside his own stronghold on the banks of Ettrick; a piece of just retribution apparently, for the tree is said to exist to this day, and to show on its branches the nicks worn by the ropes of Tushielaw's numerous victims. Adam was thus hoist on his own ash. More questionable was James's justice and policy in putting to death the redoubtable Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, who came, at the head of thirty-six horsemen, to meet the king and do him homage, with all the pomp and pageantry of a border prince, for he wanted nothing

> "That a king suld have
> But the sword of honour and the crown."

But all would not serve to pacify the angry king. Johnnie and his thirty-six were hanged. Not thus did James's father, in similar case, serve the outlaw Murray.

Of all James's summary executions on this occasion, the most interesting was one which took place on the Yarrow. Into St. Mary's Loch from the west there flows a stream called the Meggat Burn; and on this burn lay the Castle of Henderland, where lived a noted freebooter named Perys Cockburn, with Marjory his wife. From this stronghold he made raids upon the border country; occasionally, like his neighbour Tushielaw, on the other side of the forest, inflicting summary vengeance on his enemies in front of his castle. When James appeared before the castle Cockburn was at dinner. The king twice sent a message to the laird, desiring him to come out and speak to a gentleman, and was twice angrily refused. On receiving a third and more emphatic message that he should come out and speak to the "gudeman of Ballengeich" (the incognito that James made use of upon occasions), Cockburn knew that his fate

Digitized by Google

was sealed. He came down, and was instantly hanged in front of his own castle. Meanwhile poor Marjory escaped by a back window and hid herself in the recesses of a neighbouring gorge, formed by the channel of the Henderland Burn; and here, in the noise of a waterfall, the wretched woman tried to drown the sounds of her husband's execution. The incident has been made the subject of one of the most pathetic of all the Scottish ballads, "The Lament of the Border Widow." The picture of the lonely woman, deserted by her people and clinging to the body of her dead husband, is painted with the direct simplicity and the restraint which are the very essence of a ballad. There is no parade and no analysis: except a slight touch in the last verse, no introspection; yet the *miserere* has all the pathos of the mourning of Rizpah:—

"He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

"I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living being came that way.

"I took the body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

"But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul on his yellow hair?
O! think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about awa to gae?"

"The adjacent country," says Sir Walter Scott, referring to the scene of the "Widow's Lament," "which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesly as in his time affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland." The lake itself has been made familiar to all readers of Scott by the Introduction to the Second Canto of "Marmion," where the poet has given a clear-cut, well-defined presentation, as much by the skilful employment of what there is not as by the picturesque arrangement of what there is:—

"Nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.

Digitized by Google

Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there."

Actual vision could hardly render our conception of this lake more complete than it is when we have finished the poet's description. We see the sublimity of its nakedness; we feel the spell of its loneliness; we can almost listen to its silence; we can hear the shriek of the earn as it rises from its eyrie and gyrates into the clouds; we can see the rippling furrow, where

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

On the north side of the loch, facing the hill of Bourhope on the opposite shore, stands the hardly traceable ruin of the Chapel of Our Lady. It was here that our Border Juliet—the heroine of "The Gay Goss-Hawk"—more fortunate than her prototype of Verona, awoke from the "sleepy draught" to find a living lover.

"But when they cam' to St. Mary's Kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"'Set down, set down the bier,' he said,
'Let me look her upon;'
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand
Her colour began to come."

A little east of the kirk is Binram's Cross, which, according to tradition, covers the cursed ashes of John Binram, a Scottish Faustus who sold himself to the devil for a certain consideration. This tradition forms the subject of "Mess John," one of Hogg's most spirited poems. Thanks to the feuds of the Cranstouns and the Scotts, the kirk itself has been laid low; but a churchyard, surrounded by a wall built of the stones of Mess John's house, marks the site. Crumbling beneath its sod lies many a handful of incongruent dust; Scotts and Kerrs and Pringles, Papists and Covenanters, persecutors and martyrs, betrayers and betrayed, broken-hearted lovers and hard-hearted parents, ruthless robbers, eager hunters, bold barons, peaceful shepherds, after life's fitful fever sleep peacefully enough here.

"Here rural beauty low reposes:
The blushing cheek, and beaming eye,
The dimpling smile, the lip of roses,
Attracters of the burning sigh.

Digitized by Google

Maid, lover, parent, low and high,
Are mingled in thy lonely shrine."

Amongst other brave men and fair women that are buried here are the hero and heroine of the Douglas tragedy.

"Lord William was buried in St. Marie's Kirk,
Lady Margaret in St. Marie's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonnie red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

"And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear."

The spot on which occurred the Douglas tragedy lies on the Douglas Burn, which falls into the Yarrow a few miles east of St. Mary's Loch. There one of the Douglas family had a residence called Blackhouse. A swarthy race those Douglases seem to have been. "By and by rade the Black Douglas," says the ballad; and no doubt the stronghold took its name from the prevailing complexion of the race. "But," says Sir Walter Scott, "when the high mountains by which it is enclosed were covered with heather, which was the case till of late years, Blackhouse must have merited its appellation from the appearance of the scenery." The ballad recounts the tragically rough course of Lord William's love, for he has to slay the seven brothers of his bride, and afterwards encounter the father, before he succeeds in carrying her off. With a good deal of mere conventional phrasing, there are some excellent touches in "The Douglas Tragedy," and the effect as a whole is very fine. Margaret's interference on her father's behalf is a skilful interruption of the general butchery.

"O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's wounds,
That were redder than the wine."

The first part of the ballad is so tumultuous in its progress—so full of hot, fiery, and breathless action, that the final verses by rapid transition convey a subtle and pleasing impression as of sinking to sleep after work.

The farm of Blackhouse was afterwards occupied by the Laidlaws, in whose service the Ettrick Shepherd spent ten of the happiest years of his life; for the Laidlaws treated him more like a son and brother than as a hired servant. Never had Hogg a

Digitized by Google

warmer friend, or one who better appreciated his talents, than the son, William Laidlaw. Nor was Laidlaw's an indiscriminate admiration; for he was a poet of no mean order himself; and such a neighbourhood as this could hardly fail to educe any poetical faculty the residents possessed. Laidlaw is best known by his pathetic ballad of "Lucy's Flittin'." The poetry of a Scotch servant-lass's life has never been touched by more delicate fingers than Laidlaw's. Of the five stanzas that make up this short poem it is difficult to select one that is better than another. All the various points of Scotch service of the best kind are chosen with the correct instinct of a true poet; and the various incidental touches of locality, and the masterly choice of words, the very richest in association, must commend themselves to everyone who knows anything of Scotland and its language. Most probably it was down the Douglas Burn that Lucy "gaed slaw wi' the flittin'."

"Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave and will never return."

Between St. Mary's Loch and the Douglas Burn another stream, called Dryhope Burn, joins the Yarrow from the west; and on this stream lies Dryhope Tower, the stronghold of Philip Scott, whose beautiful daughter Mary was known far and wide as "The Flower of Yarrow." Many a suitor sought the fair flower of Dryhope, and many a song was sung in praise of her beauty. But Mary bestowed herself on her kinsman Walter Scott—better known as "Auld Wat o' Harden"—as vigorous a border thief as ever stole a cow. A rare old Spartan was this Walter Scott. His marriage contract obliged his father-in-law not only to support the bride, but to keep Wat himself "in horse-meat and man's meat" for a year and a day; and, evidently, suspicion was rife that he would prolong the period indefinitely, for we find five barons pledging themselves that at the expiry of that period the son-in-law should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force. The "Flower of Yarrow" bore Wat six sons, of whom one was killed in a fray by his kinsman, a Scott of Gilmanscleuch. The brothers were eager for revenge. But "Auld Wat o' Harden" shut them up, all five, in the dungeon of his tower, posted to Edinburgh, stated his grievance, and received as compensation the lands of the murderer. Returning, he released his sons with the characteristic

Digitized by Google

remark that "the lands of Gilmanscleuch were well worth a dead son!" Mary Scott, though she seems to have been a worthy wife and mother to such a husband and such sons, must have had a gentle spot in her heart. On one occasion when Wat returned to Harden from a midnight fray, laden with booty, his wife was attracted by the cries of an infant concealed amongst the baggage which the robbers had carried along with them from some pillaged home. Yielding to the maternal instinct, she took the infant to her heart and reared him, afterwards to become her laureate. The learned Leyden, a border poet and the friend of Scott, has commemorated this incident in his "Scenes of Infancy."

> "Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
> Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
> With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
> And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.
> Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
> Around her neck, and to her bosom clung:
> While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
> His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster-child."

Beauteous Mary was surely never more beauteous, body or soul, than at that moment. Of this fair mother there was a fairer daughter, another flower of Yarrow, who married Gilbert Elliot, a border thief of that ilk, better known as "Gibbie wi' the gowden garters." Gibbie's wife must have been a woman of considerable character, and worthy of such parentage. She was the lady who, when the larder was empty, used to hint the same to her husband and brothers by setting before them a dish of spurs.

The whole space between the Ettrick and the Yarrow—that is, the Forest proper—is intimately associated with the name of the shepherd poet. Here is situated the farm of Altrive Lake, which he occupied for so many years; and south from St. Mary's Lake are Ettrick House and Ramseycleuch, on the banks of the Ettrick, where he was born, and where he spent his boyhood and part of his manhood tending sheep. It was here that the little urchin used to run races against himself—in his enthusiasm stripping off one garment and then another, and forgetting where he left them. "I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and finally my hosen; as for shoes, I had none. In that naked state did I herd for several days, till a shepherd and maid servant were sent to the hills to look for them, and found them all."

Hogg was at Ettrick House—now, however, farmer and not

Digitized by Google

shepherd—in the year 1801, when, one day, Wat Shiel came to tell him that "he boud gang away down to Ramseycleuch as fast as his feet could carry him, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to him."

"Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that want me, Wat?"

"I coudna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinkin' its the Shirra and some o' his gang."

And the Shirra sure enough it was, in search of old ballads for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and with him William Laidlaw. Sir Walter wanted the ballad of "Old Maitland," and the shepherd's mother could recite it from one end to the other. Surely here is a subject worthy of any painter: the old lady by the ingle nook, chanting the fiery old ballad, and the three poets listening intent and delighted—the shepherd proud of his old mother, who could teach even the Shirra something. Scott asked whether the ballad had ever been printed? and Margaret Hogg's answer was—

"Oo, na, na, it was never prentit i' the warld, for my brothers and me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, and he learned it and mony mae frae auld Baby Mettlin (Maitland) that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushielaw."

"Then it must be a very auld story indeed, Margaret?"

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there never was nane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursel', and ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing and no for reading, and they're nouther right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh, heh, heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw.

Within her province Margaret was a critic as well as a reciter of ballads, and there was no gainsaying such authority even by the minstrel himself.

On a low muir on the banks of Yarrow, lying west of Yarrow Kirk, are two tall unhewn masses of stone, about eighty yards apart. These mark the resting-place of the hero of the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow" and his murderer. The Scotch word "den," or "dean," means a wooded dingle. Through the middle of the city of Aberdeen there flows a stream called the Den Burn—that is, the Dingle Burn; and the force of the word may be seen in such names as Hazeldean, Hawthornden, where the hollow has been named from the prevailing trees. The word "dowie" means sad or gloomy, and may here refer either to the shady and sombre

Digitized by Google

character of the dens or to the tragedy connected with them. Who were the youths who were concerned in this tragedy is not very clear. When such ballads were first composed, the events they commemorated must have been so well known to the audiences before whom they were chanted, that minute particulars in the history of the actors would be omitted as superfluous. That the men were Scotts seems certain; and amongst the perplexing number of Scott houses in this district it is no wonder that, after a time, some doubt should have arisen as to which particular Scotts this ballad celebrates. One tradition has it that the murdered man was that same son of Auld Wat o' Harden mentioned before, who was slain by his kinsman, a Scott of Gilmanscleuch. There is a tradition in Ettrick that, in evidence of the treachery with which young Scott was slain, "his body remained uncorrupted for many years, so that even the roses in his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean." Hogg, in his ballad of Gilmanscleuch, has two stanzas referring to this subject:—

"It's now full three-an'-thirty years
Syn that unhappy day,
An' late I saw his comelye corpse,
Without the least decaye.

"The garland cross his breist aboon
Still held its varied hue;
The roses bloomit upon his shoon,
As fair as if they grew."

Sir Walter Scott in his "Minstrelsy" inclines to the belief that the ballad of the "Dowie Dens" refers to a duel fought between John Scott, of Tushielaw, and Walter Scott, of Thirlestane. In any case, the hero was murdered by his bride's brother after facing fearful odds; and tradition assigns, as the reason for the unnatural deed, that the father of the bride, proud of having matched his daughter with so noble a warrior, proposed to endow her with half his property. Many versions of this fine balled seem to have existed on Ettrickside, and Sir Walter's in the "Minstrelsy" is avowedly a collated form made to suit the taste of "these more light and giddy-paced times." The finest stanzas are those which more immediately touch the bereaved bride—

"'Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream:
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

Digitized by Google

"'O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

"'But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

"She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

Motherwell's version, taken from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan, shows the ballad as preserved in the west of Scotland. Although there is a strict parallelism of events in the two versions, there is a considerable difference in minor details and in phraseology, as may be seen by comparing the stanzas in Motherwell's version with the corresponding stanzas from Scott's already given—

"I dream'd a dream now since yestreen—
God keep us a' frae sorrow—
That my lord and I pu'd the heather green,
From the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

"Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gade,
As she had done before, O;
And aye between she fell in a swoon,
Long ere she cam to Yarrow.

"Her hair it was five quarters lang,
'Twas like the gold for yellow;
She twisted it round his milk-white hand,
And she's drawn him hame frae Yarrow."

The best known of all the Yarrow ballads is one founded on "The Dowie Dens," by William Hamilton, of Bangour, an Ayrshire poet who died in 1754. This is the only poem that Hamilton wrote in his native dialect, and it is the one to which he owes his fame. Who is not familiar with—

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow—"

And if the poem had not been in itself worthy of a high place in literature, it would still have been of the greatest interest to all lovers of Wordsworth as having prompted his exquisite trio on Yarrow. Hamilton's "Braes of Yarrow" differs in one vital particular from the older ballad. It is not the brother of the girl, but a rival lover,

Digitized by Google

who kills her young betrothed; and of course this opens up large possibilities in the style of treatment. The murderer, a Tweedside man, in the act of carrying off the bereaved bride is met by one who questions him—

> "Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride,
> Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"

and the answer comes

> "I got her where I daurna weel be seen,
> Pu'in the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

And then follow his narrative and her lament. It is difficult to see why the girl should have been "pu'in birk." The old ballad makes her "pu' the heather green"—a favourite flower with Scotch girls; but there is little to recommend the birch for a nosegay. Probably it was Hamilton's best reason for choosing the expression that "birks" was a pretty word, and suited the line, and that he knew the birch to be the tree most abundant in Yarrow.

The air of the antique ballad is magnificently sustained through this fine poem. Occasionally, however, the spell is unpleasantly broken, and the mind "disillusioned," as the French say, by such a line as

> "What can my barbarous, barbarous father do?"

or,

> "Why do ye, ye melancholious weeds;"

although, perhaps, the peculiar ending of "melancholious" gives the word a quaint turn that serves to disguise its Hellenic features. At any rate, to change it into "melancholy," as Mackay does, is to spoil the line. William Hamilton was of the "amiable and elegant" class of poets. Most of his poems celebrate the charms of some particular fair who happened for the moment to be in the ascendant. Even in "The Braes of Yarrow" one may discern a touch of the album versifier and carpet-knight. Such a line as

> "In flowery bands thou did'st him fetter"

is the sort of "amiable and elegant" conceit that one might expect in "Verses to Chloe," or "An Address to Lydia's Eyebrow"—a puerile affectation which none of the old makers could have perpetrated.

Hamilton makes very abundant use of that artifice in ballad-writing which consists in reduplicating certain words and phrases,

Digitized by Google

One of the best instances of the successful use of this device is to be found in the pathetic ballad of "Fair Helen of Kirkonnel."

"As I went down the water side,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

"I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me."

The repetition of the second line has here the effect of a fine pathetic emphasis. There is a world of savage satisfaction in the third line of each stanza, with an undercurrent of implied tenderness, which swells into melting pathos in the fourth. It is as if the lover were possessed with a governing thought that finds inadequate vent in a single utterance. Hamilton well knew the force of this artifice. Towards the beginning of "The Braes" he uses it with fine effect; but the reduplications are used with such a lavish hand that towards the end they disturb and irritate by mere frequency of repetition.

There can be no doubt that of the many who have tried to imitate the old ballad, Hamilton has been the most successful in assuming the ancient manner; and the style and language are not the only admirable points in the poem. The character-portraiture is drawn with a nice delicacy, the alternate horror and exultation of the slayer being indicated with consummate skill and truth. One noticeable feature of the ballad is the abundant use of musical and picturesque words. The word "birk," a word full of poetry to every Scottish ear, has tempted him, as we have seen, to misappropriate it. And what does he mean when he says

"Why do ye, ye melancholious weeds,
Hang on the bonnie birks o' Yarrow?"

Is the poet here using "birks" as an equivalent for "birken shaws?" Or does he refer to that melancholy-looking flotsam that a Scotch "spate" leaves depending from the branches of overhanging trees? Whatever the meaning, to one who does not care to examine too closely the lines have a decidedly fine effect, with perhaps an echo of

"The weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf."

Digitized by Google

"Busk," once a good English word—used by Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, in the sense of arraying for battle—survives in Scotland mostly in the sense of dressing fishing-hooks—a sense in which every Scotch schoolboy still uses it. "Marrow" here, no doubt, owes its place to the exigencies of rhyme, but we may thank "Yarrow" for demanding in rhyme a word of such happy quaintness and homely pith; and no better epithet than "winsome" could have accompanied it, for no adjective which can be applied to woman's beauty conveys so well the undefinable quality of charm. There is perhaps a too plentiful use of the word "dule"—the very sound of which is a wail. It is one of those words that remain to testify the once firm faith between France and Scotland, being of course nothing else than the French "deuil."

It is a curious fact that though this is a poem of quite recent times, written by a well-known author, whose works had his own revision, it is hardly possible to find two collections which give exactly the same version. In the Percy collection we find—

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid,
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?"

Whilst in Mackay's collection the stanza runs—

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, *red?*
Why on thy braes *is* the voice of sorrow?
And why do *ye, ye melancholy* weeds,
Hang on the bonnie birks o' Yarrow?"

The bishop's verse is distinctly the finer of the two. Mackay further leaves out that fine verse commencing—

"Did I not tell thee not to, not to luve?"

There are several other versions which differ from these two, as well as from each other, in certain minute details of spelling and particles.

Yet a third beautiful ballad on the Yarrow tragedy (founded on the old song, "Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow") was written by John Logan, a Scotch divine and poet, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with his unprincipled editing of the devotional poems of Michael Bruce, amongst which he published some pieces which he afterwards claimed as his own. This ballad, about the authorship of which, fortunately, there is no doubt, and which, so far as the language is concerned, might belong to the

Digitized by Google

other side of the border, is the lament of the young girl, seeking for the body of her lover in the stream. The introduction of the water-wraith gives a very happy Scotch colouring to the poem; and the fruitless search of the mother and sister—seeing but the cloud of night, hearing but the roar of Yarrow—has a fearful vividness of presentment—

"Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghaist—
It vanish'd wi' a shriek o' sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow!

"They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the clouds o' night—
They only heard the roar o' Yarrow."

As the Yarrow flows down to lose itself in the Ettrick, romantic and historical associations throng in troops upon its banks. If spirits may revisit the glimpses of the moon, clouds of pale ghosts must flit amongst the birchen bowers of Newark. Here, with his five hundred merry men, all in the Lincome greene, the outlaw Murray used "to shute with bows on Newark Lee." Along the northern bank the gallant Montrose spurred fast and furious from the disastrous field of Philiphaugh, where the wary general of the Covenant had surprised him, lulled to false security by an unchecked career of easy victory. It was in the court of Newark that the puritan Leslie, after the battle, vindicated the good cause in the best blood of his enemies. Here, at a later time, the lovely Anne of Monmouth and Buccleuch held court with all the pride and state of a princess of the blood. The farm of Foulshiels, on the opposite bank, saw the boyhood of the genial Mungo Park long before he dreamt of the mysterious regions of the Joliba. And on Carterhaugh, at the meeting of the waters, the Lady Janet, with golden hair and kirtle green, stood to watch the elfish pageant, and win her young Tamlane.

On the left bank of the Yarrow, some distance above Newark, used to stand, many years ago, the fortalice of the outlaw Murray, who seems to have lived and robbed some time in the reign of the fourth James. The king sent a messenger to Murray to demand his submission. The robber replied with a message of defiance, and summoned various kinsmen to his assistance. Thereupon the king marched on until

"They saw the derke Forest them before,
And thought it awsome for to see."

Digitized by Google

The outlaw, finding himself hard bestead, made his submission —it must be confessed somewhat poor-spiritedly, after so much boasting—and received in perpetuity for him and his heirs the sheriffdom of Ettrick Forest. A vigorous old ballad this "Sang of the Outlaw Murray," with a rough and unhewn strength of its own, losing nothing from the barbaric irregularity of its rhythm.

The outlaw was the ancestor of the Murrays of Philiphaugh, a family which takes its residential title from the plain of that name on the north bank of the Yarrow. The word "haugh," one of those descriptive topographical terms in which the Scottish language is so rich, means a low-lying alluvial flat, bordering a stream, and Philiphaugh is just such a piece of land in an angle formed by the Ettrick and Yarrow, but not in the fork of the rivers. On Philiphaugh was fought, in 1645, the famous battle which broke the power of Montrose in Scotland. "Upon Philiphaugh he lost in one defeat the fruit of six splendid victories; nor was he again able effectually to make head in Scotland against the Covenanted cause." Certain prisoners taken in battle were cruelly butchered by order of General Leslie, and the court of Newark Castle is affirmed to have been the spot where these victims suffered. Wishart, the historian of Montrose, relates how a Covenanting minister present at some of these butcheries encouraged the executioner with the jocose remark—"This wark gaes bonnilie on;" but then Wishart was a Royalist bishop of Edinburgh, and not partial to Covenanters.

The Puritans were not much addicted to poetry, considering it as not merely frivolous, but as positively profane. Sir Walter Scott tells how, even in his time, a certain Scottish poet, on being inducted into the office of schoolmaster at Greenock, was obliged formally to abjure the "profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." But though in general averse from such light and giddy avocations, the Puritan victors did nevertheless sing a pæan on this occasion—

"Sir David frae the Border came,
Wi' heart an' hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
To bear him companie.

"Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel conceal'd,
As close as e'er might be.

Digitized by Google

"When they came to the Shaw Burn
Said he—'Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient
That we should sing a psalm.'"

To this last verse a note in the "Minstrelsy" gives as a various reading—

"I think it is convenient
That we should take a dram."

A short distance down from Newark, in the fork of the Ettrick and Yarrow, is Carterhaugh, or, as it is sometimes called, Kertonha'. This is the scene of one of the oldest and finest of all our Border-ballads. One would gladly believe that the version given by Sir Walter Scott is genuinely old from beginning to end. It would be pleasant to think that in early Scottish poetry there is to be found that love of nature for her own sake which is born in other countries only of the slow perfection of art. We find, indeed, in early Scottish poetry a sort of unconscious sympathy with nature—not so much in her smooth and smiling moods as in her darker, sterner, eerier manifestations. But this sympathy finds poetic expression not for its own sake, but as a mere accessory to the action which is the be-all and the end-all in ballad-writing. In Tamlane there is a suspicious sensibility to the poetic aspects of external nature. Though the figures in the foreground are undoubtedly the work of some one of the old master-rhymers, the evident delight in the various external conditions which make up the background marks several stanzas as the work of a modern and not unskilful hand. If Coleridge was not indebted to Tamlane for that mist of eeriness which is one of the great charms of the "Ancient Mariner," then it is to be feared that Tamlane is indebted to Coleridge for certain stanzas which it must be confessed are not unworthy of his masterhand.

"Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As Janet in her green mantle
To Miles Cross she did gae.

"The heavens were black, the night was dark,
And dreary was the place;
But Janet stood with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace.

Digitized by Google

"Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds,
Upon that wind which went.

"Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large
And bog-reed struck the ear;
But solemn sounds or sober thoughts
The fairies cannot bear."

The chief interest of Tamlane, however, belongs to the heroine, Lady Janet. One may enumerate the elements of this interest—her beauty, her girlish courage, her misfortunes, her devotion; but little is to be done in this way to account for the charm of the picture, which is like a morning in spring, delightful for a variety of reasons which one does not care to analyze. This ballad is further of interest for its poetic embodiment of some of the fairy superstitions which last century—or, for that matter, this century—possessed the Scottish mind. Tamlane, Janet's lover, had been, when a boy, stolen by the fairies, and, but for the penalty which they had every seven years to pay to the infernal powers, he would have been well content to dwell for ever in Fairyland:—

"Then I would never tire, Janet,
In elfish land to dwell;
But aye, at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysel'."

Janet, instructed by her lover, appears at Miles Cross,

"Upon that night when fairies light
On Cassilis Downan dance;
Or ower the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance."

Arrived at the point of outlook, she waits the procession of the folks:—

"And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk white steed,
And pu'd the rider down."

The last step in the rescue of Tamlane was first to "dip him in a stand o' milk, and then in a stand o' water;" and the country folk on Yarrow side point out to this day the rings where the

Digitized by Google

fairies danced, and the spots where stood the stands of milk and of water.

To the general reader of English literature the name of Yarrow is most closely associated with the name of Wordsworth. Everyone is familiar with the Yarrow Triptych—"Yarrow Unvisited," "Visited," "Revisited," poems similar in form, but how different in pitch! The first of the three is light, airy, happy, even teasingly humorous in its obstinate determination not to kill fancy with reality—anticipation with fulfilment. In "Yarrow Visited" there is, despite the poet's attempt to suppress it, an unmistakable note of disappointment—an undercurrent of invidious comparison of the real river with the Yarrow of imagination. And yet Hogg, who was the poet's companion on this occasion, tells us of the happy day they spent in tracing the river from its birth in St. Mary's Loch to its marriage with the Ettrick. "The poet was in great good-humour, delightful and most eloquent." Everything on river and lake was in such a mood as delights a poet's eye, and imagination was busy with traditions that invest each glen and knoll and glassy pool with its appropriate legend of border-fray or fairy-revel. "Yarrow Revisited" strikes the highest note of all. Anyone who reads this poem in the light shed upon it by the history of two great poets will acknowledge it to be one of the most affecting tributes that one poet has ever paid to another. It is the memorial of a day spent with Scott just before he set out on that sad journey to Italy in the vain search of health, whence he was brought home only to die. "I mean to live till I am eighty," said the light-hearted Scott to Wordsworth on one occasion, startling and almost shocking the more sober-natured poet by his boldness; and now, a few years after, this happy man, so sanguine of a long life and an active old age, is descending to the grave at sixty. Wordsworth was deeply moved by the state of decay in which he found his friend, and deep solemnity of thought, genial and loving admiration, and the tenderest solicitude find expression in every line of the poem. It is no longer the objective side of Yarrow that occupies and moves him. Its surface gleams back into his eyes the light of other days; the sere and yellow leaves flutter from its birks like golden flakes of sunshine from the past; the "setting sun's pathetic light" enwraps the hills of Eildon with a purple sadness, and

> "Spirits of power, assembled there, complain
> For kindred power departing from their sight."

Digitized by Google

Bright is the poet's dream of a poet's river, bright the noonday vision of reality, and tender and true the gentle memories that weave themselves into the woof of two poets' lives :—

"Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty,
To dreamlight dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine."

A. C. WILSON, M.A.

Dunedin.

Digitized by Google

A ROSEBUD FROM THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ.

(Continued from page 198.)

NIGHT THE THIRD.

THE TAJ VISITED.

ANOTHER night—another dream—
I wander slowly in the dusk,
Where blooming groves above the stream
Redolent breathe of rose and musk.

The night descends—the night-bird's cry
Shrills slow and trembling thro' the air,
The wind-rocked palms with moan and sigh
Arouse the jackal in his lair.

I pace the strand—I feel no fear—
I skirt the brown and terraced ghâts,
Nor dream of brindled tiger near—
No sprite nor afrite in my thoughts.

The silent moon sails overhead;
The citron's perfume, soft and rare,
Floats where the netted branches shed
Their shadows o'er the marble stair.

Above me tow'rs the dome of pearl,
So pale, so ghostly, so unreal.
By Jumna's banks the breezes curl
The wave in curves of liquid steel,

And stir the dark and solemn pine,
Among whose branches seem to stray
The many-clustered stars that shine
And sparkle o'er the founts at play.

Digitized by Google

I pass the gateway, and I glide
  Along the path with noiseless feet;
Behind me gleams the moonlit tide,
  And all around the air is sweet.

Thus on, and on o'er marble strown
  With scattered rose-leaves red and pale,
And here and there a fallen cone
  Since last the pine tops met the gale;

Till 'neath a mournful pepul tree,
  Where newly-dug the earth is dark,
I pause, and cannot choose but see
  Where once a grave had left its mark.

And close beside there bloomed a rose
  Of paly gold, with crystal tears
Of dew thereon more pure than flows
  From mortal source of joys and fears.

Enravished by the odours rare
  That wreathe me round as with a cloud,
I sink upon the earth so bare,
My soul exhales the fragrant air,
  The moonbeams weave my shroud.

What years I lay no tongue can tell,
  What visions saw, no poet sing.
I wake—the air was asphodel,
  The Orient sun alone was king.

* * * *

No longer pearl, the glittering dome
  Shines out pure snow between the trees,
As I amid the roses roam
  Beneath the gloom of cypresses.

Mine an unseen, unerring guide,
  That through the garden leads the way,
Or sadly wanders by my side
  Lest the too hasty feet should stray.

Digitized by Google

And yet I tread familiar ground—
I knew those palms in days of yore,
And every sight and every sound
Seems of a lifetime gone before.

So on, in ever-varying mood,
In sunshine happy—sad in shade;
Courting the cypress solitude,
Or murm'ring love-songs in the glade.

And thus until I reach the stair
That leads me to the terraced plain,
Whence all around the view is fair,
And whence ascends the holy fane.

Nor voice of man, nor noise of wheels,
Nor axe nor hammer—all is still.
'Tis silence palpable! one feels
A coming grief—a powerless will.

I climb, and leave the balmy grove
Whose starry flowers kiss my feet,
Where, 'neath the marble terrace wove,
The interlacing boughs are sweet.

And hence I view the Jumna's stream,
The ghâts, the topes; a distant tomb,
And Agra in a golden dream
Of dawn, emerging from her gloom.

I mark each massive white minar
That guards the "Taj" and points to Heaven;
I see the dome's proud crescent far
Flash from its peak like flaming levin.

And ah! that sky, supremely blue,
Wherein, a snowy cloud afloat,
The tomb of Urjumund Banoo
Drifts like the young moon's fairy boat.

Digitized by Google

With it I rise to heights sublime,
  Beyond a world of toil and care,
Beyond the days and deeds of Time;
  But all is sad, though all is fair.

And while its beauties still entrance
  My charmëd soul and fire mine eye,
With downward paces I advance
  Tow'rd where the buried lovers lie.

Nor pause I once—no more—for now
  My guide unseen will lead me on;
With shoeless feet I glide—I bow—
  An arm unseen I rest upon.

The garden world is lost and gone,
  The rose's sigh, the palm-tree's pray'r
Sail with the breeze that bears them on
  To skies of beauty past compare.

I kneel all speechless by the tomb,
  The dome repeats my pulses here,
As 'mid the tender, holy gloom
  I shed a sympathetic tear.

The rose and jasmine petals strew
  The snowy slab that roofs her bed.
Ah! happy Urjumund Banoo!
  Thy lord is laid beside thee, dead.

Not all the art from o'er the sea,
  Not all the jewell'd flow'rs of fire,
Nor the calm marble's mystery,
  Could give thee half thy heart's desire.

But, laid by him!—Ah! close to thee
  He lies, and still in silent pride
Guards *thee*, his own—Sleep peacefully,
  Brave bridegroom and beloved bride.

Digitized by Google

The screen with all its fadeless flow'rs,
Th' imperial tomb of Shahjehan,
Grow faint and fainter, and the hours
Shrink swiftly to their shortest span.

And now a "bul-bul," 'mid the boughs
Of some sad cypress nigh the fane,
Sings, and her notes wild echoes rouse
Within the dome—again—again—

As though an unseen angel sang,
And all the vault with music rang,
That rolled and wavered, seemed to stray,
And as I wept it died away.

Farewell! farewell! my constant guide
Now mounts the sloping, slippery stair;
I follow on, whate'er betide,
And gain the freer upper air.

We halt the fretted arch before,
With all its wealth of sculptured snow,
And Toghra texts its forehead bore
Since the sad days of long ago.

'Tis mine—but how I cannot tell,
Nor whence the knowledge or the power;
I read these Persian verses well,
Whose words will yet record the smell
Of lilac groves in flow'r.

All language ever giv'n to man
Is mine awhile—is mine to-day;
How sweet those lines from Al-Koran!
I feel no more that I am clay.

We pass beneath the lofty dome,
Whose twilight canopies a plain
Of polished marble pale as foam,
And cold as waters of the main;

Digitized by Google

While shafts of mellowed sunshine pour
Through latticed loop and lilied screen,
And flush with gold the sacred floor,
And add new glories to the scene.

* * * *

Eesa Mohumud! it was well—
Thy art survives a buried age,
And those that love the "Taj" can tell
What skill was thine, from stage to stage.

I view the tombs repeated here,
The lilied screen, the jewell'd wall,
With inlaid leaves or green or sere,
The solemn shadows in the hall.

And all my soul goes forth to thee,
Thou soul of art and lord of work,
And as I gaze, all wonderingly,
I sing the genius of the Turk.

The shades increase—the scene grows dim,
The "bul-bul" trills from out the brake;
Dies in the dome that love-lorn hymn,
Slow by degrees—and I awake.

G. G. M'CRAE.

Digitized by Google

A POPULAR FETISH.

"AUSTRALIAN colonists have been so long accustomed to a sort of practical socialism —looking to the Government as the natural originator and supporter of great industrial enterprises—that they are almost shocked at the suggestion that a mere association of private individuals should undertake to execute such a gigantic work.* But we have always protested against the Government dry-nursing so much in vogue in the colonies, and have never doubted that individual or private enterprise can do as much here as it has done in England or America, if we can persuade ourselves to trust to it."—*Argus*, 4th May, 1883.

THIS extract aptly serves as a text whereon to found an article illustrative of that tendency of men to look to legislation for the cure of every evil and the satisfaction of every want, so ably explained by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his essay on "Over Legislation." Everyone admits that the primary State duty is to protect a man's life and property against the aggression of other men; beyond this all State action, whether it be intended to protect him against the results of his own folly or idleness, or to assist him in the struggle for existence, has invariably the effect of undermining his self-reliance and responsibility. Under a system of free action and individual responsibility, a man knows that if he does wrong he suffers, if he does right he gains. Under a system of social interference, where a man's hands are tied, even against himself, the sense of personal responsibility is weakened, while the expectation of profit without his own exertion is strengthened, and thus the growth of conscience and the healthy ambitious exercise of his faculties are checked. One of the most powerful factors in our civilization has been the comparative, though incomplete, assertion of the principle of private over State enterprise. Where the individual is freest the law of the survival of the fittest operates most powerfully on his morality. His immoral actions are resented by those with whom he collides, and his moral actions endear him to those around; and, while his higher qualities have free play and development, his anti-social ones are being continually checked, in the end probably to be destroyed. The State has simply to assist the natural order of things, which occasionally works imperfectly,

* The Queensland Transcontinental Railway scheme.

Digitized by Google

as the process of human development has been, and is slow. So much has the desire for wealth obscured the nobler pursuit of good health that men will more readily organize for themselves industrial and commercial agencies, than attempt to secure pure air and water or increased knowledge. As soon as they recognize that these things are essential to their comfort and convenience, means will rapidly be found to supply their wants. But advocates of much government would have these wants supplied by public servants chosen from among these very ignorant men themselves, apparently on the postulate that public functionaries love their neighbours better than themselves. Many people seem saturated with the belief that in addition to defending them against aggression, either individual or national, the Government can also regulate their personal well-being. Not content that the State should concern itself with effectively securing the first desideratum, they insist that it should also busy itself with the private welfare of every citizen.

Far too much importance being thus attached to law making, the million cherish an absurd faith in the omnipotence and omniscience of the State, and they are, consequently, over-governed. The daily papers, as the mirrors of the day, teem with evidence of the wide-spread influence of this belief. Alongside complaints of the tardiness of legislation, we frequently find reports of the failure of law to secure justice to its lieges. Government oversight of the health and safety of the people is reported as unsatisfactory in the direction of securing them pure food and liquor, safe travelling by rail or water, and immunity from accident or disease in the factory, mine, or dwellinghouse. Now the Tea Act or the Bakers' Act is useless, or the Factories Act is abused; then the Phylloxera Act is imperfectly administered, or the Harbours and Navigation Act is violated. Fraud and maladministration of existing laws are reported by the inspector of charities; and in the same paragraph, perchance, he suggests more food for empirical legislation. The editor complains that "while the Building Act specifies the thickness of the walls and foundations of a house, it omits to state whether the builder shall take care that they are not laid in a cesspool or morass;" and he further regrets that the Health Act is powerless to mitigate disease either in back or front slums. A mining accident furnishes an opportunity for demanding the addition of a few clauses to the Regulation of Mines Statute. Thus, side by side with the

Digitized by Google

chronicles of the positive failure of legislation, appears the belief that it needs but an act of Parliament and a staff of officers to effect any desired end. And, notwithstanding that experience teaches us not to put any trust in administrative, as distinguished from regulative legislation, this sentiment daily gains strength.

Did the State perform its proper duties fairly well, we should not be surprised if tentative legislation were indulged in to give our senators a valid excuse for paying themselves £300 a year. But it fails even in the simple matter of securing justice to its subjects. The lack of truth and justice in the hocus-pocus science, called law, is too apparent to require proof. Law's delays are proverbial, and the unfair incidence of its penalties amaze an intelligent business man. Like physic, those who take the least of it are best off.

But even if the State failed in its judicial functions, had it shown any ability to perform its further unquestionable duties of protecting its subjects against foreign invasion, we might discover some reason for this fatuous belief in its omnipotence. Our defences are of the flimsiest character, and our volunteer force shines on the tented picnic field. The ironclad monitor, *Cerberus*, has been allowed to fall into a state of disrepair, and the *Nelson* is immensely valuable as a relic. Besides, the State is ever failing in its administrative functions. The report of an accident on the Government railways will become as time-honoured an accompaniment of the citizen's morning meal as his beefsteak. Odious have been the comparisons made between the management of the suburban lines in the present and in the past, when they were worked by private individuals. On this point public opinion has been aroused to a sense of the fatuity of its reliance on the efficiency of State officials and management. The existence of a Mining Accident Statute and a mining inspector did not avert nor mitigate the Creswick calamity, or the more recent Ellenborough accident. Despite thirteen inspectors of mines, the Regulation of Mines Statute and the Safety Cage Act are commonly evaded both in letter and spirit. "That is not the fault of the laws," it may be said, "for are they not carefully framed so as to contain the conventional amount of early English and ambiguous terms?" Then, granting the laws are perfect, may it not reasonably be argued that if the legislature fails to protect the lives of its subjects, what is the use of its attempting to go beyond its regulative functions to secure the

Digitized by Google

personal welfare of the individual, who could better seek it for himself?

Unfortunately, legislation does not always merely fail; it frequently makes worse. The Eradication of Thistles Act was designed to ensure the destruction of a plant which has proved of infinite value to sheep and cattle in certain districts. It has been the aim of successive Governments since 1860 to settle a bold yeomanry on the soil in place of those much-abused pastoral occupiers; and by a series of remarkably fine blunders they have squandered the public estate, permitted the devastation of its forests, brought about the impoverishment of much of the land, and, best of all, have strengthened the hands of the large holders whom it has been their avowed policy to destroy. Instead of allowing a man to acquire the quantity and description of land that would suit his capital or experience, our various Land Acts decreed that certain prescribed allotments should be sold at a merely nominal price to whomsoever applied for them. The consequence is, that of 103,844 original selectors only 30,209 are now in possession, the remaining 73,635 either having been compelled, or having more probably found it advantageous, to sell out. What a keen sarcasm on the "collective wisdom" and nineteenth century intelligence!

While persisting in forcing people to go and grow wheat where it will not grow, except once in five or six years, on the other hand, our wise men have endeavoured by protection to make Victoria a manufacturing country, despite the fact that she is destitute of all the essentials of a manufacturing centre. In consequence of the exclusive attention paid to these hobbies of manufacturing and wheat-growing by nearly every Government since 1855, mining, the natural industry of the colony, has been shamefully neglected. Our miners are sadly hampered by protective duties on their necessaries, and not a single railway of our network has been built solely in the interests of a mining community. Indeed, when the important district of Sandhurst urgently demanded a railway by which to bring fuel to the mines, the whole strength of the farmers' and artisans' representatives combined to prevent it being sanctioned. This is the more surprising when one reflects that the decay of mining and the decay of Victoria may probably be synchronous.

In private life empirical legislators know how often they err with many subsidiary facts before them; how schemes fail and speculations ruin. Their lives are a constant contradiction of what

Digitized by Google

was in the past regarded as indubitable truth. Yet, though they question the expediency of placing too much faith in their judgments in private life, they never hesitate to speculate politically, because they treat each phenomenon as having but one antecedent and one consequent. While engaged in curing specific diseases they never think that they may be causing collateral evils, sometimes more dangerous than proximate ones. They look only to immediate and theoretical effects, quite forgetting that the disturbance caused is far-reaching and ever-extending, like that produced by a stone thrown in a lake. This latter is a simple physical effect. How much more careful should a legislator be as to how he disturbs the calm surface of that complex aggregate of phenomena called society with some tentative remedy for a possibly complicated disease. Just as a vibrating body strikes the air, which, when struck, does not remain passive, but communicates the blow to the air next it, and this in turn beats the air alongside, and so on until the sound is carried a great distance; just as light and heat travel similarly in waves: in like manner does all social motion affect the whole social body, so interwoven and interdependent on one another are its units. Put a tax on cattle and sheep, and you raise the price of meat, diminish the railway traffic, kill the meat-preserving industry, affect the woollen manufactures, close tanneries and fellmongeries, and bring ruin to hundreds employed in these and kindred industries. Put a tax on colonial beer, and you bring about the wholesale adulteration of what many regard as, at the best, deadly poison.

Humanity has ever striven to have the most economical kind of agency, and its history is one of displacement of unwieldy instruments by those of fewer parts and more perfect mechanism. For this reason the official order of agencies is failing and growing more and more incapable of performing average, let alone unusual requirements, while the private order is steadily superseding it. Let us contrast the two systems. Officialism is proverbially slow. The Public Works Department has not yet devised a scheme for carrying away the flood waters of the Yarra; and the disastrous floods of 1849 and 1863 are almost forgotten, only to be remembered when the next deluge comes along. The histories of the building of the Parliament Houses, the Law Courts, and the two proposed metropolitan railway stations may with propriety be written when the transit of Venus next occurs. The renewal of the St. Kilda-road, the demolition of the Princes and Falls Bridges, and

Digitized by Google

better systems of drainage, lighting, and paving for the metropolis, are being completed with official velocity. The operations of the Commissions on tariff, police, and education are not marked by the agility characteristic of their members on the first of the month.

The Government is supposed to be above those considerations of character and efficiency that influence a merchant in choosing his *employés*, and our civil service is too often weighted with intellectual blanks, whose relations worship with, or fetch and carry for, some political limpet. Why then marvel at the stupidity of officialdom? To say that extravagance is the darling sin of officialdom is to repeat a truism. This bad feature is most prominent in the chief commercial department of State—the railways. From buying a hill piecemeal and running tea-meeting trains to lighting the carriages in broad daylight, the cost of management is one of wasteful and ridiculous excess. Every minister endeavours to improve on the experiments of his predecessors in the matter of collecting tickets or lighting stations, at a cost to the country of many thousands of pounds. Palaces are built, instead of weatherboard sheds, for roadside stations, and lines are fenced in uninhabited districts and gatekeepers maintained to do nothing. Another department terminates the contracts for the Warrnambool breakwater and the Gippsland Lakes entrance at an incalculable loss to the State.

Unlike a private firm or individual, officialism does not adapt itself to its surroundings. While a tradesman alters his mode of conducting business to meet public requirements, a Government department remains fossilized as if it were not affected by mere human progress. An acquaintance with the venerable Post-office Savings Bank system would inspire the belief that there are some people besides the Judeans who didn't know everything. The Telegraph Department, in making a disadvantageous contract with a monopoly, confessed its incapacity to supply the public with telephonic communication.

That officialism has no conscience, and is therefore open to the suspicion of corruption, almost goes without saying. In hospitals, town councils, and other public institutions where the income is in an inverse ratio to the duties performed, we find corruption. It will exist *à fortiori* in State departments, where the check of committees of business men is absent, and where the instinct of self-preservation is not present, as in private trading organizations.

Digitized by Google

Again, while all other bodies are progressive and ever-changing, officialism is rankly conservative. The hatred of change characteristic of officials is responsible for the Jolimont railway accident, by preventing the substitution of six or eight wheels for four in the railway carriages.

What boots it to multiply illustrations of the notorious fact that officialism is the antithesis of what is progressive and intelligent? It is at the best but an indirect agency; that of private individuals is direct, and more amenable to public opinion. New trades and societies are daily being generated—to live if they serve a want or fill a gap; if not, to die. State organizations frequently exist years after the need for them has vanished; as, for example, the worthless Mining Boards and the Land Tax Court, both of which should be as extinct as the moa. Every commercial instrumentality has a gradual evolution, yet State agencies are put into operation without any previous apprenticeship of the officials. Hundreds of appraisers, under the Land Tax Act, jaunted round the country, making their classification more in accordance with their feelings than their reason, with the result that the friendly landowners got off cheaply, and the hostile were mulcted beyond their just liability.

If, then, legislative action has failed so constantly, why this incessant demand for further legislation and new law-made agencies? Are not private agencies capable of supplying every requirement and remedying any evil? Private enterprise has made the colony what it is, by developing our agriculture, mining, and commerce in spite of the prohibitive measures of the State. The body of interested merchants comprising the Melbourne Harbour Trust has done more in two years to improve the port than the Government did previously in twenty-five. Private enterprise has established a good lighting system and a well-managed omnibus company, while the Yan Yean, with its manifold horrors, is a State effort to perform commercial duties. Private enterprise has obtained for the working classes a college to supplant the State Technological School, which is moribund from bad management by the inert Technological Commission. The labours of the Shops Commission are without practical result, yet its object of bringing about the eight-hours movement was attained, twenty-seven years ago, for the manual labourers of out-door trades by private persons. Parliament would not sanction the opening of the Public Library on Sunday, and it is only when a committee of citizens agitate for the boon that it is conceded without their sanction.

Digitized by Google

Every phase of the social evolution takes place in the order of its necessity. A manufacturer makes those goods which pay best, and these are the goods most needed by his customers. Legislators fancy they can anticipate the process of evolution, and see what society needs, and they propose remedies which society rejects as unnecessary. Possibly this fanatic faith in State meddlings is only incidental to our protective policy, for the same theory that devises restrictions for commerce prescribes multiplied administrations for social affairs.

But while the State performs manifold domestic duties for the citizen, such as teaching and vaccinating his children, and examining his back yards, it allows him to be cheated and robbed by his less scrupulous fellows without redress. If he asks for justice and protection from thieves who rob him illegally, the citizen is handed over to the tender mercies of those who rob him according to law. Our judicial system is a petrified mass of old Latin, bills of costs, and childish ceremonies. To the democratic Australian, gifted with strong common sense, it is amusing to study the pantomime of pomp and humbug acted in our law courts, where honest men grovel before other men whose wigs confer the right of brow-beating them. Contempt of court, as an impulse of the devil, is a more heinous crime than murder, which is merely the result of imperfect development. A successful lawsuit is only less ruinous than an unsuccessful one; and though nearly every citizen has had experience of the law's delays and its vile injustice, yet it is made a god in this the nineteenth century! Australians are constantly smashing old-world idols and sapping many a solemn creed, and their democratic love of iconoclasm has a fine field in that sublimated essence of formalism and imposition called "the law." And the avenues to the law courts are polluted. The disorganization of the police force is perfect. Though the labours of the Police Commission were abortive, it certainly did good service in laying bare the festers of this most important governmental agency. Policemen are badly paid, disaffected, and subjected to many indignities, and withal are expected to maintain a rigid honesty and respectability. In the matter of promotion, the old gradation, where each second stood heir to the first, has given place to official favouritism. No wonder that crime is increasing, larrikinism is rampant, and the social evil unchecked, or that the otherwise much-governed citizen, waking or sleeping, lives in trepidation.

Digitized by Google

Finally, it is because of the permanency of its demoralizing effects on the nation's growth that the evil of over-legislation is most objectionable. It renders the individual dependent, timid, and content with things as they are; and, in thus demoralizing him, precludes his advance to a higher state. On comparing the Anglo-Saxon communities, which have been comparatively little assisted by governments, with the European continental nations, where everything is done by the State, the thoughtful reader must perceive that the difference of discipline has resulted in a more rapid development of the former and a comparative stagnancy of the latter. The extent to which Government dry-nursing is carried in Victoria is the first thing that strikes a stranger. It spreads its upas-like shade in every direction, blighting and retarding the development of that public spirit, the chief defence of nations, which it is complained we of the younger generation lack. Faith in the power of political machinery and governmental agencies is a British idiosyncrasy, and it will be in contradiction of the inherent independence of our Australian natures if we allow this archaic fetishism to brake the wheels of our progress.

Let the State guarantee the citizen protection from fraud and violence, and it need not concern itself about his prosperity, if he is allowed to exercise the natural self-preference which is the whole philosophy of human motive. In conclusion, I hazard the opinion that the prosperity enjoyed by this community during the last eighteen months is in a large measure due to the abandonment of legislation by our law-makers.

GEORGE D. MEUDELL.

Digitized by Google

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[THE recent platform and press controversy on the Sunday Question, while it has evidenced a widespread interest and much strong feeling on the subject, has failed to bring prominently forward the logical arguments on which each side claims to build its respective views of what is right. The conductors of the *Melbourne Review*, believing that the discussion is likely to be carried into Parliament, have endeavoured to secure a definitive and comprehensive statement of these views from representative writers who have been associated with the movement, and who, removed from the excitement and attendant irritation of the platform, and unrestrained by the necessary limitations of space in a daily journal, may thoughtfully and calmly state their position as the fixed basis of logical argument. The symposium proper is complete in the first four papers, in which an Anglican and Presbyterian clergyman and two laymen take part. It was found impracticable, within reasonable limits of time, to make the whole six papers responsive, and the last two, by Mrs. Webster (Unitarian) and the Rev. W. H. Fitchett (Wesleyan), are complete in themselves, having been dealt with apart from conference with the other writers.—ED. *Melbourne Review*.]

SUNDAY OR SABBATH.

OUR ancestors were satisfied with a logic which to us seems sadly inconclusive. Nevertheless, the theories they formed, having once obtained that authority so foolishly accorded to mere antiquity, are apt to pass onward from mouth to mouth with little inquiry as to their foundations. The belief in what is known as the "Christian Sabbath" is an example of a doctrine thus framed with only a pretence of logic, promulgated and accepted with no adequate criticism, and handed down from generation to generation

Digitized by Google

with unquestioning reverence. The modern British Sunday was bequeathed to us by the Puritans of the seventeenth century—men of undoubted zeal and piety, but, unfortunately, of limited sympathies, and accustomed to find what they thought the truth within their own consciousness before applying themselves to any search for external proofs.

Considering it a matter of undoubted equity that man should give a seventh part of his time to the special service of his Maker, they turned to the Bible—the charter of their faith—and contrived to find their belief there laid down as an ordinance of God. They looked abroad on nature, and in some unaccountable way persuaded themselves that they saw the same law there. They then concentrated and hardened their beliefs into sharply defined dogmas, of which the following passage, extracted from the 21st chapter of the "Confession of Faith," may be taken as an example:—

"As it is of the law of nature that in general a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God; so in His Word, by a positive moral and perpetual commandment, binding all men in all ages, He hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath to be kept holy unto Him, which, from the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, was the last day of the week, and from the resurrection of Christ was changed into the first day of the week (which in Scripture is called the Lord's Day), and is to be continued to the end of the world as the Christian Sabbath."

It is impossible now-a-days to discover where the worthy Westminster divines who framed this passage found the "law of nature" to which they refer. Neither the first nor the last day of the week gives us the least hint of such a distinction. Do the winds lull or the rivers leap less boisterously from their mountain sources on one special day of the week? Do the rains descend less roughly or the thunders roll with less terrific crash on the "Christian Sabbath?" Do the tides sweep in and out with less fulness in their flow? Do we of this corner of the world slacken off on that day our tremendous pace—eight hundred miles an hour—with which we fly round the terrestrial axis, or do the human race diminish their awful speed of sixty thousand miles an hour with which they hurry round the sun? No! Surely there is here no hint of rest—no mark to distinguish one day from another. Neither does animate nature supply any distinction of the kind. Beasts, birds, fishes, insects sport or toil, build or destroy, with equal labour, equal ferocity, equal wantonness, at either end of the week as in the middle. But perhaps this law of nature is to apply solely to man:

Digitized by Google

Does man, however, in his natural state find anything to make him suspect a distinction in days? Does the sailor find that there is always one day in the week when the winds are calm and the sea smoothes down to give him time for his religious duties? Does the expectant mother, whose time is consummated on the Sunday, feel assured that her weekly day of rest will not be broken—that nature will enable her, and her nurse, and her physician to spend their day in devotions? Are death and sickness shown by statistics to be any respecters of days? Do not men in that savage state from which science tells us all men have sprung require to seek their food as much on the first as on any other day of the week? In short, how is the untutored savage to find a trace of that "law of nature" which differentiates the "time set apart" from the rest of time? No such law exists in nature; and it will equally surprise the reader who has never given the subject any consideration, that no such law is contained in the Bible.

The "Confession of Faith" speaks of a "positive moral and perpetual commandment binding *all men in all ages.*" No such commandment is to be found in the Old Testament. The only institution of the kind to be there found is the Jewish Sabbath, which is strictly national, and a mark to distinguish the Hebrew from all other nations. The passages of the Old Testament in which the Sabbath is referred to are so numerous that I cannot deal with them individually. It will be sufficient, however, to examine those that are given in the footnotes to the "Confession of Faith" as the Scriptural warrants for its very clear and dogmatic statement.

EXODUS xx. 8.—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

This occurs in the middle of the ten commandments, which are prefaced by these words:—"Thus shalt thou say unto the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel, ye have seen what I did to the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenant, then shall ye be a peculiar treasure to me above all people." Commandments thus introduced cannot be considered of universal application. In fact, we adopt such of them as our moral sense feels to be founded on permanent duties. The second, for instance—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything," was very necessary for a nation prone to idolatrous relapses; but

Digitized by Google

we ignore it, and with perfect justice. We likewise ignore the regulations following close upon these commandments, and not really divided from them; such as the laws relating to slavery and to concubinage, and such instructions as this—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

And when we turn to Deuteronomy v. 12, where the ten commandments are again delivered, we find this Fourth Commandment completed by an important addition. "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm. Therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." It is surely not an illogical conclusion that we, who have never been servants in the land of Egypt, are not bound by a command which is thus delivered.

The only passage quoted in the "Confession of Faith" which has the remotest semblance of perpetual obligation is that from the second chapter of Genesis—"God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

The reason thus given is undoubtedly of much greater force in demonstrating the permanency of the Sabbath, but all its relevancy is hopelessly lost if the day celebrated be not the seventh.

There is also a passage quoted from Isaiah lvi. 4—"For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths, &c." But on reference to the chapter it will be observed how thoroughly and intensely national the whole passage appears.

These are the only authorities quoted; but there are others quietly ignored. For instance, Exodus xxxi. 15, the command is given, "Whosoever doeth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death"—an injunction which, it is to be hoped, was not "perpetual" and "positive," but confined, and strictly confined, to the Jews. That it really was of very limited scope is clear from the verses which follow it:—"Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations for a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever." These and many other passages show very clearly the Jewish character of the Sabbath, and it may be safely asserted that there is not throughout the whole of the Old Testament a single passage in which it is not abundantly clear that the Sabbath was intended to be a rest for the Jews alone, and that solely on the last day of the week.

Digitized by Google

But we are told in the "Confession of Faith" that the Sabbath, from the resurrection of Christ, was changed into the first day of the week to be the Christian Sabbath. The footnotes supply what we suppose are to be considered Biblical authorities for this statement. They are simply amazing in their irrelevancy.

CORINTHIANS xvi. 1.—"Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given orders to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

Can anyone see here a logical connection between the Jewish Sabbath and the first day of the week, or any injunction to transfer from the one to the other the obligations of the Mosaic law?

ACTS xx. 7.—"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight."

Here we find a distinct trace of a custom which early arose in the Church; but the passage is merely incidental to the story of Eutychus, and has no force as an injunction. It gives not the slightest countenance to the belief that Christians are bound to make the first day of the week a Sabbath.

REVELATIONS i. 10.—"I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet."

Here again we shall allow that in the early Church there must have been some day known as the "Lord's Day," but what that day was we are not told. Some identify it with our Easter Sunday. Some refer it even to the last judgment. Nevertheless, when the expressions of the early fathers are compared with this of John there will appear every probability that the first day of the week was so designated. But even when that is granted there is here not the slightest allusion to any alteration of the Jewish Sabbath from one day to another.

Is it not mere folly, therefore, to ground an important doctrine on three casual expressions?—"Lay by your collections on the first day of the week;" "On the first day of the week, when the disciples were met;" and "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." Yet these are the only expressions of the New Testament which are ever adduced in support of the Christian Sabbath. We naturally expect that a law of tremendous import, affecting to all generations the disposal of one-seventh part of the time of the whole human race, will be expressed with that clearness and

Digitized by Google

definiteness which we strive after and attain to in our own purely human laws. Yet these are the only passages of Scripture which give the least colour to the assertion that the first day of the week is to be observed as a "Christian Sabbath."

If the reader feels how weak is the position of those Westminster divines who undertook to settle to all eternity the message which God intended to deliver to men, what will be his indignation on reading those now familiar passages in which their doctrine is distinctly repudiated by the Apostle Paul?

GALATIANS iv. 9.—"But now after ye have known God, or rather are known of God, why turn ye to the weak and beggarly elements? Ye superstitiously observe days and months and seasons and years. I fear for you, lest I have laboured among you in vain."

COLOSSIANS ii. 16.—"Therefore let no one judge you in regard to meat, or drink, or any festival, or the new moon, or the Sabbath. . . . Why is it that if ye have died with Christ from the rudiments of the world, ye are subject to ordinances as though living in the world . . . according to the injunction and teaching of men?"

ROMANS xiv. 6.—"This man regards one day rather than another: that one regards every day. Let each in his own mind be fully assured. He who observes the day, observes it to the Lord: and he who observes not the day, it is to the Lord that he observes it not."

These passages tell with much greater weight against the doctrine of the "Christian Sabbath" than the casual expressions we have already considered could tell in its favour.

If, then, this doctrine is not to be met with in nature, nor yet in the Old Testament, nor yet in the New, where is it to be found? The answer is, in the traditions of the Church. We have seen from the Acts of the Apostles and from the Epistles that in very early times there arose among the Christian disciples the custom of meeting on the first day of the week. There are not wanting indications that this day was chosen not only as commemorative of their Lord's resurrection, but also as a declaration of their complete severance from Judaism.

They certainly did not observe the day after the Jewish fashion; but to what extent they made their conduct a contrast to Hebrew restrictions and asserted their newly won liberty it is not easy to ascertain. It is clear from the expressions used by some of the early Christian writers that at daybreak they met to pray, to partake of the Lord's supper, and to sing hymns; that they then adjourned to a meal in common, and scattered to their own homes; probably also to their own avocations; for many of them were slaves, who would be bound to do so; and as for the free

Digitized by Google

men, they could scarcely have abstained from labour one whole day in seven without attracting the notice of the secular writers of the period, who make no reference to so remarkable a custom.

Such expressions as the early fathers have left us—for instance that of Tertullian, "Sunday we give to joy"—leave the impression that the first day of the week was marked off from the others as a quiet and sober festival, rather than as a day of Sabbatical restrictions.

But whatever may have been the details of their practice, it is in this custom of the early Church that we must seek the origin of the modern Sunday. Certainly there is in the Bible no command on which it can be supposed to rest;—no command, for instance, like the following clear and precise decree:—

"Let all magistrates, and inhabitants of cities, and the shops of every trade rest on the venerable day of the sun; nevertheless, those in the country are permitted freely to cultivate their fields."

This regulation is clear and unmistakeable. It is such an injunction as we must have found in the New Testament if God had really made it a matter of duty to observe the first day of the week. But in fact it was delivered no less than two hundred and eighty-eight years after the death of Christ, by the Emperor Constantine, to whom is due the merit, whatever it may be, of first distinctly enunciating and determining the conduct of Christians on the Sunday.

Now, are we bound to believe that God, in His own message to man, either could not or would not be as explicit as a Roman emperor? And who was that emperor? A man of saintly life and elevated thoughts? Most assuredly not; but rather an unscrupulous soldier, a statesman whose paths were no less dark and suspicious, whose thoughts were no less selfish and worldly, than those of many another crafty crawler up the slippery stairs of ambition. This decree, which all historians, from the sceptic Gibbon to the pious Hessey, consider to have for the first time fixed and determined the form of observance of the Sunday—this decree was the work of a man who in the same year issued directions for the guidance of heathen soothsayers; who, while professing himself a follower of Christ, yet maintained the worship of Apollo, and so pleased his Christian subjects without greatly offending his heathen supporters; who, after his conversion, murdered his son and nephew with as little compunction as he

Digitized by Google

had murdered his father-in-law before; a man, in fact, whose crafty, though not wholly unamiable genius, was devoted in early and middle life to a sternly determined ambition, and in declining age to a cautious sensuality. That such a man should have been the first to formulate the duties of the Sunday, the first to throw the Christian conscience into bondage, is in no way a satisfactory credential to the divine origin of the "Christian Sabbath."

It will be observed that Constantine's edict refers only to cessation of work in cities. And that indicates what for many centuries was the practice of the Church. Farm-work is so dependent on the weather that the farmer was exempted from the application of this law, just as sailors and soldiers always have been in the strictest times; and even in the cities the custom was to abandon work for that day, but not to abandon amusement. The universal practice in the mediæval Church was to hear mass and scatter for enjoyment.

The Sunday festival was eventually lost in that maze of saints' days which the faithful were enjoined to keep with equal care; till at length, with the Reformation, the whole superstitious burden was swept away, and the Church returned to the practice of simply meeting for worship on Sundays, acting on the direction, "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," and distinctly repudiating any divine instructions for one day rather than another.

It was not until the wave of Puritan feeling rolled over England, Scotland, and Holland, and attempted to roll over France but failed, that the effort was made to assimilate the first day of the week to the Jewish Sabbath.

The Puritans had to fight for their existence. Under persecution they exhibited little of the meek and sacrificing spirit of the early Church, whose members faced the wild beasts of the Coliseum, but never dreamt of meeting their oppressors in the field. The Puritans were exalted with the fierce ardour of conflict. They found nothing congenial to that temper in the New Testament. There they might meet with the records of missionary valour; but they could discover nothing stern or sanguinary. There is not the record of a single battle in any of its books. But the Old Testament resounds with combat. Battles, sieges, massacres, songs of triumph, prophecies of revenge, denunciations of exterminating wrath, fill its pages. The gentle words of the Gospel of Peace were little suited for the lips of those who were donning their bucklers and filling their powder-flasks. They turned to the

Digitized by Google

Old Testament in search of the "God of battles," a God unknown in the Gospels. They identified themselves with that "peculiar nation" which, under God's special care, marched to conflict, blood, and slaughter; and, among many other Judaizing tendencies, they converted that *festival* of the Sunday which they had inherited from their predecessors into a close semblance of that day of restraint which had been enjoined on their prototypes, the Jews.

The Christian Sabbath has thus had a curious history, but the most ingenious research cannot carry it back to a divine ordinance for its foundation, and nothing short of an express command from God can bind our consciences in such a matter.

Personally, I think the custom of the early Christians an admirable one. The links that bind our thoughts to interests above the mere material needs and cares of life are few enough; and the Christian meeting on the Sunday morning is of all others the one that can least be spared. Such meetings are now even more necessary than they then were. For in the primitive Church that ignorance which is the mother of a kind of faith, and that defiance of persecution which fans a simple faith into a glowing fervour, lifted the mind out of the body into a mystic spiritual life which grew ever more familiar in proportion as bodily pains and discomforts increased. But in our times the comfort, the absorbing activity, nay, even the very advance of knowledge, have their insensible effect in dragging the soul downward to be but a servant of the body.

It is Bacon who says "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." In these words there is written the secret of a revolution that the world may yet perhaps see. For the spread of knowledge and of thinking habits is certainly causing people to break away from the churches, and to sink by slow gradations to the level of absolute materialism. And this is to be expected. As men learn to see in nature a vast chain of phenomena bound each to a preceding as the effect to its cause; when every action that the world enfolds is explained to noon-day clearness, they are induced to exclaim with Laplace, that no God is needed for the theory of the universe. But when a deeper draught of philosophy has taught them that that matter, whose nature and laws they so fondly thought they understood, is itself the mystery of mysteries—a mere name for our own sensations—when they fully comprehend that the proposition is not true, "From matter everything, even

Digitized by Google

consciousness," but rather the converse, "From consciousness everything, even matter," then a hasty materialism will give place to a wondering awe in front of that universe of spirit, in which they may perhaps find (for who can do more than faintly guess at the religion of the future?) that infinitely permeating Spirit who is the author and upholder of it all.

But the return to a loftier philosophy will be slow, and perhaps inadequate, if the souls of men have meantime forgotten to turn their gaze inwards on their own spiritual nature, and upwards on the Spirit Ruler—have meantime lost the habit of breaking the dense encompassing cloud of material thoughts, with here and there a silver rift, through which they can see far beyond into the spirit world to which they have a truer affinity.

To me it seems that the weekly meeting on such a footing that men may confess, or renew, or discover their essentially spiritual nature is not a matter of little consequence. But that is only my individual impression.

Nothing less than a Divine injunction can make it binding on any man to spend the first or any other day of the week, or indeed any portion of it, in spiritual thoughts and exercises. No such command has ever been given; hence the efforts of the churches to force on men a restraint which they do not feel to be congenial will eventually be hopeless.

And, in conclusion, let me remark with regret, that as often as the churches determine to make a stand, and fight a battle on untenable ground; as often as they are through these and other unskilful tactics defeated, as they must certainly be on the Sabbath question, so often do they injure the cause of true religion. When that which they have assured us to be imprinted with the Divine seal is shown to be but a growth of comparatively ignorant times, and of men no better than ourselves, their whole teaching loses weight, and is regarded with an ever increasing suspicion.

ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A.

"THERE is a fashion in these things," says M. Arnold, alluding to various new theories, and attempts to overturn long-proven uses. And, along with the fashion, there is "a disintegration of the moral perception." "Sooner or later, however," he continues, "the new

Digitized by Google

theories have to confront the *plain, practical British sense* of evidence, the plain judgment as to what is fact, and what has borne the brunt of wholesome usage, and has justified that usage." The Englishman's strong and strict sense for fact, and for what has proven its divineness by noble use and benefit, will (Arnold thinks) make great havoc with the new "fads" and cries that are fashionable amongst social *dilettanti*, or leaders of the mob, for a time. When tested well, these new fashions are generally found to be an old fashion which our wise fathers buried decently out of sight, finding the fashion evil.

We think this truth applies with apt force to the present "Sunday-opening" cry. It is a movement (as Professor Plumptre puts it) "downward, not upward;" backward, not forward. If granted, it would, with the result that must logically follow it, be a return to the condition of the week of the Stuarts and Laud, the fleshly and lawless Sunday of James I., of unwholesome memory. We, British men, must unlearn most of what has made our national greatness and freedom since then, if we let that fashion return.

The Sabbath, or Lord's Day (call it by what name we will), is interwoven with the whole tissue and vesture of our modern British life—stability of social and personal character, earnestness of moral motive and moral tone, and mercy towards man and beast. Free England and England's "Sabbath" have grown together. England's strength of moral manhood, the iron of the nation's moral blood, has been intermixed for more than the last two hundred years with the faith, worship, reverence, home-memories, and religious sanctions of the British Lord's Day. The "sense of God in the national life"—that "plain, practical, English, heart-felt sense"—has been largely dependent on this. Men who love the national weal, and moral wholesomeness and strength, had better see that, if a national change is made with respect to the day, the necessity for the change should be very clear, and the results which will follow from it should be well considered beforehand.

I shall take up, in order, the chief points, historic and otherwise, pertaining to this question.

1.—THE REASON OF THE SANCTITY OF THE "SABBATH," OR "LORD'S DAY."

To most "plain, practical Englishmen," I suppose, the discussion as to whether the "Sabbath" and the "Lord's Day" are, essentially and in all central principle, one and the same is as needless as the

Digitized by Google

discussion whether the Parliamentary Institution of Plantagenet England and of Gladstone's England is in essential principle one and the same representative Parliament. It is, of course, the same, with its spirit and principle "fulfilled," and made more beneficent, in the present day. Even Dr. Bromby says unhesitatingly—"The Sabbath of the Old Testament was continued into Christian times without the slightest diminution of its ancient sanctity, and its primeval beneficence. . . . *The change of day made no change whatever on the principle.*"

Let us look at those two noble words, "*sanctity*" and "primeval *beneficence*;" in other words, "*holiness*" and "*mercy*." This was the central position of the old, Divine, Sabbath law—one day in seven for *holiness*, to lift man's thoughts to God; and also for Godlike *beneficence*, to make man's deeds a living embodiment of God's mercy to man and beast. This also is the central divine principle of the "Lord's Day"—one day in seven for "*holiness*," and for Godlike "*mercy*." Well, then, a "practical man" would conclude that there is no *essential* difference. The central divine principle of the Sabbath-day and of the Lord's Day is one and the same—binding now, binding always, so long as man is man. Or, as Bishop Moorhouse puts it, "The Sabbath was never abolished by Christ or His Apostles," but only "the Pharisaic abuse of it." As "a day of rest for the heart" to lift us to *holy* aims and hopes, and as a day checking the pitiless greed of self, and calling us to deeds of mercy for others, it is of perpetual obligation. Mr. Alexander Sutherland, my predecessor in this *symposium*, has not, I am aware, a good opinion of the "logic" of "our ancestors." He patents the discovery that the "Christian Sabbath," or "modern British Sunday," has been invented by the Puritans! It would seem to me just as reasonable to argue that, because the Puritans and other modern people cleared the *Gospel* from certain mummeries and "priestisms," and handed it down to us, therefore they *invented* the Gospel. And in this matter the logic of Bishop Moorhouse and of "our ancestors" seems to me better, and more historically true, than that of Mr. Alexander Sutherland. To plain, practical sense there is no discernible difference between the principle of the Sabbath and that of the Lord's Day.

It is in this sense that the day has appealed, and still does appeal, to England's deepest and noblest hearts. So that Tennyson (the friend of Maurice, that friend and leader of England's workingmen) does not hesitate to call the day, again and again, by the very

Digitized by Google

name "Sabbath," making them identical. To him the day, with its quiet and its sacred memories, comes as a remembrancing voice of God again re-affirming all that is highest and undying in man's soul, as against the doubt and sorrow, the dim toil and time-shadows of the dying life.

"'Behold it is the Sabbath morn!'

"Like softened airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.

"On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each entered like a welcome guest.

"One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measured footfall, firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled."

Home life and God!—man's purity of parental love and the day of God, the Father in Heaven, bound together in the national life!—all that is truest and purest in the pulse-beat of the British people is thus interconnected with the memories and "hidden hope" of the Sabbath. So speaks England's modern poet-thinker; this is how the question bulks to what Arnold calls "the strong, practical sense of evidence, and of wholesome experience," of the British people.

But some will want us to go further back, and scrutinize, in the light of critical scholarship, the basis of the primal Sabbath. So we shall speak—

2.—OF THE PRIMAL SABBATH FOR MAN.

Here we are fronted by the significant fact that "in the beginning"—in the primal record which ushers in Revelation (that earliest proclamation of Monotheism—*One God*, Creator and Father; and *man*, His child and subject)—only *two institutions* are recorded as "made for man"—(1) the *divine rest of the Sabbath*, "sacred" and "blessed," to remind man of God; (2) the *divine appointment of marriage, or home faithfulness*, to keep man social, unselfish, pure. "In the beginning," ages before there is any hint of "Jews" or "Judaism," these two institutions are declared to have been made by God for man. Of both institutions it is notably said, "God blessed them." It is equally significant that our Lord, when questioned about both institutions,

Digitized by Google

flung them back on those primal principles—not on the basis of any law of Moses only, but on the principle that God had made them for man, and had put the necessity for them in man's nature. When the Pharisees had overladen, with their traditions and rules, the truth of monogamy—pure wedded love between man and woman—and came to Christ, saying, "Moses wrote this and that command," the Divine Teacher at once went back to the primal principle of Genesis: "But from the beginning He (God) *made* them male and female." The marriage law was made for man, perpetually binding. When, likewise, the Pharisees came to Christ, overlaying and marring the divine meaning of the Sabbath, our Lord went back to that primal principle of Genesis, and of man's nature: "The Sabbath was made, or created,* for man." As the most impartial of living commentators on that Gospel writes:—"Man needs a Sabbath: man universal; and it was made for man, and for his highest wants, in the beginning. Not man for the Sabbath, as if it were an end in itself, nor the Sabbath for the Jew and his rules; but the Sabbath for man." Such is Christ's sublime verdict regarding the sacred day and the home-bond of wedded life. He re-affirms both in the very language—not of Moses, but of a far older source: God "made" them, and "*for man.*" As Norman Macleod beautifully said, years ago:—"Two institutions lie at the basis of our modern British purity and righteousness—God's holy day, and home love and memories. Those institutions are older than Judaism, older than the Decalogue. God made them in the beginning for man."

It was Bramhall, of unwholesome Laudian memory, who propounded the notion that the Sabbath was unknown amongst the Patriarchs and before the time of Moses. It is the chief weakness of Dr. Hessey's book that the opinion of Bramhall has swayed him. It is an opinion, as Bishop Moorhouse has recently said, that can no longer be entertained. The "argument from *silence*" is (as scholars are now agreed) no argument at all. And Professor Plumptre, who once leant to that view, now abandons it, and says there is not even the argument of "silence" for it. For, all through Genesis, we find "a special sacredness in the number seven, the seven-day division of time," and "traces of the observance of one day in seven."† When the name *Sabbath* first appears in *Exodus*, the

* So the Syriac versions. Cf. Morison, Plumptre, &c., *in loc.*

† This is quite apart from the question of the Chaldean Tablets, to which I am making no reference at all.

Digitized by Google

very mode in which it is brought in "suggests (as Plumptre says) an *observance already existing.*"

Mr. Sutherland, however, is aggrieved at the "Westminster divines" for taking this high and philosophic view of the matter. I do not hold any brief for the Westminster divines; and I am anxious that the discussion of a question which concerns all the nation and all the churches should not be turned aside into a parley over a particular "Confession of Faith." Only I am bound, as a student of history, to say that in this age of "survival" the Westminster divines "survive" with a singular tenacity; and it is curious that the last thing Dean Stanley wrote, ere he died, was a panegyric over the Westminster divines for their "philosophic insight and wisdom." Especially on this question of the "Sabbath" Mr. Sutherland, I am bound to say, does not quite apprehend the meaning of the Westminster treatise. Those divines do not base the Sabbath-law on the Decalogue only, but on a foundation older. They say that it is a necessity in man's nature to worship God, and that "it is of *the law of nature* that a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God."

Then, upon the basis of that principle, they add that God, by a positive commandment, *moral and therefore perpetual,* "hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath." The language of the "Confession" on this matter, says Dean Stanley, "is moderate, gentle, and wise." "But," asks Mr. Sutherland, "where did they find this '*law of nature*'?" Let me answer him in the words of Robertson, of Brighton:—"The Sabbath rests on something higher than even Divine commandment: it rests on a *necessity in man's nature,* and proven by man's experience. The Jews said the Sabbath was written in the law; Christ said it was written in *man's nature,* and the law was meant to be in accordance with that nature." Or, let me answer him again by the statement of the thinker, Von Humboldt:— *

"I am convinced that the six days are just the right measure, and best adapted to man's nature. . . . There is also something humane in the provision that those animals that assist man in his labour should share in his rest. . . . I once saw this *proven in my experience. . . .* During the Revolution in Paris I was there when the tenth day was tried as 'a Sunday.' It was found *far too long. . . .* If this necessity for the day is the case as regards merely secular considerations, *how much more in the case of man's spiritual joy and true peace!*"

* *Briefe an eine Freundin,* p. 282.

Digitized by Google

Here is a modern thinker testing and proving by the "*law of nature*," within and around, that the Sabbath *is* a necessity!

But is Mr. Sutherland sure that *he* has caught the force of the phrase "law of nature." He asks, "*Do the winds lull, &c., &c., on the Christian* Sabbath?" Let me apply to this the logical *reductio ad absurdum*. It is of "*the law of nature*" that Mr. Sutherland and all of us should *sleep*. Alas, also, it is of the "law of nature" that in the course of a cycle of *sevens* (viz., "three-score and ten years") man's life, on the average, is "summed up," and we have to lie down and "sleep" the long sleep! But "do the winds lull, or the rivers leap less boisterously, or the rains descend less roughly," &c., &c., that we may sleep or die? No; and yet sleeping and dying are very certainly of "the law of nature," and "binding on men!"

3.—THE SABBATH IN THE DECALOGUE AND IN THE PROPHETS.

It is unnecessary to say much on this part of the subject, the facts having been put so clearly of late by Bishop Moorhouse. The very form of the Decalogue shows at once its difference from anything local, Jewish, or ceremonial. There were other codes of laws, purely ceremonial, temporary and Israelitish, administered by Moses. But the *moral* law, enshrined in the Decalogue, is divided off from them all, and placed by itself (as Professor Plumptre puts it), "*not among ritual, ceremonial, and temporary laws . . . but as essentially moral, and therefore universal.*" There is "not a trace in it of what has merely Jewish concern," says Professor A. B. Bruce* (the friend of Dr. Robertson Smith), "nothing that is not of fundamental importance; and this is a presumption of perpetuity for every candid mind." Bishop Moorhouse has well said: "It is this fact, and not the circumstance of its having been uttered at a certain time and place, which gives the Sabbath law its claim on Christian men." It expresses a fundamental truth necessary for the highest well-being of man and of nations. And in the *Decalogue*, as in the *Genesis* record, the Sabbath and the purity of the family are put together—reverence for God and His day, reverence of parents, set close to one another!

In the Prophets, again, as the more *spiritual* view of religion prevailed, the one holy day in seven was proclaimed the more. In Isaiah's opening chapters, indeed, the hypocrisy of Sabbath-worship

* *Training of the Twelve*, chap. vii.

Digitized by Google

on the part of men whose "*hands are full of blood*" and wrong is severely censured, just as even *prayer* from such men is severely censured. But men are urged to come, with cleansed heart and life, to God at His house of rest. In the latter half of that great prophecy, in proportion as mere *forms* and priestly ceremonies are denounced, in like proportion is the Sabbath, the day of the heart's uplifting, urged. Not "fasts," not "sackcloth," not "sacrifice," but the spirit and deeds of God's Sabbath—mercy on others, "undoing heavy burdens," "succouring the poor," dealing bread to the hungry, making "the Sabbath a delight."* Mr. Sutherland is surely unfortunate in trying to make all this "local" and "Jewish." On the contrary, it is spoken chiefly of the "sons of the stranger," and of Gentile seekers from afar. The pure heart, and the merciful hand, meant by God's Sabbath, are surely *universally* Divine.

4.—THIS TRUTH AS DEALT WITH BY CHRIST AND HIS EARLY CHURCH.

We have seen that our Lord and His Apostles "never abolished the Sabbath." "In none of His defences against His Pharisee accusers," says Professor A. B. Bruce, "does Jesus call in question the obligation of the Sabbath-law itself." He honours and affirms that law as an enduring principle; but He smites with heavy hand the Pharisee details and temper which had attached to it. "The Pharisee *monomania* was the stringent enforcement of *rest*." Christ's Sabbath-principle was, as He himself asserted, the re-enacting of the original design of the Sabbath, viz., the beneficent *activity* of "God's rest," the *practicality*, unselfishness, mercy, philanthropy of Sabbath-worship and love of God. The day is for *deeds* as well as for *prayer*—"deeds of mercy and necessity," even as Isaiah said.

Christ *always kept the Sabbath!* The Sabbath had been made by God for man; and He, man's King, was "Lord of the Sabbath." Well, *what did He do with it? He kept it*, teaching us by His example. He went "through the cornfields;" but it was to a *place of worship*,† and to do deeds of healing and mercy. When He was crucified, His Apostles kept "the Sabbath day according to the commandment."

These facts ought to be earnestly looked at. Mr. Sutherland

* Isaiah lviii. 2-14; lvi. 6-8.

† Cf. Mark and Matthew, and Plumptre, Meyer, Morison, &c., *in loc.*

Digitized by Google

strangely objects that in the New Testament "there is no *command* on which it (the one day in seven) can be supposed to rest." Surely this is a spirit of slavish "literalism" not in keeping with Mr. Sutherland. "*Command!*"—Is not a mother's *example* nobler than her *command?* Is not Christ's *example* a *living* and nobler commandment?

If the "Sunday Society" were seeking room and verge, on the rest-day, to do works like Christ's works—works of humanity, saving of life, curing the leprosy of vice, teaching neglected children, going amongst the sick, heralding the gospel of peace, or any of a hundred deeds of unselfish love—then there would be meaning in their appeal to Christ's example. But to be seeking to impair, and break in upon, that day merely for their amusement, and artistic and selfish pleasure, causing other men to toil for their "fashion," this, says Dr. Plumptre, "violates not so much the Fourth Commandment as the whole law of Christ."

As to "the Lord's Day" being sacred and "binding" for Christian men and peoples, and having the same essential meaning of purity, worship, charity, heart-rest, deeds of Godlike pity as the Sabbath had—flooded and permeated by the light of Christian love—there is no need to discuss. Men of so diverse thought as Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Stanley, Bishop Moorhouse, agree in saying "the mere change of day makes no change in the principle."

But *one* question I would ask of those who strive to create any difficulty at this point:—"*Why did the risen Lord and His Apostles and the early Church observe one day in seven with special sacredness, and with worship, and offertory of generous charity, if it was not to continue still the principle of remembering a Sabbath—one 'day of the heart'—in seven? Why did not they keep only one in ten? Why did they keep one at all?*"

If the Gospel is true, the risen Son of Man met with His disciples, time after time, on the first day of the week—*one day* in *seven*, the day of the new genesis, day of the risen life. In Apostolic times His Hebrew followers kept both the seventh and the first, letting the one run on into the other. The Gentile Christians kept only the first day.* On that "first day" they observed the solemnities of worship and the alms-giving, or "laying by in store," for deeds of mercy that had marked the seventh-day Sabbath. To that "first day" are applied the words

* *Vide* De Pressensé, Kurtz, Killen Anct. Church, &c., &c.

Digitized by Google

which had belonged to the "seventh day"—"Forget not the assembling of yourselves together." On that day they partook of the Lord's Supper, the most solemn act of all Christian devotion. It is not "*indications*" merely, as Mr. Sutherland states. The matter is so *evident* in the New Testament that Plumptre says there can be no doubt on the subject. So clear is it that, as he proves, the very name—*Lord's Day*—in use amongst the early Christians was taken from the *Lord's Supper*, which marked that day's sacredness.

St. Paul *kept the day*—an *example* nobler than any command. He, indeed, strongly protested, in the Gentile churches, against those Judaizers, or Christian Pharisees, who would foist upon Christians the Jewish ceremonial system; and he waged war also "against the false Pharisee principle that any *day* can be *an end* in itself,"* or its observance stand in the place of God's grace in man's heart. The sacred day is only a *means* to an end—to lift up man's life and spirit to God. In that sense St. Paul, just as any true Christian would, protested against those who turned religion of heart and life into a mere outer shell-form, making it *end* in observance of days and years. Yet St. Paul reverently *kept the Lord's Day;* for, without these divine safeguards and remembrancers for the soul, man would soon fall from thought of God and from noble self-sacrifice for men.

It was so also in the after early Church; and it is touching and significant that they always joined the Lord's Day sacredness with the primal Genesis record—the creation and the Father's work and rest. In Barnabas and Justin Martyr it is regarded thus—the day of "assembling," because the "new life" is risen, "darkness and chaos" conquered by the rising of the new light and creation in Jesus Christ. "It is," says Dionysius, of Corinth, "the *Lord's holy day.*" "It is *properly a Sabbath,*" says Clemens Alexandrinus."† "The Lord transferred the Sabbath to the Lord's Day," says Athanasius. And, finally, Eusebius, the historian, writes:—Christ, "by the new covenant, transferred the feast of *the Sabbath to the morning light*, and gave us the symbol of *true rest*, the Lord's Day, the first day of the week." These out of many should settle the question, for candid minds, as to the early Church's views about the Divine appointment and sacred character of the Lord's Day.

* Lightfoot—*Philippians*, p. 184.
† Strom., lib. vi.

Digitized by Google

5.—THE REFORMERS AND PURITANS.

Too sweeping, surely, is Mr. Sutherland's pen when, with a stroke, it describes the Lord's Day as "lost amid the maze of saints' days." He has doubtless heard of the little Vaudois Church and people, amid the Cottian Alps, of whom Milton in one noble sonnet, and Wordsworth in another, sang—

> "Who kept the faith so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,"

and from whom sprang the new liberties of Piedmont and of Italy. Perhaps he has not read* how, even when pursued amid the snow-capped hills, the dauntless Vaudois rested from marching, and *kept the Lord's Day!* There also, as in Puritan England, the day has gone hand in hand with soul-liberty and with national liberty.

> "Out of the Piedmont lion
> Cometh the sweetness of Freedom! sweetest to live or to die on!"†

I am aware what things have been lately asserted in newspaper letters about the attitude of "the Reformers," as a whole, based on garbled extracts from their works. I am also aware what "wild words" great Luther flung out of him when fighting against a whole array of saints' days, and Lents, and "holy days" bound up into one huge tangle. And I am aware that a great Lutheran has said "Luther's want of clearness on that subject and the condition of the German Sunday have gone far to paralyze the German Church." But the following words of Calvin ought to be clear enough:—"God first rested; then He blessed that rest, that the day might be sacred *among men through all coming ages. . . . It should serve as a perpetual rule.*"

Great indeed is *Rumour;* she "increases by going." And never was the whirligig of scandal more curious than in the case of the Reformers and the Lord's Day. "Martin Mar-prelate" told a story of Aylmer, the Anglican, that he "played at bowls on Sunday."‡ Bramhall, and Heylin, Laud's chaplain ("a man of unveracities and mendacities"—"lying Peter Heylin," Carlyle calls him), transferred this charge to Calvin, and represented John Calvin as both "*bowling and shooting*" in the "public recreations" on the

* See Faber, Monastier, and St. Leger.

† Mrs. Browning—*A Court Lady.*

‡ See Hallam—*Rise of the Sabbatarian Question.*

Digitized by Google

Lord's Day! And, now, for another turn of the whirligig of rumour:—an "incumbent," writing in one of our newspapers, passes the story on to *John Knox's* shoulders! John, according to him, was "bowling" on the public green on the Lord's Day! What a quantity of Reformers named "John," and all of them "bowling!"

In earnest fact, the Reformers had quite other and more toilsome, perilous work to do. In D'Aubigné, Kahnis, Bungener, or M'Crie we can read the kind of way Luther, or Calvin, or Cranmer, or Knox did spend the Sunday; and their example is better than any words. Making the Gospel message ring from their pulpits on Sunday *morning*, they were wont to gather the young and others into the big church *on the afternoon, and instruct them.* A very good kind of Sabbath "bowling," certainly—bowling down sin and darkness in human hearts! And, then, very touching it is to read how Calvin would be seen on Sunday *evening* climbing the roads round Geneva to bring succour and Gospel tidings to the sick villagers! Not unlike Christ's kind of Sabbath!

As a matter of scholarly fact also, which frank Dean Stanley and Dr. Plumptre confess, our British Sabbath, or Sunday, was not due mainly, or in the first place, to the later Puritans nor to Dr. Bound—it was due to John Knox and to English Cranmer. Into the daily service of the Church of England Cranmer introduced it. In the "Second Book of Homilies" it is distinctly connected with the Sabbath law. *That* is going further, as Stanley says, than the Westminster divines ever went. And, on the whole, "though *individual* Scotchmen, and also Puritans, have talked and done foolish things regarding the Lord's Day," and though extreme Puritans made it a thing of "Judaic compulsion" over other men's wills, yet the language of the representative Puritans is "moderate and wise." They call it the Sabbath, indeed, and sanctioned by God, but they make it not a day of *idleness*, but of rest for man and beast from toil, of soul-life and worship, and of *works* of *mercy* for others, and works of necessity.

Two things, as Hallam (no friend of Puritans) confesses, the British Lord's Day has done for the nation: (1) It has killed the *tyranny of priestisms* and of innumerable *binding church festivals.* It has been a source of real liberty for the people. Here is a startling *item* given by Hallam to show the sort of national tyrannies the acceptance of God's one day in seven killed: "*Enacted that such as shall eat flesh during the forbidden seasons (Lent, 'vigils,' &c.)*

Digitized by Google

shall incur a penalty of ten days' imprisonment* without flesh, &c." The British Lord's Day has made the people free! (2) It saved the nation from a nameless lust, and lifted it up into moral earnestness and strength. It gave England the saving forces of her home life and purity. Because the Huguenots, or Puritans, were trodden out in France, says Professor Plumptre, "therefore the moral corruption of that land is as yet without regeneration." Down into the awful depths of the vileness of the *Sunday theatres* in England, with their crowds of evil, bedizened women, until the Protestant (or, if you like, Puritan) Lord's Day arose, and shamed them into silence, I need not ask the reader to look.† But Plumptre, looking at the facts, comes to the startling judgment that if our divinely-sanctioned Lord's Day be de-Christianized by the national verdict, and if work and æsthetic pleasure be authorized in the national institutions on that day, the nation's reverence of God will receive a fatal blow, and we shall fall back into the license of the Sundays of the Tudors and Stuarts.

"License!" yes, *that* is the word; not "liberty." People in this realm have liberty of all kinds as far as a sane man could wish. They have a "conscience clause" in every way. They can do anything they like on Sunday—if only they will do it, as Christians in going to church do, *with their own money!*

But when some make a quite different claim, when they selfishly demand that the money of *others*—the money given by the nation—shall be twisted away to pay for their amusement on that sacred day, and to bribe other men to work in order that they may play, then we say, "In the name of all that has made modern Britain and her people free, home-loving, God-reverencing, and strong,—'No!' We will not give back our liberties to Stuart license—license which would soon mean toil, and ever more toil, of man and beast, to the end that a few loungers may be gratified."

J. Laurence Rentoul, M.A.

* Hallam—*Rise of the Sabbatarian Question.*

† See Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, pp. 363, *seq.*; Haweis' *Sketches*; Plumptre's *Sunday.*

Digitized by Google

In order to direct attention to what appears to me the salient points of the question before us, I would state what I have to adduce in the form of three propositions:—

I.—*Certain general Sabbatic principles are held to be of utmost importance by all prominently concerned in this inquiry.*

We must clear the discussion of all adventitious and needless matter. Much that is courteously and ably expressed in the paper which precedes this one, much that has of late appeared in religious journals, is very good and very true! But it is not relevant. It is simply redundant. All statements based on considerations as to what the Lord's Day observance has done for England or other lands, all encomiums as to its worth, are here beside the mark. The facts insisted on are unquestioned. The manifesto of the Sunday Society, the utterances of the recognized leaders of the present movement, have emphasized the general conviction that one day in seven—if possible the present one—should be set apart for purposes of rest, worship, and spiritual refreshment.

We read often of the "Sunday Desecration Society;" those who would save the institution we all prize from neglect and dishonour are often spoken of as "Secularists" and avowed "enemies of Christian ordinances." We cannot stay people from using opprobrious epithets, and arousing thereby the prejudices and passions of the pious, but we may object to argue in a false character. Our statement as to what is in our minds and in our hearts must be accepted.

So, we save time. For, since we are agreed that there is a precious fundamental principle underlying all Sabbath observance, it matters not, for our present purpose, when the revelation of it was first made, or what was the precise moment and manner of the transition from one form of observance to another. As well argue when winter ends and summer begins, cavil as to the moment night departs and day arises, as perpetuate some phases of the discussion that has occupied the community so much of late. Darkness and light are both from One! The light we love best! What shall we do with it? This is our worthier thought.

II.—While recognizing, however, the great Sabbatic principle, *we do not deem the provisions regulating the Jewish Sabbath binding upon us.*

For (*a*) its detailed and so definite injunctions, its disproportionate

Digitized by Google

penalties, are altogether *opposed to the spirit of the Christian system under which we live.*

(*b*) It was regarded by Moses as constituting *a federal mark*—a sign which, being so peculiar and unnatural in its application, might serve to keep the Israelites distinct from all other people.

(*c*) As a matter of fact, by the universal consent of Christendom, the day to be kept holy has been changed from the seventh to the first day of the week; the object it commemorates, its spirit and aims, have been generally acknowledged to be totally different from those of the Jewish system. It has already virtually passed away, while the great moral principle, of which it was a local expression, alone remains.

(*d*) There was, when Christianity rose out of the ashes of Judaism, *no transmission of the spirit and method of the Sabbath into that of Sunday.*

1. *Christ* did keep the Sabbath—as He did, let it be noted, the Feasts of Judaism—the *entire ceremonial law!* Are they to bind us still? He was a Jew; circumcised and "obedient to the law for man." He has partly revealed the reason. It was not that any of those shadows should remain. He did say "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." There was, however, no more question of the *permanency* or universality of the ordinance than if He had declared "the temple at Jerusalem was made for man, not man for the temple." Why, in expounding and applying the commandments, did He not mention the Sabbath, if its provisions were to pass on to His Own Day that was to be?

2. *The Apostles* did for a while observe the Sabbath in part, as they did Jewish vows and rites. They dealt very tenderly with the system in which they had been brought up; but, when need was, they sternly rebuked all Judaizing attempts to uphold Sabbath obligations. They, so far as we know, never inculcated its observance upon their Gentile congregations. We have no evidence of one day's journey shortened, one fire unlighted, or other Jewish scruple indulged out of consideration for the Sabbath. On that day, it is allowed, the Apostles sought the *Proseuchæ* or Synagogues of the Jews, because they knew they would find a congregation there, and probably be invited to speak to the people. As to their special day for rest and worship, another was being recognized, with an entirely new rite, so that the *Lord's Day* and *Lord's Supper* went hand in hand, however they may be separated now.

Digitized by Google

3. Would that there were space here for passages, familiar to many of us, from *the Apostolic Fathers*, which show conclusively that they were virtually unanimous in declaring the Sabbath not binding on Christian men; that it was not to be identified with the Lord's Day; that the spirit of the one was not transfused into the other. There are passages in the *Apostolic Constitutions* which, we confess, seem to imply that in the earlier centuries *the Sabbath was observed as well as the Lord's Day*, but they "go counter"—as has been observed—"to the whole stream of ante-Nicene testimony and teaching." The isolated expressions of some of the Fathers, put forward by Rev. Mr. Rentoul, out of the mass of testimony available, are altogether misleading. *The Epistle of Barnabas*, his first authority, contains a whole chapter (the 15th) in which Sabbath observance is denounced. *Justin Martyr*, next mentioned, is entirely opposed to any Sabbatizing. He discusses the subject repeatedly and at length; remarking in one place, "If there was no need of the Sabbath before Moses"—which he had shown to be the case—"no more is there need of it now." *Dionysius of Corinth* says nothing, so far as I know, concerning the Sabbath. That he should call *Sunday* "the Lord's Holy Day" scarcely affects the question! Apart from one disputed expression in an incomprehensible chapter (Strom. vi. 16), *Clement of Alexandria* is always clear in his distinction of the Jewish and Christian institution. Certainly *Athanasius (De Sabbatis)* does not confound the two. Whatever be the meaning of the mystic expressions quoted by Mr. Rentoul, Athanasius contributes many such passages as this of his —"The literal Sabbath was a provision for the Jewish multitude, who were *unable to make their whole life a Sabbath*, accordingly one day in particular was provided for them." *Eusebius* treats of the Lord's Day entirely apart from the Sabbath, which, he says, was "part of the legislation of Moses." So—not to mention Ignatius, Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Origen, together with Cyril and Basil, the Gregorys and Chrysostom, whose evidence is beyond question—out of the mouth of their self-chosen authorities the opinion of our opponents is condemned.

4. Moreover, whether it was John Calvin or John Knox who played bowls on Sunday after sermon, it is beyond dispute that *the leading Reformers*, including Luther, Melancthon, Tyndale, and Cranmer, also Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Watts, Chalmers, Cecil, and Simeon, were uncompromising in their denunciation of the hideous Puritan Sabbath, or any other form of the Jewish ordinance. Mr.

Digitized by Google

Rentoul is altogether in error in speaking of Cranmer as having introduced the Sabbath into "the daily service of the Church." There is—thank God—no allusion to it in our "daily service." In the Communion Office the Fourth Commandment is read, as a parable, or Old Testament Lesson. The response we make leads us to contemplate *the spirit* of each command, to which we hold. The Church Catechism deduces from the Fourth Commandment our duty to "serve God truly all the days of our life"—to keep a perpetual Sabbath.

There is, then, nothing in the history of Sunday to associate it properly with the Sabbath of either Jew or Puritan. The Church voluntarily gave the day to the Lord; we are free thereon to do whatever is becoming Christian men filled with a due sense of their responsibilities and privileges. Whether we should sit still at home, or may walk or ride forth abroad, on the Lord's Day; whether we must devote all, or a portion, of its hours to devotion; whether we may study pictures and books in our Public Library or in private apartments—are really questions not of Jewish law, but for that which Christ has written on the heart. He has taught us, indirectly, that there should be rest and worship; He has blest the day which the Church has specially set apart for that purpose; but nowhere has He given rules as to how its hours shall all be spent. Hence—

III.—*The opening of Public Libraries and Galleries on Sunday resolves itself into a plain* QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY: as to whether it is well for individuals, for the community, that facilities should be afforded to those who desire or require it to spend a portion of the day at the institutions in question.

(*a*) On the one hand, there is nothing of the nature of disobedience, nothing shocking, in men's availing themselves of these facilities. The minds of many are greatly relieved in view of such a concession. Religion ceases in yet another respect to present an unnecessary bar to reasonable freedom. Opportunities are given the thoughtful, and those of artistic taste, to spend a profitable hour perhaps otherwise wasted. The excuse is snatched from the real Sabbath-breakers that the street and bar parlour are the only public places open to them on the Lord's Day.

(*b*) On the other hand, though all this be granted, it may be objected that—

Digitized by Google

1. To encourage any to *work* on Sunday is in contravention of the general Sabbatic principles we acknowledge. We hear much on this score. The answer is that even the Jewish law permitted "works of necessity;" that if half the advantages anticipated should result from the contemplated concession, the attendance of a dozen caretakers would become as much a work of necessity as the employment of as many hundred domestic or other servants on the Lord's Day. Doubtless, if our Christian principles could be carried out in their entirety none would toil on Sunday, or at night, or at unhealthful occupations. The principle of involuntary sacrifice enters now, however, into every phase of our social life, and to seek to determine this great question by undue regard for it would be as great an exaggeration of its importance as to endeavour to stay the issue of morning journals out of consideration for the night watchings entailed thereby.

2. The objection that a small concession in this respect may lead to unbridled "license" demands most serious consideration. It involves the whole question of *moderation* as opposed to *total abstinence.* Shall we strive to keep men out of these public institutions altogether, lest they want to open private ones and to turn our rest-day into a carnival, or shall we make moderate concessions and trust to our power over men—to a Higher One's—to stay them from excess and destruction? Surely it were better to say what is true, yield what is fair, though the heavens should fall. It does not seem, however, that they are hereupon likely to do so! Our people love to enjoy rest and quiet, as do all Englishmen; and they hold the power. Moreover, the prophets of evil have been proved false, in the neighbouring colonies and elsewhere, where libraries have been opened on Sunday, and where still the churches are a greater power in the land than ours are in this colony.

3. The objection is often urged that churches and Sunday-schools would suffer if more civil liberty were allowed on Sunday. The reply is that people will never be driven to church because we have left no other course open to them. Men must have the desire for worship. Clergy and good people must do their part, and offer superior inducements; then no silent library will entice the hearty worshipper from his post. As to others, they are likely to be more amenable to religious influences after an hour spent midst at least elevating surroundings, than after idle gossiping at the street corner, or gambling and other intemperance at the public-house.

Digitized by Google

We see, then, that while fully alive to the claims the day of rest has upon us by virtue of its history, associations, and privileges, as well as in view of our social and spiritual requirements, we may still feel ourselves entirely unfettered by the letter of any Jewish or Puritanical restrictions of old; and that we best conserve the interest of the institution we prize, as well as study the peace and well-being of many about us, by yielding what is sought at this juncture; prepared at the same time, as we should be, to exert to the fullest the moral and spiritual powers we possess, wherewith we may influence our fellows to nobler aims, that they may make the highest and purest use of all the opportunities that are theirs.

HORACE F. TUCKER.

IN reviewing the papers which have preceded this, the point which has particularly struck me is, that while Mr. Rentoul has been careful to distinguish the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment from the specially Jewish Sabbath both in and after Old Testament times, both Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Tucker have been as careful to confound them. So far as I can judge, our opponents on this question believe that there is no ground for separating the Decalogue from the precepts which surround it; and that, as these latter passed away with the ancient dispensation, so did the Decalogue, as a whole, and as law, pass away. Now, as this is a fundamental point, and the difference of view affects the discussion of the obligation of the Sabbath law throughout, I should like to ask why they consider the command not to light a fire, for example, as of equal universality and force with the Fourth Commandment, which declares rest from labour, the offering of worship, and the practice of mercy specially on one day in seven to be a part of moral duty? To me, the whole surroundings of the Decalogue, the separateness which distinguishes it, the place assigned to it by all later writers as the fundamental rule of duty in Israel, seem to raise it distinctly out of the mass of legal details which surround it. It clearly bears the character of a moral code, dictated by the deepest insight into the primary strength and weakness of man's nature; these other prescriptions as clearly form part of the exclusively Jewish law. It was separately graven on stone; these were dictated, as occasion arose, for the control of the national life. It, as Ewald says, "keeps wholly to the eternal truths themselves;"

Digitized by Google

they were only of local force and significance. Even in time there is, on any hypothesis, a most significant gap between the Decalogue and the subordinate laws. So far as I am aware, no critic of weight denies that; and all unite in assigning to the Decalogue a moral and universal character which no preface (probably added afterwards) can invalidate. And, strange to say, it is the "new criticism" which is strongest on this point. Robertson Smith is so convinced of the difference between the spirit, aim, and scope of the general prescriptions of the Levitical law, and those of the Decalogue, that he assigns the latter to Moses, and the former to the post-exile leaders of the Jews. In his view the gap is so wide that it can be accounted for only by the lapse of some 700 years, and an unexampled change to particularism in the national character. Wellhausen, on the other hand, does not think the Decalogue Mosaic; but the reason he thinks otherwise is that "the essentially and necessarily national character of the older phases of the religion of Jehovah completely disappears in the quite universal code of morals which is given in the Decalogue as the fundamental law of Israel." Both old and new schools of critics, therefore, join in repudiating the notion, so fully accepted by our opponents, that the Decalogue is a merely Jewish law, and I have, consequently, no hesitation whatever in claiming that it is a universal, because moral, code.

But if that be the case, then whatever moral force and binding authority the other commandments possess must surely be attributed to the Fourth Commandment also. It stands or falls with the others. They are not moral and binding merely because they are in the Decalogue; rather they are there because they are moral. It would be strange indeed if the inspiration, or moral sense, or wide experience, or what you will, which touched the primary moralities in nine commandments with so sure a hand that they form even yet the fundamental moral code of nations in the first rank of civilization, should have blundered into mere local ceremonialism in this one. The presumption is surely immensely strong that the Fourth is no exception to the rule, and that it, too, inculcates a moral duty, and claims the allegiance of man as a moral being. Even if in its original form it had mentioned the seventh day, and given Israelite reasons for its observance, that could not break down so strong a presumption. But since we find Ewald and other critics of the highest rank declaring, for cogent reasons which cannot be entered on here, that, as originally promul-

Digitized by Google

gated and graven on stone, the first five commands were without the explanations now attached to them, and that these were probably given orally by Moses at a later time, the objection loses whatever shadow of force it might be supposed to possess. "Remember the day of rest to keep it holy" is neither ceremonial nor Jewish, and that is the essential Sabbath law of the Decalogue. That, if a moral duty once, is a moral duty still, and on its morality I would rest the obligation for its observance. The Jewish regulations for carrying out the law were no part of the Decalogue, and necessarily passed away with the Jewish polity. The Pharisaic spirit which made a fence about the law till it became a burden and a hypocrisy was denounced by the prophets and striven against by Christ. But our Lord never rejected or strove against the Fourth Commandment, as Mr. Tucker seems to assert. He dealt with it as He dealt with the others, only when occasion arose; and just as He cleared the Fifth from the growth of tradition and made it shine forth again as a divinely given law, so He cleared the Fourth, and brought men back to the Sabbath of the Decalogue. The ceremonial parts of Judaism He complied with in silence, because they were to pass away. The commandments He kept, but not in silence. He carefully taught men how exceedingly broad they were in spirit, and thereby deepened their hold upon the conscience. Whatever freedom He gave His disciples, He gave no freedom from moral duty; and He did for the Fourth Commandment just what He did for the others. He did more even for it than He did for some; and if He did not mention it to the young ruler because Jews of his class kept it only too rigorously, He certainly never weakened its validity by either act or word.

But Mr. Tucker's failure to take the separateness of the Decalogue into account vitiates also, in my opinion, all that part of his paper in which he deals with the Fathers. I do not intend to follow him in detail in his criticism of Mr. Rentoul, for, in the limits assigned to me, I could do no more than say that I do not agree with him. But, speaking generally, the two positions seem to be these:—Mr. Rentoul, regarding it as certain that our Lord looked upon the Sabbath rest, in its primal form, as of perpetual obligation, gathers together passages which show that the Apostles and Fathers did devote the first day of the week to rest, and worship, and acts of mercy. Mr. Tucker, not believing the primal Sabbath to be of perpetual obligation, gathers passages to

Digitized by Google

show that the Apostles and Fathers denounced the Jewish Sabbath. But the positions are in no way incompatible. Nay, it is precisely our case that the Jewish Sabbath—Jewish in the well-known Johannine sense—was objected to by the early Christians mainly because they were fulfilling all moral duty in this matter in connection with the Lord's Day. Everywhere you come upon hints of this observance—nay, even statements of it—as has been shown; and to represent it as a new growth in the fourth century is just a trifle audacious. The moment Christianity had laid its hand upon the civil power, in the person of Constantine, that moment it laid Sabbath observance, as a civil law, on all but the *pagani*. Could it, or would it, have done that if there had not previously been within the Christian community a steady, vehement, and general pressure to this point?

But probably more than enough has been said in this matter of the commandment, and as I do not see that Mr. Rentoul's positions about the Fathers and Reformers have been in the least weakened by Mr. Tucker's criticism, I shall resist the temptation to follow him, and pass at once to the practical question:—Is this opening of museums and libraries compatible with the preservation of the character and usefulness of the day of rest? As Mr. Tucker says, all who need to be considered in this discussion admit the value of a weekly day of rest and worship, and would shrink from purposely striking the observance of it from among our national customs. Even those opposed to Christianity must see in the Sunday one great safeguard against overwork and oppression; and, whatever their creed may be, they must feel how absolutely necessary it is, if men are to have vivid and reasoned beliefs, that they should cease periodically from labour, to cultivate the spiritual and ideal side of their nature. But we must not forget that, in order to have such a rest, all men must rest upon the same day. Many say, "If men are employed on Sunday, we can give them another day," as if that were full compensation. But that is to treat them as beasts of burden. As men, they have a right to social and spiritual fellowship on their rest-day, and that they can have only when all rest together. To give some rest, while all others labour, is to offer them a stone when they ask for bread. All should rest together, therefore, and the State should secure total abstinence from labour on the same day for all, and should discountenance all inroads upon it, save under the pressure of necessity or at the call of humanity. That is the rest-day we all wish to preserve; and if asked why this proposed

Digitized by Google

change is incompatible with such a day of rest as that, I should answer as follows :—

1. It is not necessary. Throughout this whole discussion it appears to be assumed on the other side that the social state of our people is in no way better than that of the crowded and half-starved poor of older countries. Whatever has been said of the long hours, low wages, miserable homes of these, has been transferred in the minds of many to the people of Melbourne, and the question has been stated as if it were "Shall we give to our people the only opportunity of intellectual and artistic culture they can have, or shall we withhold it?" But that is by no means the question. The people of Melbourne have short hours of labour, as a rule. They can read in the Public Library every evening, and every Saturday, as well as on holidays, if they like; and the Picture Gallery is open on the Saturday half-holiday, and is not at all so crowded then that those who wish to study the pictures cannot do so. Moreover, they all have comfortable houses to sit and read and talk in. Except the vicious, and the few abjectly poor, the people in this country have not such homes that men must leave them if they would have peace and comfort enough for study. They have books, too, and have money to buy more if they want them; and there are none who could not afford to get access to a lending library, if their intellectual hunger were keen. In fact, there is absolutely no visible barrier between our people and any height of intellectual attainment they may strive to reach; and to represent this new measure as necessary, or even as eagerly demanded, is to contradict most palpable facts. If it be, why did the subscription for a Sunday reading-room fail so miserably a few years ago? Still less is it true that the opening of libraries and museums is necessary in order to give young men an alternative to "the gambling and intemperance of bar parlours." Even those who lodge in town live in rooms which are comfortable enough of themselves to wean them from the attractions suggested, if they do not deliberately prefer them. I, for one, do not in the least believe that with parks and gardens running through the heart of the city from one end to the other, with country walks so near from all the suburbs, and with all the multifarious opportunities of spending the Sunday afternoon in healthy ways which our city offers, there is the least excuse for visiting bar parlours. Those who do so, do it without excuse, and such men are not likely to leave the public-house for the uncongenial pleasures which pictures or books can afford. What

Digitized by Google

is proposed, therefore, is simply the addition of three hours per week to the fairly sufficient opportunities for culture already enjoyed; and in order to add these hours an attack is to be made upon the integrity of the day of rest.

Before necessity can be pleaded for such a proposition, every other means to supply what is wanted should have been exhausted. Longer hours in the Picture Gallery and the establishment of a lending branch in the Public Library suggest themselves as much more efficient and wide-reaching remedies for any ignorance and want of taste these institutions can remove; and until they have been tried and strained to their utmost, the plea of necessity cannot possibly be regarded.

2. It cannot be called, in any serious sense, a duty of humanity. No doubt it is a thing which would gratify some people, and might also benefit them to some small extent; but I cannot help thinking that the good to be done has been enormously exaggerated. At the most, some 200 or 300 persons can be accommodated in the Library. Will their presence for three hours on the Sunday afternoon make any perceptible difference in the moral character of the city? Almost without exception, the readers will be of the class who do not use either their Sundays or their other days for vice; and those of them who do not belong to that class will have opportunities enough to indulge themselves before or after their visit to the Library. To hear some talk, one would think that the mere reading of books—Balzac and Dickens, apparently, as much as the moralists or Fathers of the Church—reading *per se*, provided it be on Sunday —would have more curative and saving power than all family or religious influences. As a matter of fact, the greater number of Sunday readers will be left morally and otherwise much as they were. If they read seriously in the Library, they would have read seriously elsewhere; and if they do not read seriously, they are about as well employed as they would be at any other pastime, and no better. And with regard to the Gallery, the case is still clearer. Will any man seriously maintain that, to ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who visit it on Sunday, the pictures we have will be anything more than just another show? I know that some men have a superstition on the subject of art. They think, or at least seem to think, that it has such a wonderfully elevating and purifying power that those who live in the presence of great artistic achievements are necessarily, and of course, exalted in nature thereby. But, unfortunately for them, facts are against

Digitized by Google

such a view. Art has always been, and most certainly is now, "caviare to the vulgar," and its connection with moral dignity and elevation is by no means a necessary one. Otherwise, should not the moral exaltation and refinement of human nature be greater in Rome than elsewhere? and should not Cologne, where the whole city is dominated by one of the noblest churches ever built by man, be the most tasteful and refined of cities? But human nature in Rome is what we know, and Cologne is, in Coleridge's strong phrase, "The body and soul stinking town of Cologne." And Melbourne would be Melbourne though the Gallery were open every day and were crowded every hour. For, great as is the power of art on those who have artistic sensibilities, and true as it is that it gives the crowning refinement to life, it is a baseless exaggeration to say that a mere exhibition of pictures counts much either way in forming the national character. The artistically elect will, if present on Sundays, receive impulse and teaching and inspiration; but they would have found means of getting that on some other day. The rest will be simply amusing themselves, and to shut the Gallery is simply to say—"Amuse yourselves otherwise, or come another day."

3. But besides that the good results which can reasonably be looked for are small, and that they might be secured in other and better ways, it appears to me to be highly objectionable that the State should commit itself in this matter. No doubt a great deal of Sunday work is permitted and paid for by the State already in some departments; but it has always been done on the plea of necessity. It will be a new and most dangerous thing for the State to commit itself to Sunday work on the ground that it is well to provide a counter-attraction to the public-house. For one thing, it will drive conscientious observers of the Sunday out of those branches of the public service which come under the new regulations. At present, no doubt, the consciences of *employés* will be respected. But we can guarantee nothing as to the future, and those who think that the same tenderness will always be shown, must have much more optimistic minds than I possess. When the constraint of this struggle is over, the inconvenience of refusals to take turns of duty will bulk more largely in the eyes of those in authority; and at first unconsciously, and in the end perhaps even consciously, appointments and dismissals will be affected by willingness in this respect. But a still more serious objection is that the arm of the State will be paralyzed by this in dealing with

Digitized by Google

private enterprise. Not all men will be kept from the public-house by books and pictures. Some will be attracted by music, sacred and profane; others by improving dramas. Suppose private persons plead that they will do what the State cannot do in this respect, what can the State say in the face of its own practice here? Of course, if public opinion were strong, the State might strike down its imitators and despise logic. But it is not well for the State to be manifestly unjust, and in such domestic matters it cannot long be so. In the end, practice would be equalized, and how far should we be then from the Continental Sunday?

4. And that brings me to the most patent and manifest objection, that by opening libraries and museums we are entering on a course of which it is not difficult to foresee the end. Mr. Tucker thinks little of this argument, and exhorts us to "say what is true and yield what is fair, though the heavens should fall." But that heroic frame of mind is somewhat irrelevant when we know that what we are asked to do is to commit ourselves to a principle, and then to act upon it only so far as it is convenient at present. Principles have too much life in them to be played with in that fashion. They have a habit of asserting themselves against their half-hearted admirers, and it is well, therefore, to see what they logically lead to before we accept them. In this case we should be blind indeed, if we did not see that this principle of sacrificing the rest-day of the minority to the mild profit or amusement of the majority will lead us, and soon, far beyond this present step. The leaders of the Sunday Observance Society say that not only the Public Library in Melbourne, but all Public Libraries, are to be opened; and not these only, but the Exhibition for oratorios, with, of course, payment at the doors. When that has been attained, how will the Government of the time answer the Secularists when next they come to ask to be allowed to charge for their entertainment at the Opera House? Then the jocund arrangements of the "Book of Sports" strike another leader as desirable; and so, if even the moderate leaders of this movement have their will, we shall descend deeper into that slough of Sunday entertainments, with their accompanying vice, from which nothing but Puritan reaction delivered England. In the face of the declaration of the leaders, it is vain for men to say that this will not follow. It may not—nay, it will not, if those opposed to this present step can help it, but it is in the programme; and nothing but the feeling that it is a stepping-stone to more than itself can explain the enthusiastic support

Digitized by Google

which this museum-opening is receiving in some quarters. To what use is it to say that our people love quiet on Sundays, as all Englishmen do? Englishmen have not always loved quiet Sundays. Their descendants in San Francisco do not love them now; and notwithstanding the magnificent certificates as to the moral health of other colonies since they opened museums, repeated by the previous writer from the newspapers, in Sydney people are rapidly learning to do without them also. Speaking of Sunday the 3rd June, the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The first of a series of Sunday afternoon lectures and classical entertainments was given in the large pavilion in connection with the Sir Joseph Banks Hotel at Botany. Admission was by ticket, price 1s., purchasable either during the week in the city, or yesterday near the gates. There was a total absence of the larrikin element in the tram-cars and in the place itself. The audience in Mr. Frank Smith's theatre, where the lectures and entertainments were given, was of the most respectable and orderly character, and numbered about 500. The proceedings opened with a lecture on 'Captain Cook,' which had to be cut short in order that the musical and vocal part of the entertainment might be proceeded with. This latter consisted of some beautifully rendered pieces by a band under the direction of Mr. Alfred Austin, and some instrumental and vocal solos, the former of which were given in the most excellent style, whilst the latter, especially those by Miss Johns, received the marked approbation of the audience. The lecture and entertainment commenced at 3, and terminated at 5 p.m."

Of Sunday, the 10th, the *Evening News* says:—

"The concert at Botany, in the pavilion of the Sir Joseph Banks Hotel, was very numerously attended, the audience being much larger than on the previous Sunday. The proceedings were conducted in a very respectable and orderly manner. The programme comprised a lecture on 'Theodore Hook' by a Mr. Devene, and some choice pieces of music, which were splendidly executed by the vocalists and orchestra. The solo portions of the programme were especially well rendered. Mr. Charles Austin conducted in his customary style of excellence, and all went 'merry as a marriage bell.'"

There we have the flower of which we are asked to sow the seed—the Sunday entertainment in full swing—and the Government silenced by its own action. In Sydney, as here, the few attendants at the Public Library and Museum alone were to be sacrificed at first; now at Botany we find musicians, lecturers, ticket-sellers, and waiters sacrificed, and by and by the whole mass of those whose services will make enjoyment easy will be dragged into the rush of Sunday labour. We hear it said often enough that this is a groundless fear. We are told that the men who have won the eight-hours day can easily take care of themselves. But it is to be noted that they are

Digitized by Google

not so sure of themselves, otherwise why do they desire to see the eight-hours day secured to them by statute? And even if they were sure that they could protect themselves, would they care to protect unorganized labour? I do not think so, for if they be not sadly slandered, they, by their habit of late shopping, are the main obstacles to "early closing." Even if they would, they probably could not; and unorganized labour cannot protect itself. The Socialist leaders in France and Germany have learned that lesson by hard experience. Proudhon long ago wrote an eloquent panegyric on the Fourth Commandment as a wise and far-sighted and humane law necessary for the emancipation of labour; and Hasselmann, the leader of the Berlin Socialists, the declared enemy of all religion and of all churches, appeared a few years ago on the platform of the Sunday Observance Society to urge the workmen to support it in its efforts. They had been in the house of bondage built about the toiling classes by the "liberal" Sunday, and it appears to me that the leaders and guardians of the working-classes, the heads of a democratic government, should think even more than twice before they give their support to this apparently trifling innovation that is proposed.

5. These are the practical reasons which will weigh with practical men; but there is still one other consideration which I should like to urge upon those who believe that the moral level upon which the parties to a discussion appeal to the public is often more important than the thing proposed. Much of the indignation against those who have opposed the action of the trustees has apparently been caused by the feeling that they have come between the public and their will; and the plea against increasing the already far too extensive area of Sunday labour has been swept contemptuously out of the way, with the remark, "There is much Sunday labour already, and if it be for the general convenience to add more, let it be added." Now, to a people like the Victorian, no more dangerous appeal could, I think, be made. All observers agree that they are pleasure-loving to an extreme; and if to that we have by and by to add that they look upon their mere "will" as something higher than all law, and that they are regardless of the rights of individuals, we shall have to thank the authors of such appeals for a dangerous declension in national character. At this period in our national growth it is surely a healthier thing to urge an even overstrained anxiety for the rights of individuals, and to recommend self-denial to the majority, lest the minority should

Digitized by Google

suffer. That is what the Sunday Observance Society are doing, and while an error in that direction would matter little, an error in the other could hardly be retrieved. In another connection Professor Pearson has urged the same argument with admirable precision, and I would quote his words as a justification of our action—

"Men," he says, "flock out of healthy country lives on farms or mines into our great cities, because they like to be near the theatre and the racecourse, or because they hope to grow rich suddenly by some form of gambling. The cure for a taint of this kind is not economical but religious, and can only be found, I am convinced, in a return to the masculine asceticism that has distinguished the best days of history, Puritan or republican."

As yet this masculine asceticism of Puritan or republican has found little place in Victorian life or politics, and if we fail in our appeal against this whole movement, which takes the Museum and Library for its first stepping-stone, and looks forward with a light heart to depriving as many men of their Sunday rest as the amusement of the majority may demand, it will only be because the taint Professor Pearson speaks of has penetrated the national character so deeply that the only possible remedy is rejected with contempt.

ANDREW HARPER, M.A.

THE superstitions about Sunday have done much to neutralize the undeniable benefits of the institution of a day of rest. Never, perhaps, was a great question treated so persistently in a manner to reduce it to a small issue. There is a general unanimity of opinion as to the value of Sunday. In the increasing pressure of modern life, the great boon of one day in seven set aside from ordinary labour cannot fail to be appreciated more and more. All are agreed that a periodic rest-day is a means of making life happier and healthier, with which none would be willing to part. Here the unanimity ends, however. There begins a wide diversity of opinion directly we approach the questions—On what grounds should the institution of Sunday be defended and maintained? How should it be observed? It is on these points that the superstitions existing about the origin and sanctity of the day of rest have limited the scope of its usefulness. It is very desirable that the day should be defended from the encroachments of ordinary business; hence the importance of a true and reasonable basis for the observance.

Digitized by Google

Hitherto the basis chosen by the defenders of the day has been of a superstitious character, a survival from outgrown beliefs. The account in Genesis of the creation of the world, the law given by Moses, apostolical traditions and church custom—all these together, or separately, have been used as authorities for enforcing a rigid Sabbath. Geology destroyed the first of these bases by overthrowing the belief in a seven days' creation. Then there is the fourth commandment. It is strange how persistently Christians return to sit at the feet of the Jewish law-giver, from the Judaizing teachers of apostolic times, who evoked the indignant remonstrances of St. Paul, down to the modern Sabbatarian who is willing to surrender his Christian liberty in order to claim for the institution the authority of a direct Divine command. Throughout the history of the Christian Church the existence of a section who would give to the great law-giver a place of authority is proved by the strenuous resistance offered to them by some who better understood Christian privileges. Several of the fathers of the Church have left on record opinions concerning this controversy. Ignatius, a fellow-labourer with the apostle John, says :—

"Let us Sabbatize no more, but keep the day of the Lord in which our life was raised."

Tertullian devotes much careful exposition of the ancient Scriptures—

"To show that the observance of the Sabbath was a temporary ordinance, as it has been shown that the carnal circumcision and the ancient law were abolished."

Augustine, in reply to some who sought instruction on this subject, says :—

"To your question : 'Why does not the Christian observe the rest of the Sabbath, if Christ came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it?' I reply that the Christian observes it not, because Christ accomplished what this figure announced. We have our Sabbath in Him who has said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

The opinions of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation on the question are well known. They are definitely stated in the Confession of Augsburg, the Catechism of Geneva, the Helvetic Confession, and other documents. All are in substantial agreement with Luther's emphatic protest :—

"Some would bind us at this day to certain of Moses' laws that like them best, as false apostles would have done at that time. But this is in no wise to be suffered ; for if we give Moses leave to rule over us in anything, we are

Digitized by Google

bound to obey him in all things. Wherefore we will not be burdened by any law of Moses. We grant that he is to be read amongst us, and to be heard as a prophet and a witness-bearer of Christ; and, moreover, that out of him we may take good examples of good laws and holy life, but we will not suffer him in any wise to have dominion over our conscience. In this case let him be dead and buried, and let no man know where his grave is."

It was the later reformers—the Puritans—who enforced Sabbatic observance with a rigid austerity unknown to Judaism. It is remarkable, as illustrating the relation between lawlessness and austerity, as reacting on each other, that the first stringent law for the closer observance of Sunday in England was passed at the beginning of the most dissolute period in English manners. It was enacted just after the Restoration, while the Presbyterians, who had effectually aided in the reinstatement of the King, were still in the enjoyment of their short-lived political ascendancy. It seems to have become practically a dead letter after the Presbyterian influence declined; for, about seventy years after, when the evangelical revival, led by Wesley and Whitefield, began to stir the religious indifferentism into which England had fallen, Sunday, as a day of abstinence from ordinary business or pleasure, had almost disappeared from the life of the country, and with it the attendance on public worship by the majority of the people. One of the fruits of that revival was the passing of another law for the more strict observance of Sunday.

Through such legislation, and the Puritanical conception of the day, there has come down to us the English Sunday—a day having some of the characteristics both of the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Lord's Day—a Christian institution, wearing the garments of Judaism, because those who have sought to uphold the sanctity of the day have always gone back to the Scriptural account of the creation, or to the Decalogue, for the authority on which to base its claims to be observed. Yet the Christian Sabbatarian, in borrowing from Judaism the strength of a Divine command for the enforcement of the day of rest, has departed very far from the Jewish practice in the observance of the day. It is true that Moses guarded with severe penalties against the infringement of the Sabbath by the pursuit of ordinary avocations. Thus we read in the Old Testament of a man being stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath; but Moses had to inculcate the very idea of a rest-day to a nation of slaves, to whom it was unfamiliar. Moreover, he had to deal with those who owned slaves, and he knew how impossible it would be to secure

Digitized by Google

rest for the slaves, the cattle, and the stranger, unless all acts involving labour were forbidden under penalties that would effectually prevent transgression. It was quite in harmony with the tenor of the Mosaic legislation, in which the well-being of the body held a prominent place, that great importance should be attached to the physical rest enjoined. But the day being absolutely fenced in from the encroachments of daily toil, great latitude was allowed as to the manner of spending it. The Sabbath was a festival to commemorate the creation, and as such it was intended for a free, joyous, human holiday.

Before the advent of Christ many superstitions had grown up around the Sabbath, many Rabbinical injunctions had narrowed the legitimate use of the day. Yet even the Rabbins, with their thirty-nine types of prohibited work, were not opposed to a bright and joyous Sabbath. They fixed the limits of a Sabbath day's journey, but within those limits they were in favour of people enjoying the beauties of nature. In this they differed from the Scotch clergy, who used to teach that walking out on the Sabbath was an act of heaven-daring profaneness. The Rabbins prohibited mourning on the Sabbath, and constantly insisted on the duty of making the day a "delight." It was a time for visiting, and enjoying the amenities of social life. There was a party amongst the Pharisees who would by their formalism have reduced the day to a gloomy and useless vacuity. But their practices were denounced and resisted by the majority of the Rabbins. A sentence in the Talmud to the effect that "the Sabbath was assigned to man, not man to the Sabbath," agrees with the decision of Jesus when His disciples were accused of Sabbath-breaking. He probably intended to remind the cavillers that they were narrowing the wholesome liberty allowed by the authority they professed to obey. The Jewish Sabbath was not the true precedent for the dull and joyless Sunday of modern times. That institution is essentially of Puritan origin, strengthened by the influence of Presbyterianism, and has received a great impetus of vitality from the evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. It is not for any who value earnest, practical righteousness to condemn Puritanism, it has done memorable service in the conservation of morality and religion. But the saying of Matthew Arnold is nevertheless true :—

"The English people went into the prison-house of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit for two hundred years."

Digitized by Google

Not by any means the least of the evils contracted in that prison has been the conception of Sunday as a day of gloom and dulness, when the vacuity caused by the cessation of ordinary employments may not be filled by rational and recreative pursuits. It was the Puritanic belief in the natural depravity of the human heart that caused every form of amusement to be regarded as sinful, or leading to sin. The natural desires or impulses of human nature were so far deflected from their original purity that whatever gratified them must lead to evil. Thus every form of pleasure was regarded with suspicion by the Puritans. It has been truly said that they forbade bull-baiting not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator.

It is maintained by some, who contend that Sunday is a special Divine ordinance, that it meets an imperative need of our nature for a periodic rest, that could only be understood and provided for by Him who framed that nature with all its needs and limitations. This is an assumption it would be very difficult to prove in face of the fact that many nations have existed amongst whom the periodic rest-day was unknown. The Greek and Roman civilizations obtained their wonderful development without it. There can be no doubt about the immense physical, mental, and spiritual advantage of a seventh-day rest; but to say that the need for it is universal and imperative, and required a special Divine provision to meet it, is to attempt to prove too much. Whole classes in every community have to give up their Sundays and be content with a very small allowance of leisure. This would seem to be one of the superstitions that cling round the belief in a divinely ordained day of rest.

The evil of requiring the observance of Sunday upon unreasonable grounds is sufficiently obvious. The ground being shown to be unreasonable—the authority not authoritative—the prestige of a valuable institution is injured. The basis on which it was supposed to rest being discovered to be unsound, it suffers in the popular respect, and is in danger of losing that hold on the regard of the people that is its strongest support; for the mind resents false pretensions, whether in an institution or an individual. There is danger that those who have been deprived of their just liberty will claim an undue license. If ever Sunday should cease to be honoured as a day of rest from the harass of our work-a-day life, it will be because too much has been claimed for it in the way of Divine authority and supernatural sanctions. We see this illustrated in

Digitized by Google

the case of that artificial sin, Sabbath-breaking—a sin that is entirely the result of false views of Sunday. The greatest evil of a false morality is that it creates artificial sins. However unreal a form of sin may be, if the conscience has been trained to regard it as a sin, the moral hardening—the searing of the conscience—is just as great as if the sin were real. The rigid observance of Sunday has ever been one of those heavy burdens bound unnecessarily upon the consciences of people—a yoke the young and the careless have not been able to bear. Again and again it has caused such people to commit the unreal sin of Sabbath-breaking, by which the path to real wrong-doing has been rendered easier—the warning voice of conscience fainter. Some years ago, when religious tracts were more decided in their theology and more alarming in tone than they are now, little stories used to appear in them about penitent sinners confessing that their vicious courses had begun in Sabbath-breaking. That there was truth in these statements can easily be believed—the breaking of an artificial restraint had given the mind and conscience an impetus upon the path of lawlessness, which would be felt to the end of the career.

It is the part of a wise conservatism to endeavour to strengthen the position of a venerable and beneficent institution by placing it on a firm and reasonable basis. Those who value the many blessings that flow from the periodic rest-day, but who do not feel that they can claim for it a supernatural origin and a Divine sanction, or even that it is a Divine provision for a universal need, are quite as unwilling to see it swallowed up in the vortex of the world's business as those who hallow it on theological grounds. We find a beneficent institution existing; it has come down to us from a past so remote that no historic record reaches it; it has survived many changes in religion, in social organization, in racial development; it is ours to-day as an heirloom of the ages. The origin and history of this inherited boon, interesting as they must be, do not concern us so much as the fact that it is here, that it is ours to make what best and noblest use we can of it. It is ours as an inheritance, and a trust, like all other precious things that have come to us out of the storied past; it is ours to guard and to bequeath, as well as to enjoy. Shall we narrow the use of the day to fit the grooves of traditional custom, and thus make it a weariness and a burden which a coming generation, filled with the stronger impulses and wider sympathies of the developing

Digitized by Google

life of the race, shall disregard or set aside as not related to their needs? We believe the wiser and more religious use of Sunday is to widen the method of observance in such a way as to meet the expanding needs of a people whose wider culture and more varied interests and pursuits demand a different kind of "rest" from that to which the ecclesiastical conception of life has hitherto devoted Sunday. We want facilities given for all to share, so far as they can, in the benefit of the more general diffusion of the joys of art and literature that is the privilege of our time. We believe that some hours given to rational and elevating recreation will also react upon that part of the day that may be devoted to spiritual culture. Minds braced by study and expanded by art will soon make their influence felt in the churches; they will purify the religious atmosphere, and soften and elevate the received theology till it becomes at once more human and more Christian.

MARTHA WEBSTER.

REJOINDER.

IT will be noticed that in the foregoing paper the word SUPERSTITION plays a very active and useful part. The belief of the great majority of Christian people is that the Sabbath is a Divine institution; that the Fourth Commandment has imperative authority over the human conscience; that while the mode of keeping the Sabbath is to be settled in the realm of the individual conscience, the obligation of Sabbath keeping is absolute and universal. But Mrs. Webster dismisses this whole belief into space by that one magic word SUPERSTITION! "Superstition," according to the dictionaries, is "an absurd opinion arising from mean and defective ideas of the moral attributes of God." How much, then, has not a disputant accomplished by calmly including the opinion to be demolished in such a category? She has confuted us all with a single epithet!

The belief thus annihilated with one poor drop of ink, it is true, has a great history and a very wide following. It is the creed of historic churches; it is held by famous scholars, and by theologians who on such a subject have the authority of experts. To take only our own colony: Dr. Moorhouse, perhaps the least "superstitious" man in the colony, and the one most competent, by

Digitized by Google

training and knowledge, to judge on such a question, holds this very opinion in its strongest form; and with him stands the great body of the English clergy of every school. If the views of clergymen are to be dismissed as probably affected by professional bias, it is worth remembering that scientists like Clerk Maxwell, historians like Macaulay, and statesmen like Gladstone and Beaconsfield, have all held this very belief. Even those very "broad" divines like Dean Stanley, F. W. Robertson, and Dr. Hessey—without whose famous *Bampton Lectures* the Sunday Opening Society would be left controversially bankrupt—hold, in some shape or other, the Divine origin of the Sabbath. Does not Dr. Hessey himself say that it was "appointed by Christ mediately through the Apostles," and is "Divine in a secondary sense"? Mrs. Webster, however, dismisses the whole troop—high church and low church, statesmen, scholars, divines, the Fourth Commandment and its sister nine—with that single word, *Superstition!* If, indeed, one asks for proof that the belief held by men like Macaulay and Gladstone, by Liddon and Moorhouse, is "an absurd opinion arising from mean and defective ideas of God," the answer offered is scarcely satisfactory. The one proof Mrs. Webster offers is the circumstance—that Mrs. Webster says so! The four magic syllables, SUPERSTITION, must be held to possess a self-demonstrating energy which makes further argument needless. In the great temple at Wu T'ai Shan, the Mongol Mecca, is a huge praying-wheel, sixty feet high, containing books, prayers, images, &c. It would take a devout Mongol a lifetime to read the books—supposing he *could* read—and to offer the prayers packed away in the wheel. Mongol ingenuity, however, has invented a very comprehensive way of effecting all this. Two or three muscular Mongols lay hold of the wheel, and "with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," says Mr. Gilmour, in his "Life Among the Mongols," "round goes the wheel, and each one of the performers believes he gains as much merit as if he had read the books, repeated the prayers, and knocked his head to all the gods that grin from the shelves and shrines of the wheel." Mrs. Webster's logic is plainly of the Mongol order. She packs all the names, scholarship, and arguments which belong to the belief she dislikes into one opprobrious epithet, and gives it a brisk turn, and lo, they are all refuted! This may be controversy; it is not argument.

It is worth while—if only by way of protest against this

Digitized by Google

method of assassinating a belief with an epithet—to remember how strong is the basis of proof on which this "superstition" rests. The Sabbath is associated, first, with the septenary division of time, and, as a matter of fact, this is not merely interwoven with the very earliest history: it is pre-historic. Says Mrs. Somerville (whom I quote mainly because she is *not* a clergyman) in her "Connexion of the Physical Sciences"—

"The division of the year into months is very old, and almost universal, but the period of seven days is by far the most permanent division of time. It was used by the Brahmins in India, and was alike found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs, and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all successive generations."

The testimony of a hundred authorities might be quoted to the same effect. Other divisions of time have existed—the decades of Greece, the Kalends, Nones, and Ides, &c., of Rome; but the septenary division is older than all, and has survived them all, and it carries logically with it the idea of a Sabbath. The need of the Sabbath, moreover, is inwrought in human nature; it is the demand of every faculty of man's soul and body; it is the necessary condition of healthful life and of sustained and efficient work. Mrs. Webster denies this; but an overwhelming consensus of authorities —our own opponents amongst the number—may be quoted in proof of it.

"The more the physiologist advances in the exact knowledge of his science," says the late Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, "the more will he be convinced that the physiology of the Sabbath, as sustained by manifest implication in God's revealed Word, is not only true, but is embedded therein."

"The Sabbatical appointment," says Dr. Farrar, "is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and its premature destruction a suicidal act."

Nothing could well be more striking than the resolutions passed by the International Health Congress at Geneva last year, a congress which represented the best medical science of Europe, and which certainly had no theological prepossessions. The members of the Congress were not divines, and were undoubtedly not afflicted with "superstition." But they passed unanimously the following resolutions:—

1. "Man is so formed that he requires one day in the week for rest from bodily and mental work. The want of this weekly rest must produce pathological disorders, waste of frame, a progressive and incurable languor, incapacity for effort, and premature death.

2. "That weekly rest may secure its hygienic ends it does not suffice that the labourer rests on any one day of the week. It is essential that, as far as

Digitized by Google

possible, all should enjoy the same day, so as to secure a quieter and more peaceful day than the others.

3. "As a result of these convictions, the Fourth International Health Congress assembled at Geneva in September, 1882, recommend most earnestly to Governments and Administrations, to the directors of railways, of posts, and other public services, to industrial and commercial bodies, and to heads of manufactories, to grant, or cause to be granted, as far as possible, to all under their direction or control the liberty of a rest-day in every week, and to arrange for the working out of the above-stated hygienic principles."

What stronger proof of the "Divine" authority of the Sabbath could be imagined than the fact that it meets what we are now, on the authority of science itself, discovering to be an organic want of human nature? F. W. Robertson, a divine who has yielded much comfort to our opponents, says, in words which could hardly be made stronger:—

"If the Sabbath rests on the needs of human nature, and we accept His decision that the Sabbath was made for man, then you have an eternal ground to rest on, from which you cannot be shaken. A son of man may be lord of the Sabbath day, but he is not lord of his own nature; he cannot make one hair white or black. You may abrogate the formal rule, but you cannot abrogate the needs of your own soul. Eternal as the constitution of the soul of man, is the necessity for the existence of a day of rest. Further still, on this ground alone can you find an impregnable defence of the proportion one day in seven. The contrivance of one day in seven was arranged by unerring wisdom."

History and human nature are thus twin witnesses for the Divine authority of the Sabbath, and to these may be added one yet more august—Revelation. Mrs. Webster, it is true, dismisses the Fourth Commandment, and indeed the other nine, as so many forms of "superstition;" but the world at large, to say nothing of the Church, is not yet prepared to fling overboard the Decalogue. The whole criminal code of England, the shelter of our homes and lives, is declared by an authority so little favourable to the Bible as Mr. Justice Stephens to be simply the expansion of its second table. It is inwrought with all our morality, and with the very framework of society. How can this great and Divine code be dismembered? And in that code stands the law of the Sabbath. Dr. Rigg says:—

"It is not easy to imagine a more incredible paradox than this—that one commandment of merely national scope and temporary obligation should have been associated in a summary of moral duty with nine others of perpetual obligation; that it should have been placed in the very central niche of all the commandments, as on the one side touching the honour and worship of God, and on the other the rights and well-being of man; that equally with all the others it should have been spoken by the voice of the Most High and written by the Divine finger on one of the tables of stone; and yet that this one

Digitized by Google

'word' alone of all the ten should be merely ceremonial and temporary, the rest being all of a moral nature and of permanent obligation. Surely it must be felt as if no argument could establish such a position as this."

Here then, roughly outlined, is an argument in favour of the Divine authority of the Sabbath which draws its validity from history, revelation, and the very constitution of human nature. And all this is to be confuted by four magical and gently whispered syllables—"*Superstition!*"

Mrs. Webster's argument is mainly an appeal to authority: her authorities being—first, Mrs. Webster herself; secondly, the early church fathers—strange that she should think THEM judges in this cause!—and thirdly, Luther and the Reformers generally. Mrs. Webster must have a very limited acquaintance with the Fathers if she does not know that she could be easily bombarded with quotations of an exactly opposite character to those she gives. Luther is her strongest support. There is no doubt he held views which give no comfort to the Sunday Observance Society; but Luther is not our Pope, and his views on the Sabbath may be accounted for both by his training *in* Romanism and his revolt *from* Romanism. His Romish nurture gave him low views of the Sabbath; his recoil from the ceremonialism of Rome predisposed him to look askance on every institution of a positive and ceremonial character.

We may answer Luther by Melancthon, however. Says the great theologian of the Reformation:—

"This ordinance (the Sabbath) is generally for all men, and for all time, *because it is the law of nature.* It is then true that there are two parts in the commandment, *the one natural, or moral, or general;* the other part is the ceremonial, which is peculiar to the people of Israel, or *the speciality of the seventh day.* As to the first, it is declared that the thing natural is perpetual, and cannot be annulled—namely, the command which is given for the preservation of the public ministry, that the people be instructed a certain day, and the worship ordained by God be observed. As to the speciality which speaks of the seventh day, *it* is abolished."

The best refutation of Luther's teaching, however, is to be found in German history. His views on the Sabbath have perpetuated themselves in the church he founded, and their defective character is to be read to-day in the character of the German Sunday. The Sunday of Protestant Germany is visibly blighted and maimed by the Lutheran teaching on the subject. The national conscience about the Sabbath is dulled, and even as a mere rest-day it has been allowed almost to perish. This is how Professor Brandes, of Gottingen—a perfectly competent witness—describes, in the last

Digitized by Google

number of the *Catholic Presbyterian*, the German Sunday of to-day :—

"Our manufactories make no difference between Sunday and other days. Sunday has become with them a day of work, like other days of the week ; and not only have private manufacturers taken this course, but establishments which depend on the Government, as railroads and post-offices, do not scruple at doing so. Our interests, they say, or the interests of the public affairs, do not allow us to stop our labours on Sunday. We cannot care for that old 'Jewish law,' which is utterly opposed to all present conditions of prosperity. . . . Manufacturing districts surpass all others in the depths to which they have fallen—they have no Sunday at all. The churches are very empty, especially in regard to the 'strong sex,' who boast of not needing any religion whatever ; while the inns, beer-houses, and dancing saloons are crowded, for if the people do not work on Sundays they make it a day of dissipation. On the very day which ought to be distinguished by a hallowed silence, the cities and villages resound with secular music, wild singing, dancing, shouting, noise of every kind. Sunday, which ought to be used for the eternal welfare of the soul, is in numberless cases profaned by the most detestable sins. Sunday has been made the day for every kind of pleasure—dinners, drinking parties, public banquets, concerts, travelling, shooting and hunting parties. . . . The experience we have had in Germany proves most evidently that religion, and in connection with it morality, really depends on the due observance of the Sabbath. Everyone who does not willingly shut his eyes to plain facts must again and again be struck by the experience that people have, to a great extent, lost not only the true knowledge of religion, especially of the work of Jesus Christ for and in us, but also of human duty, and even simple honesty. Their own profit is often enough the only rule for their actions and the only impulse within. Materialism, with all its moral consequences, is extolled as the very summit of civilization, and as the only tenable result of all our scientific endeavours. And this is not the opinion of only a few eccentric scholars; materialism has widely spread among the masses."

After reading such a testimony as this, it has a curious effect to find Mrs. Webster declaring in the *vates* manner: "If ever Sunday should cease to be honoured as a day of rest . . . it will be because too much has been claimed for it in the way of Divine authority and supernatural sanction." On the contrary, says Lord Beaconsfield, "It would have been impossible to have secured a day of rest for man *unless it had been connected with the religious sentiment.*" And the visible facts of the world demonstrate the accuracy of that assertion. The day of rest has invariably been impaired, if not destroyed, whenever it has been denied "supernatural sanction."

It is to be observed that Sunday, in Mrs. Webster's article, wears the changing complexion of a kaleidoscope. The Pharisaic Sabbath, with its "thirty-nine types of prohibited work," was a "gloomy and useless vacuity." Yet even this becomes "a bright and joyous

Digitized by Google

Sabbath" compared with the "dull and joyless" day instituted by the Puritans. The "Puritan Sabbath," however, vanished, Mrs. Webster says, and we presume "a rational Sabbath," undefiled by any suspicion of "Divine sanction," revived in those days of sweetness and light which preceded Wesley and Whitefield—the days when Parson Trullibers supplied the theology, and Squire Westerns administered the law, of England. In these sad modern days there has burst on the world that most melancholy figure in the long and hideous procession—the "Presbyterian" or "Scotch" Sabbath. And yet this steadily degenerating institution, at which no epithet is too hard or too heavy to be flung, becomes, with another turn of Mrs. Webster's literary kaleidoscope, a "beneficent institution," an "heirloom of the ages," an "inherited boon," which is older than history, which has survived changes in religion, and race, and society; a "precious thing" which has "come to us out of the storied past, and which it is ours to guard and bequeath!" All this is undoubtedly quite true; but it is very difficult to make Mrs. Webster's adjectives agree amongst themselves.

To conclude: those who belong to the "orthodox" party believe that the Sabbath has a beneficent office for every part of man's nature. It is as essential as is sleep to his physical life. But man does not consist simply of a stomach and a pocket; he has intellectual and religious wants. The Sabbath has a noble office for these. It clears an ever-recurring space in the dusty air of the common world for the moral nature and its wants. It makes social worship possible. It is, moreover, to use the phraseology of the Divine Word, "a sign betwixt God and man," an act of homage to the great Giver and Judge of all time. And, with offices so manifold and noble, it is fitly guarded by a direct Divine command, which cannot be violated without a sure penalty both to society and the individual. "Sabbath laws," however, are not to be enacted by the State for spiritual ends, but only to guard the very institution of the weekly rest from the invasion of greed and selfishness. We object to the matter now in dispute—the opening of the Art Gallery on Sundays—because it involves the use of an institution of which we are joint owners in a way that shocks our conscience. If the Sunday Society possessed an art gallery of their own, they might do as they liked with it. It is absurd to demand —in the name of "broad" and "advanced" views, too!—the liberty of employing an institution which belongs equally to others with themselves in a way which their co-proprietors believe to be

Digitized by Google

immoral. The opening of the Art Gallery, &c., on Sunday involves a denial of Sabbath rest to others. It carries with it a general sanction of Sunday amusements, and behind Sunday amusements stands always Sunday labour. The principles of the Sunday Opening Society would create in Melbourne—as they have done in Chicago and San Francisco—Sunday theatres, Sunday newspapers, a Sunday racecourse; and under such a regimen even Mrs. Webster's "heirloom of the ages" would vanish.

No protest can be too strong to offer against the notion underlying the whole of Mrs. Webster's paper, that Sunday, unless diluted with pictures and the study of Chloe, must be a "day of gloom." A day whose quiet hours are filled with rest; with closer home life; with worship; with meditation; with social intercourse; with Christian work: is *such* a day to be branded as one of "gloomy and useless vacuity?" It was such a Sunday that inspired the sweetest hymn in English literature:—

"O day, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His blood.

. . .

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

. . .

"Thou art a day of mirth,
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
Oh let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven."

Can we imagine the Sunday Opening Society evolving a George Herbert? or, say, Mr. Smithers Gadd meditating a hymn to Chloe on the lines of these stanzas?

W. H. FITCHETT.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S LIBRARY TABLE.

THE growth in late years of episodes of history has been a marked feature in our literature, and the brilliancy of the results frequently attained would indicate that such *fragmenta* are generally a labour of love and the outcome of special knowledge or patient research concentrated on some limited field of action. The admitted excellence of literary style in the latest, as in all the other works of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy,* makes us tolerant of the fact that it takes nearly 800 pages to describe the four troubled years of Irish history between 1845 and 1849. It would, indeed, be hard to find any period of Irish history that would not be properly described by this prefix; but to the period under review there falls to be added to the political and social troubles which are normal, the harrowing and awful scourge of the famine of 1847.

It is fitting that so detailed an account of the turbulent and resultless proceedings of the four years should be given to us by one who had so much to do with stirring up the strife, and whose practised pen, now elegantly recording the events, had seemed dipped in venom and tipped with fire when he wrote in the columns of the *Nation*. Taking the book as a whole, it will be read with sustained interest by those who are not tired of the well-worn story of Milesian bickerings, internal disorganization, and mercenary treachery; but it is somewhat trying to the average Englishman to read the fulsome panegyrics on the disinterested patriotism of men who, whatever their aims may have been, ended in plunging their countrymen into ruin and disgrace. That the general tone of the narrative should be highly egotistical might, under the circumstances, have been expected; but there is a vein of smug self-complacency surrounding the actions of the narrator, and a tendency to put the worst construction on the motives of those who differed from him, which are very characteristic of the violent

* *Four Years of Irish History*, 1845–1849. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Australian edition. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1883.

Digitized by Google

feuds that rent the Quixotic band devoted to the salvation of Ireland.

There is one prominent feature which, though it trenches on the question of taste, may still be disputed. It is, that a man who has occupied so prominent a position in the government of our community should venture, a generation after the excitement has passed away, to express himself in the language he does of the motives influencing the judges who had the misfortune to preside over the State trials of 1849. According to Sir Charles, they were invariably "vigorous and unscrupulous partisans;" they owed their appointments to political profligacy; they were "rancorous," "vindictive," "sour, dyspeptic officials," "ugly and venomous;" and, if the details of the trials are to be accepted in their entirety, were compounded of intense legal ignorance and bitter personal malignity. We read occasionally of the Attorney-General turning "black with rage" when some legal point went against him; of a "gang of officials skilled in the arts which corrupt justice at its source" manufacturing the panels; and we learn that Lord Clarendon had paroxysms of fury when he was foiled in his "inhuman eagerness" to see Mr. Duffy brought to the gallows. That he was fortunate enough to escape the legal punishment of his youthful literary indiscretions—to put the mildest construction on them—while many of his colleagues were sent into penal servitude for no greater wrong to the commonwealth, should have certainly tempered the retrospect; and that he has lived to be a prominent member of officialdom, decorated with honours at the hands of the fountain of the law whose administration he derides, should have warned him to weigh his words with greater care.

In addition to the personal bitterness infused into the relation of his own wrongs, there runs through the narrative that highly-strung tone of emotional sentimentalism that borders on the intense and melodramatic. The prominent actors in the four years' drama whose views were in accord with Mr. Duffy were all exceptionally gifted men, having the eloquence of Demosthenes, the intellect of Plato, and the personal courage of Harry Hotspur. Compare his description of Smith O'Brien, the Napoleon of the Ballingarry cabbage-garden affair, with that of Justin M'Carthy—

"To the common sense of the common herd," says Sir Charles, "his adventures in Tipperary will seem insane, but it was a divine madness; the same wrath and despair which so often before and since has touched noble souls to see a spiritual, unselfish, emotional race held down and tortured by a

Digitized by Google

stronger and subtler, but more sordid master. His statue stands in the capital of the country he loved, and in the long roll of chiefs and martyrs who have striven and died to save her there is not one more upright, more steadfast, more unselfish than Smith O'Brien. And, especially, there is not one whose character it more behoves his countrymen to make a study and a model."

In the "History of Our Own Times," chap. xviii., Mr. M'Carthy says of him—

"He had the highest personal character, and the finest sense of honour; but his capacity for leadership in any movement was very slender. A poor speaker, with little more than an ordinary country gentleman's share of intellect. O'Brien was a well-meaning, but weak and vain man, whose head at last became almost turned by the homage which his followers paid to him."

In the council meetings of that literary and poetical association, of which the third chapter of Sir Charles's book gives such a graphic description, the amiable personal qualities of O'Brien, and the prestige of his social status and historic lineage, doubtless gave great weight to the estimate in which his younger and admiring companions held him; but if we are to count his value by what he did, or even by what he attempted to do, for his "tortured" country, the most superficial examination of the four years' history will show that it was only "sound and fury, signifying nothing," unless, indeed, it was deeper disaster to the country he, no doubt honestly, desired to benefit.

But when our historian has to tell of the part played by men who differed from his point of view as to the means of righting the wrongs of Ireland, the tale is told in a different key. The shortcomings of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell occupy a considerable portion of the book, and his quarrel with the Young Irelanders is related in great detail from a new point of view. To the dispassionate outsider it would appear that the great Liberator, having a quarter of a century's experience of agitation, was fully competent to offer an opinion on the tactics advocated by the juvenile patriots, whose great expectations culminated in the riotous *fiasco* of Ballingarry. He attempted to use his admitted influence to curb the declamatory pen of the editor of the *Nation*, because he apparently honestly believed that its intemperate language was fraught with danger to the very existence of the Repeal Association. But the Young Irelanders had got beyond the stage of feeling any respect for that effete organization, and they scorned anything savouring of expediency, temporizing, or prudential considerations. They refused their allegiance to the fossilized views of O'Connell, and they shouted for the sword

Digitized by Google

and the pike, and some of them for very much more ferocious weapons of warfare. Sir Charles can give the veteran Repealer no credit for holding honest views on this subject, and represents him in a truly despicable light. A feeble, unreliable, intriguing shuffler, who with impaired intellect, and a natural inaptitude for truth, easily became the pliant tool of a vile clique, who, animated by motives of personal envy and malignity, used him as the battering ram with which they sought to crush Young Ireland.

"It is the inevitable fate of revolt," says Sir Charles, "to be confronted with new revolts, and to foster a jealous distrust of any authority set up to replace the one which it has disowned."

In a brief space the *Nation* was discovered to be antiquated and fossilized also. The secession of Mitchell and Reilly from its staff, and the foundation of the more bellicose *United Irishman*, embittered the feelings of disunion and discontent, and gave fresh occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

The effect of the outbreak of the French Revolution on this disintegrated but inflammable coterie of tall talkers and sensational writers was electrical. Many who had denounced the Lalor-Mitchell proposals as Quixotic bravado were carried away by their belief that what had been so easily done in France could be repeated in Ireland. Mitchell became essentially the central figure around which the hopes of Irish independence clustered, and he was by natural gifts and fiery temperament undoubtedly the most dangerous man the Government had to fear. The excitement was worked up to fever heat, and it really seemed at one time as if the whole mass of the peasantry would have fought to the death for him, if they could have been in any sense organized. But the Government of the day took the initiative; they seized the defiant editor of the *United Irishman*, tried and convicted him of incitement to insurrection, and before the bewildered mass of his followers could formulate their intentions he was deported from the country and his paper confiscated. After this startling episode, the rest had little need to be told. It is the peculiar temperament of the Irish mind to relapse into sullen indifference after spasms of violent excitement. As far as any danger to the English rule in Ireland was concerned, it ceased with the transportation of Mitchell. It is true that the war tocsin of the sequestrated journal was again sounded by the *Nation*, and it was after this that what Sir Charles calls "the poor, feeble, unprosperous essay" of rioting in Tipperary took place, under the leadership of Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and

Digitized by Google

Dillon. It was still later when the accomplished historian of the book under review was put on his trial, or, rather, it might be said, put through his series of resultless trials; and after recording his escape in very elaborate detail, he devotes his final chapter to the ultimate fate of the several confederates. Some of them, as is well known, rose to distinction in other climes, but many appear to have nursed their personal feuds to the end. The reason assigned by Sir Charles for vacating the seat which he held for four sessions in the House of Commons would seem to imply that the people for whom so much had been suffered and dared, whose wrongs and whose virtues had been proclaimed before high heaven in imperishable bursts of oratory and undying verse, were not, after all, so immaculate.

"I resigned my seat," he says, "because at every election dishonest candidates were preferred by the people. . . . Till the shameless political profligacy which prevailed was abandoned and repudiated—till all this was changed, there was no more hope for the Irish cause than for a corpse on the dissecting table. And I left Ireland for another reason: that the ultimate aim for which alone I laboured, to give back to Ireland her national existence, was now forgotten or disdained."

A people who deliberately *preferred* dishonest representatives in Parliament, and who in so short a time had forgotten their supposed ardour for a national existence—or, what is worse, disdained the idea—had indeed been strangely misunderstood by the writers of their ballads and the denouncers of their oppression. It is surely gratifying to know that Sir Charles found a community, of which the Irish form only a fourth part, who were ready to acknowledge his ability, to avail themselves of his talents, and to reward him handsomely for the exercise of them. Such an antithesis to his experience of a generation since might have convinced him that high-handed injustice and brutal indifference to suffering are not necessarily the general characteristics of his English fellow-subjects.

H. G. T.

We do not remember to have met with any book of Mr. Hay's before, though his title-page indicates that he has published two or three. But his volumes on New Zealand* are so genial in tone,

* *Brighter Britain; or, Settler and Maori in Northern New Zealand.* By William Delisle Hall. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1882.

Digitized by Google

and such pleasant, cheery reading, that he may reasonably look for sufficient popularity to induce him to continue his literary career. Judged by his book, he is just the stamp of man that all new countries should welcome with open arms. Young, vigorous, intelligent, and hearty, with a genuine Mark Tapleyan philosophy, he records with infinite gusto the hard struggles with which his introduction to pioneer bush farming were surrounded, and the good temper and practical common sense with which they were severally overcome. Landing in Auckland some eight or ten years ago, with that elaborate and practically useless outfit which his London agents had assured him was indispensable to any gentleman in the colonies, he very soon realized the situation, and with one sharp pang bade farewell to conventionality and its attendant impedimenta. In conjunction with one or two comrades of his own stamp he took up some land in the Kaipara district, in the northern part of the province of Auckland, and by very rough cultivation, and the breeding of cattle and pigs, managed in a few years, by dint of the hardest of hard work, the roughest of rough fare, and an entire abnegation of self-indulgence, to acquire that sense of independence and property which cannot fail at this end of the world to result from such qualities. A special rush to the Thames Gold-fields tempted him, with some of his comrades, to make a venture in that direction, and after six months of even harder labour than they had experienced at Kaipara, fortune favoured them with a find that enabled them to start as small capitalists; and while his comrades invested their shares in the colony, Mr. Hay returned to England on a visit, where he found time to write his book.

Everything relating to his personal experiences is told with such hearty candour and unconstrained freshness that it ensures the reader's personal regard. There will at times arise a suspicion that he gives very free play to his imagination, and there are manifest traces of his "new chum" verdure having been imposed upon in some of the stories told to him, which he incontinently repeats. A notable instance is the statement that well-to-do settlers had been known to attend the balls at Government-house in moleskins! But in the description of events within the range of his own knowledge, the quaint, social surroundings of the remote district in which he settled—the weird grandeur of the Kauri forests; the manners, customs, and traditions of the Maoris; the wild and tumultuous scenes on the gold-fields, and the rich charms

Digitized by Google

of the country for the naturalist and the artist—his narrative is full of picturesque effect and sustained interest. In a chapter entitled "Our Classic Ground," Mr. Hay gives a most readable account of the first settlement in the colony, and the establishment of its first capital, Kororareka—literally, "The Beach of Shells," which prosaic officialdom has lately changed into the very commonplace name of Russell. The author seeks to invest this initial spot of English rule with the interest which clings about "Plymouth Rock" and kindred sites. It has certainly passed through a memorable and interesting career, having been the centre around which the first Maori war raged, and was reduced to ashes by the redoubtable Hone Heke in 1845, notwithstanding that the settlers were assisted by a detachment of marines and blue-jackets from the *Hazard*, then lying in the harbour.

To enterprising young men, who, lacking capital, have health and resolution, and who desire to know what a new country can give them to do, this book will have a fascinating interest. To those who desire a graphic and natural account of the vanishing Maori race as it exists to-day, with its ludicrous incompatibilities and its pathetic history, we know of no book on the subject so worthy of perusal. To all who read for information and amusement, without going deeply into historical research or philosophic moralizing, we can promise that "Brighter Britain" will be perused with the most lively satisfaction.

H. G. T.

NOTHING could be more interesting than the volume which Mr. E. M. Curr has just published.* It is written with a care and attention to elegance of diction and perfect clearness of meaning, which are found only at long intervals in our current literature. And Mr. Curr reaps the reward of his labours in finding willing listeners. It is difficult to say why a work of this class should, from the first, take hold of the imagination of the reader, so that when he is forced to lay the volume down he looks forward to the first chance of resuming the story. But that has been our experience, and we dare say it will be the experience of many others.

* *Recollections of Squatting in Victoria.* By Edward M. Curr. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. 1883.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Curr, in 1839, returned to Tasmania after having completed his college course in England, and was sent to take delivery of a small station which his father had just bought in Victoria. He describes Melbourne as it was when he saw it; his strange and lonely life at Wolfscrag; his adventures in quest of better country; and his troubles in forming new stations. Then come various accounts of the natives, their customs, their characters, and their wars. But everywhere the reader feels the charm of a bright and lively style, which makes even trifling details interesting.

Mr. Curr is evidently fond of the blacks. He likes their lazy good-humour, though he has some terrible tales to tell of their appalling ferocity. There is, we venture to say, no other work in existence which takes the reader so fully into the ordinary life of the natives, no other which so thoroughly makes them stand before us as human beings instead of mere ethnological studies.

Some of Mr. Curr's portraits are racy and well hit off. The dandy police-officer, the Lord Oliphant that might have been, and others, are lightly touched on, but their individuality is as distinct as if we had spent days in their company. Mr. Curr's own experience was typical of that of the early squatters; with the prospect of future affluence before them, a prospect that was realized to, perhaps, one in four, they entered the wilderness with their flocks, prepared to endure years of monotony that most men would consider a fair equivalent for prison life. Truly those who reaped their reward had earned it.

The reader may sometimes be inclined to smile at Mr. Curr's frequent sallies into the French language where English would have been equally effective, and, perhaps, at two or three other trifles of no greater importance, but he who invests in a copy of the work will certainly not be disappointed. He will find it interesting and vivacious; he will obtain an excellent idea of the aborigines and their manners; he will gather a vivid impression of the toils and pleasures of squatting life from 1841 to 1851, and he will make the intimate acquaintance of the kindly, straightforward, cultivated gentleman—its author.

A. S.

Digitized by Google

"THE History of Land Tenure in the Colony of Victoria,"* which Dr. Quick has just issued in pamphlet form, is a very useful compilation, br nging the operations of one of the most important factors in our colonizing life into a condensed and readable form. Starting from the earliest pastoral period, anterior even to the famous Orders in Council, he gives a succinct *résumé* of the origin and aims of the successive Haines, Nicholson, Duffy, and Grant Land Acts, and indicates the lamentable results into which the mistaken aims uniformly landed them; winding up with an elaborate summary, in which he invokes the latest statistics to show that, after all, the wrong people have got possession of the land, and that if some steps are not taken to get it back, and make a fresh start, we shall have no inducements to offer to immigrants, nor any security to the London capitalist when we apply for fresh loans!

The value of the compilation for purposes of reference is, however, greatly prejudiced by the unwarrantable vituperation poured upon those pioneer settlers who acquired their properties under the easier terms which necessarily prevailed when the country was a wilderness, and by the innuendoes which imply corruption and bad faith in the several governments that permitted them to exercise their legal rights. Dr. Quick is a convert to the un-English proposals for leasing the State domain; and, if we may rely on the vigour of his professions, intends, if possible, to bring this question to the test of legislation. It is rather late in the day to rally under this flag now, and however beneficial it might be to the taxpayer if a whole community were to adopt it *ab initio*, it is certain that the two distinct and opposing classes of tenure can never peaceably co-exist.

It is quite possible for a man to be a popular legislator, and even to acquire the much greater distinction of a doctor of laws, without understanding human nature. The instinct of ownership and especially in connection with land, is one that refuses to be cajoled by any empirical legislation. Even so pronounced an advocate of leasing as Dr. Quick, who would have the soil cultivated by none but tenants, allows his feelings to betray him into such expressions as—"Landlordism is the curse and ruin of every country in which it becomes predominant." "Landlordism and tenancy are ever associated with the pauperism and degradation of

* By John Quick, LL.D., M.P. S. Mullen, Melbourne, 1883.

Digitized by Google

an entire population," &c., &c. But much as he detests landlords, he thinks that if the State (by which must be assumed some departmental organization, or nebulous royal commission) were to assume that despised position, it would "apply every acre of the land to the best purposes, compatible with national interest and national prosperity." Apparently, if it followed his advice, it would begin by removing the prolific wheat fields which cover the country along the Goulburn Valley to the bleak and wind-smitten plains of Keilor and the Werribee, because they are nearer Melbourne.

Is this a fair example of applying the land to the best purposes? Is not Dr. Quick's entire pamphlet one long impeachment of the State for its absolute inability to manage the land in any sense? How much less could it be trusted to deal with it in a novel form, for which it had no precedents? How, in these days of universal suffrage, could a government be found independent enough to do the thousand and one disagreeable duties which men have to do in managing their own estates? It is the payment of rent that makes landlordism odious; and the government that had to enforce it, or dared to hint at eviction on failure to pay, would have about as much chance of political life as the Irish landlord of the present day has of his physical existence under similar circumstances. There is one good point in Dr. Quick, and that is his capacity for abusing all round. He says of those who happen to possess property: "The wealthy lower orders have been able to plunder the working classes of their birthright by the despicable aid of fraud, perjury, and subornation of perjury;" and on the same page he speaks of the class for whom the legislative wisdom of Victoria exhausted its best efforts to give them an advantage over the land-hungry capitalist as "the persons intended to be benefited who were guilty of wholesale embezzlement of the estates entrusted to them."

The explanation of the whole matter lies in a nutshell. Certain persons wanted land for certain purposes, and were willing to pay a fair price for it by open competition. The legislature thought them undesirable purchasers, so they called upon other people, and said, "We will give you this land practically for nothing if you will do certain things with it for three or six years." The temptation was great, and hundreds who knew nothing about farming sprang to the bait. They dragged out a wretched hand-to-mouth existence for the three or six years, and then took their reward, and sought some more congenial occupation with their hardly earned capital.

Digitized by Google

The State, by parting with the land for a third or a fourth of its value, made this result not a probability but a certainty. A man who buys a selector out for £3 or £4 an acre means to farm and make it pay. He does not go into the business as a pretence, relying upon an early enhancement of value to clear out. He has given value for what he gets; and though in a few years, if he prospers, he will be called "one of the wealthy lower orders," and accused of "legalized robbery and confiscation," he will be a far more valuable unit in the community than the lucky vendor whom the State would make a farmer *nolens volens*, and whose cupidity was not proof against the temptation forced upon him. Nevertheless, according to Dr. Quick, the State is your only genuine, sensible, conscientious, and honest landlord.

H. G. T.

THE three handsome volumes which Mr. Rusden devotes to the history of New Zealand* form a contribution to Australasian literature whose external appearance is all that could be desired. Everything that ministers to the ease and convenience of the reader has been diligently cared for, and yet these volumes are what Charles Lamb might well have classed among books that are no books, so dry and dull is the mass of facts; so diffuse and pointless the oratory in which they are narrated. The history of New Zealand is romantic enough to yield opportunities at every turn for the picturesque; yet not a single passage of this work can be said to enliven with a trace of that quality the even dulness that is its prevailing feature—not an oasis to so extensive a desert.

For the desert is, indeed, extensive—1,800 pages to the history of a small colony! Deduct the 200 pages devoted to events anterior to 1840, and we have New Zealand history narrated at the rate of 40 pages per annum, an amount of space which might easily exhaust the affairs of the British empire, and is absolutely wearisome when devoted to the politics of a community which has only of late years begun to exceed the numbers of a second rate English city.

* *History of New Zealand.* By G. W. Rusden. London: Chapman and Hall. Melbourne and Sydney: George Robertson. 1883.

Digitized by Google

And not only is Mr. Rusden diffuse; he is also unfair and unreliable. A historian who adopts a violently partisan spirit, who writes of one party as the good, the lofty-minded, and the heroic, and describes them not as human beings, but as embodiments of every sweet and comely virtue; who allows to the other side not even a solitary gleam of honour to palliate their meanness, fraud, and lying, is only a snare and a delusion.

Lord John Russell is thus referred to:—"Some members might sin through ignorance, but Lord John sinned boldly, with full knowledge of his own degradation and of the crime he advocated;" Lord John's only fault being that he opposed the Exeter Hall frenzy. "Earl Grey," we are told, "recommended a course which would necessitate the practice of a murder to wreak into action the policy of a thief." Edward Gibbon Wakefield receives as little mercy at Mr. Rusden's hands. The reader is constantly reminded of his "front of brass," "his corrupt moral code," "his characteristic subtlety," "his viper's arts"—some such spirited epithet being applied to him on every other page. Indeed, the greater part of the first volume is a violent attack on the New Zealand Company, which dared to carry men out from England, where the crush of population was at the rate of four hundred to the square mile, and settle them in New Zealand, where every Maori child, on his birth, had the satisfaction of entering a world where a square mile was the average share, and that though he would never be capable of actually utilizing more than the merest fraction of it. The New Zealand Company proposed to buy the land from the Maoris, who parted with it for small sums, because there was plenty of it and the bulk of it was of little use to them. Mr. Rusden considers the purchase of land from savages—at tenpence an acre, for instance—to be a case of atrocious imposition. On the other hand, the Maori, who had received a musket in return for a square mile of forest with which he could do nothing, made off to the woods with his bargain, which he conceived to be an example of the white man's incredible folly. That troubles afterwards arose through faults on both sides is very plain. The Maori regretted that he had not held out for more, and easily found pretexts for repudiating his contracts; while unscrupulous settlers too often stretched the vague boundaries that the Maoris had granted beyond all reasonable limits. Still Mr. Rusden's business ought to be to show, with even-handed justice, the faults and follies of both sides; but instead

Digitized by Google

of attempting any such uncongenial task, he handles the land-acquiring settlers, from first to last, as loathsome creatures.

The New Zealand press has very justly risen in protest against the bitterness which every where drops from his pen. Mr. Bryce, the minister for native affairs, proposes, we are told, to institute legal proceedings against him. Mr. Willoughby, of the *Argus* staff, has written a trenchant refutation of some of the statements, in which Mr. Rusden attributes the grossest and most wanton cruelties to English and Colonial officers during the Maori war. We can only hope that these and similar efforts will be able to correct any ill-effects contracted by those who may make a sustained effort and succeed to any serious extent in penetrating the book.

A. S.

Digitized by Google

WORKS PUBLISHED IN AUSTRALIA

During the Quarter ending June 30, 1883.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SQUATTING IN VICTORIA (then called the Port Phillip District), 1841 to 1851. By Edward M. Curr. Melbourne: George Robertson.

PHYLLOXERA OF THE VINE (PHYLLOXERA VASTATRIX). Coloured illustrations on two sheets, each 36 in. by 26 in. Melbourne: George Robertson.

ON THE FOSSIL FLORA OF THE COAL DEPOSITS OF AUSTRALIA. By the Rev. J. E. Tenison-Woods, F.L.S. Illustrated. Sydney: F. Cunninghame & Co.

NEW ZEALAND POST OFFICE DIRECTORY, 1883-4. Dunedin: Wise, Caffin & Co.

THE HISTORY OF LAND TENURE IN THE COLONY OF VICTORIA. By John Quick, LL.D. Melbourne: Samuel Mullen.

ST. IVO AND THE ASHES: a Humorous Account of the Hon. Ivo Bligh's Cricket Campaign in Australia, 1882–3. With Illustrations. Melbourne: Manders & Co.

LOVE ME FOR EVER: A NOVEL. By Robert Buchanan. Melbourne: George Robertson.

HEART AND SCIENCE: A NOVEL. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Melbourne: George Robertson.

WANDA: A RUSSIAN STORY. By Ouida, author of "Moths," "Held in Bondage," &c. Melbourne: George Robertson.

THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM, AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," &c. Melbourne: George Robertson.

KIT: A MEMORY. By James Payn. Melbourne: George Robertson.

ARE THE STATEMENTS OF SCIENCE AND GENESIS CONTRADICTORY? A Public Debate in Sydney between Mr. Charles Bright and Rev. E. C. Spicer. Sydney: George Robertson.

ON THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF THE HUMAN RACE: A BIBLICAL STUDY. By William Barker. Adelaide: George Robertson.

THE SUGAR CANE: ITS CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE. Specially adapted to Queensland. By A. A. Giraud. Brisbane: Watson, Ferguson & Co.

Digitized by Google

THE

MELBOURNE REVIEW.

No. 32.—October, 1883.

EUROPEAN ENTERPRISE IN AUSTRALASIA.*

I.

"Far to the *South*, in th' ocean wide,
Beyond the realms of *Ind*, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void—it fitts thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shall thou find a lasting seat:
There to thy sons shall another *Britain* rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dredded might
Shall aw the world, and conquer nations bold."
—"*From the Greek, put into Latin, saith Virunnius, by Gildas.*"—Milton, "*History of England,*" Book I.

"Brisbane, *14th April.*—The Queensland Government has taken possession of New Guinea."

Such was the message flashed through the cable from the Antipodes, and received in London, 16th April last, exciting the political world and displacing in public interest, for the moment, important and absorbing subjects like the dynamite conspiracy and the Dublin murder trials. In both Houses of Parliament questions were put to the Ministry as to the truth of the report. In the House of

* [This article, by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who has devoted many years to the study of the bibliography of Australasian discovery and adventure, is introductory to a series of papers in which it is intended to indicate the connection between the work of the explorers and contemporary European history, and to show the influences that led to the despatch of the various expeditions. It has not been deemed necessary to load the pages with the numerous references to authorities cited in the original manuscript, the writer's reputation for studious research being a sufficient guarantee of the reliability of his quotations. Only those notes which contain information supplementary to the text have therefore been printed.—Ed. *Melbourne Review.*]

Digitized by Google

Commons the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies replied that Her Majesty's Government had "just received a telegram from the Government of Queensland stating that, to prevent foreign powers from taking possession of New Guinea, the Queensland Government had, through the police magistrate at Thursday Island, taken possession in Her Majesty's name." There being differences of opinion regarding the value to the Crown of such a possession, and of the policy of Great Britain in taking it, further questions were asked, and the Under-Secretary replied, on the following day, that, "in the absence of any further information," the Government did "not contemplate the repudiation of the annexation," nor the "strong measure" which had been suggested, viz., "the recall of the Governor."

Further information has since been received, but the Home Government has not seen fit to endorse the act of the colony. Sooner or later, however, another large island will be thrown open to European colonization. If New Guinea is not added to the long list of British dependencies, or taken by the Australian colonists themselves, it must become the colony of some other European power. Possessing every natural advantage for a colony, with rivers and mountains, and a fine tropical climate, it is one of the richest as well as one of the largest islands in the world, and cannot remain much longer unappropriated. For months past the European world of politics has been rife with projected schemes for annexation of foreign territory; of France taking Madagascar and Tonquin under its protection; of the Portuguese resuming their old possessions in Western Africa and Congoland; besides the supposition that Italy and Germany both had intentions of securing some large island or other territory to satiate their growing aspirations for colonies and dependencies beyond sea. That the youngest of Australian colonies should annex the second largest island in the world, without parade of naval power, and in the person of a police magistrate only, appeared at first thought almost ludicrous. Upon the Continent, however, the subject has received but passing notice, French opinion being sarcastic rather than serious, some of the Paris newspapers twitting Great Britain with her horror of French colonization while she is herself, with pious and commercial virtue, always seeking some new outlets for trade, and asking "Why she should stop at New Guinea?" If it be true that either Italy or Germany, or both those Governments, were thinking of securing this prize, a good d·al of diplomacy would

Digitized by Google

have been averted if our Government had at once adopted the initiative act of the Queensland Ministry, more especially as that act has already received the hearty approval and support of the other Australian colonies. It may be asked, "Why should Great Britain take New Guinea?" "Ought she not to be satisfied with her present vast possessions in every quarter of the globe, many of them are but sparsely occupied?" &c. Certainly it does appear, at first thought, selfish that a people numbering but an eighth part of the population of Europe should take these possessions, to the apparent disadvantage of the remaining two hundred millions. The answer is, that France, Germany, and Italy, notwithstanding their aspirations for increased commerce, are but half-hearted in the desire for colonies. And Great Britain's justification, if such were necessary, is that while schemes of colonization by France have been failures hitherto, and the German Government have discouraged colonization, or made no attempts to plant their surplus population in other parts of the world, the German people themselves have found it sufficiently advantageous to settle in the United States, or to become colonists in Australia under the British flag. Wherever they locate themselves in those great countries they find freedom and protection. Whatever the nationality, all are welcome there. What more can they desire than to be governed by laws which they may help in making or amending for themselves? No justification is needed: there is no selfish policy in annexing countries like New Guinea; it is merely the carrying out in the best possible manner of the command to "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." By hoisting her flag Great Britain does no more than to guarantee, so far as she is able, protection to all who are willing to take shelter under it, whether they are of English, French, German, or other nationality; that she will, as the foremost nation in the world, take care of the decaying races, and see that they pass away with as little suffering as possible; that even among themselves the aboriginal races suffer no longer from bloodshed which can be prevented. This has been England's mission in the nineteenth century, and as she is the only nation experienced in the work, and able to afford that protection which the natives of New Guinea and the adjacent islands just now sorely need, she cannot fairly shrink from the responsibility.

The Papuan races of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands may be estimated at considerably over half a million, a much larger population than that of the Fiji Islands, our latest protectorate.

Digitized by Google.

The latter furnishes an example of the evil of delay in assuming an inevitable duty, as well as an example of the good and the evil usually resulting when European civilization comes in contact with the lower races of men. Some of these evils may perhaps be avoided, though there appears to be no hope of preserving any of these native races of the Pacific. Our first and chief duty is, therefore, to render them all the protection we can. That it is possible to civilize and to christianize them is evidenced by the present condition of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands. The descendants of the savages who one hundred years ago distributed the flesh of Captain Cook, among various tribes, carefully preserving his bones, as those of a vanquished god, have adopted European habits and customs, and are now as industrious and intelligent a people as the Chinese. The proportion of population who cannot read or write is less than that of any other country. Better prospects might be anticipated for the New Guinea people, for the evils wrought among the Hawaiian Islanders in the early part of this century by European sailors are not possible in these days. Annexation is the natural and wiser course for our statesmen to take. Year by year the relative proportions of the population of Great Britain and her colonies assimilate. In a generation they will be almost if not quite equal. An accident only makes America foreign, but she is English still. An accident may at any moment separate Australia; her population is now greater than that of the American colonies in 1776 when they declared for independence. Whether they separate or not, so long as the mother country is enterprising beyond sea, so long will she thrive and prosper at home.

"And, Oh Britannia! Shouldst thou cease to ride
Despotic Empress of old Ocean's tide;
Should thy tam'd Lion—spent his former might—
No longer roar, the terror of the fight;
Should e'er arrive that dark disastrous hour,
When bow'd by luxury, thou yield'st to power;
When thou, no longer freest of the free,
To some proud victor bend'st the vanquished knee:
May all thy glories in another sphere
Relume, and shine more brightly still than here:
May this,—thy last born infant—then arise,
To glad thy heart, and greet thy parent eyes;
And Australasia float, with flag unfurl'd
A new Britannia in another world!" *

* By William Charles Wentworth, the great Australian patriot (born October, 1791, died March 30, 1872), from a poem—"Australasia," written, 1823, for the Chancellor's Medal, which was, however, gained by Praed.

Digitized by Google

Little is known of the interior of New Guinea, but two expeditions have been fitted out for its exploration, and, in a few months it may be said that geographical discovery in this part of the world will be complete. It may not, therefore, be inopportune to trace the history of discovery and European enterprise in the Eastern Archipelago and Australasia. Interesting the story always must be. Its incidents extend over four centuries, and include the fruitful adventures of Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French, and English, all of which nationalities can fairly claim to have assisted in lifting the veil which covered the great "Terra Australis Incognita" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The story is no less edifying, as it presents some of the noblest examples of bravery and self-sacrifice which history can show. The annals of discovery in other parts of the world are not more brilliant with the exploits and achievements of Columbus, Frobisher, Davis, Parry, or Franklin, than is that of Australasia, in which are enrolled the immortal names of Magellan, Quiros, Tasman, Dampier, Cook, and Flinders. Nor is Africa more honoured with the names and memories of Park, Clapperton, Speke, and Livingstone, than Australia is with those of Sturt, Eyre, Stuart, Burke, Wills, and Leichhardt.

The results of Australasian discoveries have proved already of incalculable importance. To naturalists and men of science the flora and fauna of those regions are as a new revelation, explaining much that was enigmatic before. The gold discoveries and the enormous production of wool,* and other industries still in their infancy, have disturbed old ideas of commerce, have formed new channels of communication, and helped towards the re-shaping of men's thoughts and ideas politically. In a few years these southern colonies will have drawn so largely upon the population of Europe as to give the world something like a new departure. In Australasia will be worked out some of those great possibilities for mankind, which, in a former period, were foreseen and described

* Australia now sends to England three hundred million pounds weight of wool annually, in the manufacture of which some millions of our population are directly engaged. Our population has increased to such an extent that we are now obliged to import one-third of our food supply, and as it is, a large proportion of our operatives are poorly fed. Australia has abundance and to spare. To attempt to bring the surplus food from the other side of the world is praiseworthy, but unwise, even if it was practicable. A shipload daily would not be sufficient for a breakfast to the inhabitants of the east end of London. The true economy is to manufacture the goods where the raw material is produced, and where food is readily obtained for the operatives. How to carry the operatives across the sea is a problem urgently pressing for solution by our great manufacturers, capitalists, and statesmen interested in the colonies.

Digitized by Google

by political and moral philosophers, some of whom, by curious coincidence, placed their Utopian schemes in these southern lands.*

The existence of a southern continent, or antipodes, had been demonstrated by some of the earliest cosmographers, who, believing in the sphericity of the earth, conceived a large continent necessary to its equilibrium. For ages, however, the only foreign countries which had any interest for European people were those situated in the East, near the "source and fount of day," those regions from whence came, as they believed, all that was rich and magnificent. From thence had been received most of the luxuries which adorned, and, at the same time, enervated and corrupted the governing classes of the Roman Empire. The accounts of Eastern lands brought back by returned Crusaders, and exaggerated in the tales of the Arabians, incited such travellers as Mandeville to seek and explore those lands of myth and marvel. But travelling then was difficult, and, in eastern lands, mostly on foot. The countries where in ancient times posts had been frequent, and the means of communication always open, were now isolated, or had become deserts. A lifetime was consumed in traversing countries which can now be seen in three or four weeks. Mandeville was absent thirty-four years, but much of his book is filled with vague descriptions of what he had heard rather than of what he had seen. He describes habitable lands on the opposite side of the world, under our feet, and speaks of isles beyond India, "5,000 and more."

To Marco Polo Europe of the Middle Ages was indebted for the earliest knowledge of the position of the Oriental countries and islands of the Asiatic Archipelago. The account of his twenty-four years of travel in the countries beyond the Golden Chersonese to Far Cathay, and long residence at the court of the Great Khan, towards the end of the thirteenth century, related a year or two after his return while he was a prisoner of war in Genoa, soon became one of the best known books in Europe, and presented altogether a new aspect to geographical study, if, indeed, it was not the awakening of

* Among other works may be mentioned:—Bacon's *New Atlantis;* Bishop Hall's *Mundus Alter et Idem; sive Terra Australis, &c.; The History of the Sevarites . . . . .* inhabiting the Terræ Australes Incognitæ; Archbishop Whately's *Expedition to the Interior of New Holland; La Terre Australe: Aventures de Jacques Sadeur* (Paris 1676). In the English translation of this work (London 1693) the words "Australia" and "Australians" occur probably for the first time, as descriptive of the southern world and its inhabitants. Swift, and other satirical writers, also fixed the scenes of their stories in Australasia.

Digitized by Google

Europe to the knowledge of a world of reality outside of themselves. Education had been and was then imparted by ecclesiastics, who confined their teaching to theology and logic. The Arabian schools were, of course, closed to Western Christendom, and students passed from one university to another, not to glean information of the world they lived in, but to listen to the disquisitions and lectures of "schoolmen" renowned chiefly for their faith in the dogmas of an "infallible" church, which presumed to set bounds to traffic and to restrict communication with a pagan or "infidel" world outside. Had the Church of Rome carried out her instructions to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," the barriers between Europe and Asia would never have existed. But those barriers were destined to remain unbroken two centuries longer; for to Arabian and Saracen had succeeded Turk, and all the Oriental trade continued to pass through their hands overland from Persia to Constantinople, or by way of the Red Sea to Cairo. From these cities it was carried to Italy by the Genoese and Venetians, who at first evaded and afterwards openly defied the edicts of the Church, forbidding Christians to trade with the infidel. The Genoese traded to the Black Sea; they possessed the Crimea; but few Europeans found their way beyond the Levant unless as captives and Christian slaves they followed the armies of the Turks. On Syrian or Egyptian shores, or in the marts of Damascus, Cairo, or Constantinople, they everywhere saw evidence of the abundant "wealth of Ormus and of Ind." There, too, sailors from the western seas listened to wondrous tales and stories of "Prester John," a mythical potentate whose realms were believed to rival Christendom. In these lands of the Great Turk they heard not only of—

> "The gorgeous East, which, with richest hand,
> Showered on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,"

but also very strange stories of how that wealth was gathered; stories always mixed up with extraordinary or fabulous accounts of countries peopled by monsters, or overrun with wild and ferocious animals and dragons in abundance; of valleys full of serpents, many-coloured, venomous, and big beyond bounds, two-headed, also three-headed and five-headed; of fruits that seemed good to the eye, but which were poisonous and deadly; of trees which emitted poisonous vapours and cast even the shadow of death; of seas impassable, or having strong currents which carried ships away beyond return. To these were added stories of the deprivations suffered

Digitized by Google

by all who dared to venture into those regions. Yet, in the presence of the wealth and evidence of its abundance, none of these foretold evils, nor the fear of monsters, or devils, or cannibals, could hold back the not unsuperstitious spirits of the west, whose ancestors had been Vikings and Norsemen, and who feared no cruelties which might be practised upon them.

II.

"The far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."
Childe Harold.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the Italian republics were the centre of all that was excellent in literature and in art. What light shone elsewhere was either borrowed or reflected therefrom. Over the other European states the Roman Church still held sway. Florence, with her statesmen, bankers, and literary men, stood foremost. Venice gathered riches, and with them increased her power and influence. The Genoese were noted for bravery and achievements in war, but they were rivalled in this respect by Venice. Her fleets held in check the encroaching naval power of the Turks, who, in 1453, by the capture of Constantinople, had ended the decrepit Byzantine Empire, limiting also the trade of the Genoese, long the allies of the Greeks and the commercial rivals of Venice in the Levant. By her fleets Venice was enabled to retain that large share which her merchants had acquired of the lucrative commerce of the east, and by which the republic had become the most considerable power in Italy, and the most opulent state in Europe. She also possessed extensive and flourishing manufactures of her own.* In 1492 her maritime commerce was probably greater than all the rest of Europe taken together. She was the commercial metropolis of the world. In Venice, at this time, the newly-invented printing press was most active, and there also, later on, newspapers had their birth. The city itself, in compass eight miles, was built upon seventy-two islands, connected by four thousand bridges and

* The annual value of goods exported from Venice as early as in 1419 was ten millions of ducats (£5,000,000, equivalent to £15,000,000 or £20,000,000 in our times). The mint coined annually 1,000,000 ducats in gold, 200,000 pieces of silver, and 800,000 soldi. Every year 500,000 ducats were sent into Syria and Egypt, and 100,000 ducats (£50,000) to England, the balance of the Venetian trade with England.—Anderson, *History of Commerce* (1787), vol. i., pp. 633, 634.

Digitized by Google

requiring nearly twelve thousand boats for convenience of passage. The buildings were adorned with glass windows, not then common in other parts of Europe, and besides a hundred and fifty churches and convents, it possessed twenty hospitals, fifty-three squares, nearly two hundred marble and bronze statues, and that peculiar glory, St. Mark's, the most beautiful and sumptuously furnished church in Christendom. Surrounding it, and upon the grand canal, there were counted two hundred stately houses, palaces rather, fit to lodge any king. Indeed, the magnificence of many of her private citizens vied with and sometimes surpassed the splendour of the neighbouring monarchs. The whole was defended from the fury of the Adriatic Sea by a bank sixty miles in length, fortified, and with only two passages for large vessels. Its celebrated arsenal and docks were two and a half miles in circuit. Their shipping in 1419 consisted of 3,500 vessels, carrying 25,000 seamen, and 45 great galleys manned by 11,000 seamen, and there were 16,000 carpenters employed in the dockyards. In the next century it was reported that the arsenal held 200 great galleys, and in the magazine was armour sufficient for 100,000 soldiers, besides 1,000 coats of plate, garnished with gold and covered with velvet, fit for princes. Such was Venice.

Under a blue sky, but without green fields, she yet, with her palaces of marble and porphyry and frescoed façades, shone with artistic beauty, like a miracle of jewels, serene and tranquil mistress of the seas. Commercially and politically she was free, unimpeded, and with that self-confidence born of ease and security; yet absorbed in herself, without any foreign policy, heaping up riches and unmindful of the future. Socially, her people were numerous, prosperous, and happy. As the life so was the art of Venice, expressive of magnificence, luxury, freedom, happiness,—and thus is she represented by her painters—Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese. It is evening;—One "leans out over the marble window-sill contemplating the spectacle of innumerable boats, filled with foreigners as well as people of the city, which gave great delight not merely to the gazers, but also to the Grand Canal itself, that perpetual delight of all who plough its waters. From this animated scene I turned my eyes to heaven, which, from the moment when God made it, was never adorned with such painted loveliness of lights and shadows. The whole region of the air was what those who envy you, because they are unable to be you, would fain express. To begin with, the buildings of Venice, though of solid

Digitized by Google

stone, seemed made of some ethereal substance. Then the sky was full of variety—here clear and ardent, there dull and overclouded. What marvellous clouds there were! Masses of them in the centre of the scene hung above the house roofs, while the immediate part was formed of a grey tint inclining to dark. I gazed astonished at the varied colours they displayed. The nearer masses burned with flames of sunset; the more remote blushed with a blaze of crimson less a-fire. Oh, how splendidly did nature's pencil treat and dispose that airy landscape, keeping the sky apart from the palaces, just as Titian does! On one side the heavens showed a greenish-blue, on another a blueish green, invented verily by the caprice of nature, who is mistress of the greatest masters."*

As in all great cities, side by side with luxury grew pride, arrogance, and corruption. That same year (1492) Savonarola was burnt in Florence for his denunciation of profligacy and iniquity in the Papal Court and other high places. Too often the arrogance of the Venetian Senate aroused the jealousies of their neighbours, and well-nigh brought the republic to ruin. Her nobles were merchants and admirals, and her defenders accustomed to industry on land, or deeds of valour by sea. Thus, proud and isolated, and in commercial rivalry and competition with her sister republics, when her territory on the mainland was invaded early in the next century—by French, Swiss, Germans, Spaniards, troops of the Pope, of Mantua, and of Modena, all united by the Treaty of Cambray—she was saved not by Venetian soldiers† nor by her mercenary troops, but by distrust and dissension in the camps of her enemies.

England had long been honoured by her friendly relations with the republic, and at this time, freed from "the sword of intestine warre" under York and Lancaster, was enjoying the blessings of an established rule under Henry the Seventh, who fostered local industries, encouraged foreign trade, and removed most of its restrictions. London and Bristol merchants had their agencies in Venice, and both in their own vessels and sundry strangers also, Candiots, Raguseans, Venetian galiasses, Spanish and Portugal ships, regularly traded to Mediterranean ports. In the busy marts of Venice, English merchants and English sailors mingled with those of other nationalities—Genoese, Pisans, Flemings, Biscayans,

* Pietro Aretino, writing to Titian.

† "The Senate of Venice made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms,—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers."—Sismondi, *Italian Republics*, 1832, p. 218.

Digitized by Google

Portuguese, Spanish, Sicilians, Jews, Greeks, Cypriotes, and Turks. There daily entered numerous vessels and war-galleys; there, amid a babel of tongues, the shouts of gondoliers, or the noise of galley-slaves, as in fifties, at the sound of the trumpet, they plied at the oar, merchants of all nations came to buy or exchange their commodities. The English brought their kersies and woollens—the best then manufactured—their cloth, leather, lead, tin, and other home productions, and carried away valuable freights of silks, cloth of gold and silver, spiceries, groceries, sweet wines, sweet oils, Turkey carpets, glassware, toys, books, stationery, and numerous other articles, for all this wealth was made up in Venice, or gathered there as the chief repository of Western Europe, and thence distributed; much as with us now, when goods are brought to London for distribution to the uttermost parts of the civilized world. The cargoes of silks and spices were collected and brought to Cairo and Syria by Arab (or Moorish) traders who made periodical visits to the various emporiums of the East, from Orrung and Muscat down to Malacca and Singapore. Beyond Singapore the trade was carried on chiefly by the natives and the Chinese. The religion of Mahomet, at this period, held sway over all the ports and trading people of India and the Archipelago. The voyage from Venice through the Straits of Gibraltar to Lisbon and London or Bristol, occupied about the same time as a voyage from London to Australia and New Zealand does to-day by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The overland journey from Venice to Lyons or Frankfort, and thence to Bruges and Antwerp, was accomplished in the same number of days in which we now reach India, China, and Japan, *via* Brindisi and the Suez Canal. In January, 1509, during the period of the invasion referred to above, Badoer was despatched from Venice to England to persuade Henry VII. to make a diversion by invading France. Not an hour was lost, yet the journey, by horse to Basle by Mt. St. Gothard, boat to Cologne, and riding again from Cologne to Calais, thence to London, occupied twenty-six days. The progress of Giustinian, accredited to the court of Henry VIII. a few years later, was not so hurried, and occupied "three weary months."

Digitized by Google

III.

"The blessed islands
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense."
Fletcher's Island Princess.

Spain and Portugal had long been envious of their opulent neighbour, and were earnestly desiring, if possible, to share more directly in the spoils of the East. Hence, Ferdinand and Isabella, having united their kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, and driven the Moors out of Granada, were at liberty to fit out the disbelieved and discredited Columbus, who had been trying for years to enlist the sympathies of foreign monarchs with his grand scheme of a voyage which should take him to the Indies by an unobstructed course westward. The story of that and his subsequent voyages belongs to American history. Spain reaped the reward of her enterprise, and secured the wealth and glory of the West Indies.

The Portuguese, after many attempts extending over the whole of the fifteenth century, eventually found their way to India round the Cape of Good Hope. This was in 1498, six years after the discovery of America. From that date the trade and power of Venice began to decline. Within ten years Vasco da Gama, the great Dalbuquerque, and their followers, had obtained possession of the Arab trading ports of Aden, Ormus, Muscat, and Goa, wrested treaties from the native Indian princes, and built forts and factories from Goa to Malacca, which they captured in 1511. These conquests exhibited the Europeans to the Asiatics as a cruel and treacherous people. The atrocities perpetrated in the early voyages of the Portuguese have never been forgotten. A few months after the taking of Malacca they discovered the famed Moluccas, five small islands which produced large quantities of cloves, then highly esteemed for their supposed medicinal and other virtues.* With these results the Portuguese remained content. Yet they did not profit by this exclusive trade, as they might have done, but carried it on by means of Government fleets despatched at fixed periods, content to bring the commodities to Lisbon and leaving it to others to distribute them. In 1521 the republic of Venice, in the hope of saving some part of the Eastern trade, offered to purchase all

* As showing the value of these productions as articles of trade, it may be mentioned that they were bought for about 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per cwt., and sold in Europe for 30s. per lb., or £168 per cwt.—Crawford, *Dictionary of the Indian Archipelago*, 1856.

Digitized by Google

the spice annually imported by the Portuguese over and above what they themselves could consume, at a certain fixed price. That proposal was rejected, but what was refused to the Venetians was in another way taken by the Dutch and others, who distributed it beyond Lisbon, to Antwerp, and the Low Countries. The Dutch profited most by this trade, and cultivated it under such favourable circumstances that they at length, as will be seen, succeeded in excluding the Portuguese from the traffic and eventually in dispossessing them of their eastern colonies. Portuguese discoveries did not, however, end with that of the Moluccas. They must early have heard rumours of large islands to the south—New Guinea and Australia—Marco Polo and others having made reference to thouands of islands lying in that direction, probably Polynesia. Varthema, also, an Italian travelling in the east between 1503 and 1508, after visiting Sumatra, went on to the Molucca Islands to see where the cloves grew, arriving there a few years before the advent of the Portuguese in those parts, says that upon his return to Java the captain told him of races further to the south who navigated their seas by the four or five stars of the Southern Cross, whose day [sometimes] lasted only four hours, which would be reasonable if referring to the seas beyond Australia and Tasmania. It can scarcely be doubted that the Portuguese had discovered parts of the western coast of Australia. Their voyages were numerous. In less than twenty years from the departure of Vasco da Gama thirty-three fleets, composed of two hundred and twenty ships of war, had been sent out from Lisbon to the east. Any discoveries they made in that direction, in the period referred to, do not appear to have been recorded, or were lost, perhaps, with other historical documents in the archives of Portugal, at the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. Late in the sixteenth century, in *mappemondes* made by Frenchmen, the greater part of the Australian coast-line, as well as a part of New Zealand, is laid down very correctly, considering the scales upon which the maps were drawn, and these discoveries are there credited to the Portuguese. A *mappemonde* by Nicholas Desliens of Dieppe, 1566, now in the *Bibliotheque Nationale*, shows this very distinctly. It is a beautiful piece of draughtsmanship, and exhibits the whole of the world as then known. The flags of the various European nations are laid down, not only upon their possessions but upon the lands discovered by their respective navigators. Thus the east coast of North America is assigned to the English and French, and flags of Spain are laid down upon the west coast. To the Portuguese the

Digitized by Google

whole of Central and Southern Africa is assigned, as well as Brazil and a deformed Australia. This is evidently Australia joined to New Zealand, by mistake, as the eastern coast line coincides with what we know as Queensland, as far as Great Sandy Island, when it trends towards the south-east and then south-west, corresponding remarkably well for a small map with the N.E. coast of New Zealand, with indentations answering to the Gulf of Hauraki and Hawke's Bay, a little to the south of which the coast-line leaves off abruptly. Other MS. maps of the same period, or earlier, give the coast-line to the southern extremity of the Middle Island, Cook's Straits being shown as a "gulf."

That Desliens' map is no imaginary sketch is shown by several coincidences. 1. It marks three rivers on the coast of Queensland, one of which, re-discovered so recently as 1847, and named the Fitzroy, is the largest on the east coast of Australia, and debouches immediately under the tropic of Capricorn, exactly as shown by Desliens in the map of 1566, where it is named to distinguish it from the other rivers, "R. Grande." 2. The northern parts of the Australian coast (Arnhem Land, Melville Island, &c.) are also very correctly drawn. 3. The west coast (evidently only the west part had been discovered and here pieced on) gives further evidence of its authenticity, having the inner peninsula of Shark's Bay, unknown to the Dutch who very carefully surveyed the whole of the west coast, and discovered and named "Peron Peninsula," by Captain Baudin of the French Expedition, in 1801. That the eastern coast of New Zealand should be joined to Australia is easily understood when it it is explained that the Pacific was then supposed to be narrower than it is; Mendana in 1695 could not find the Solomon Islands, which he had himself discovered in 1667, because he had placed them on his chart nearly 2,000 miles east of their proper position.

An earlier claim to the discovery of Australia, in 1503, has been made repeatedly, on behalf of a Harfleur navigator, Binot Paulmier de Gonneville. The claim was first publicly made in a little volume, published in 1663,* in which it is stated that De Gonneville after doubling the Cape of Good Hope was driven by a tempest out of his course, and came to an unknown land, where he remained six

* *Memoires touchant l'Etablissement d'une Mission Chrestienne dans le Troisieme Monde, Autrement appellé la Terre Australe Meridionale, Antartique et Inconnuë.* Dediez à Nostre L. Pere le Pape Alexandre VII. Par un Ecclesiastique Originaire de cette mesme Terre. Paris, 1663.

Digitized by Google

months refitting. Returning he brought with him one of the natives of the country. His vessel was unfortunately taken by an English privateer off the coast of France, near Guernsey, when his journals fell into the hands of the English and were lost. This statement was made in a judicial declaration signed by De Gonneville and his companions, 19th July, 1505. De Brosses, President of the Parliament of Dijon, and editor of a collection of voyages to the Terres Australes, in which that of De Gonneville is reprinted, says that he had seen a copy of the memorial which had been presented in 1664 by the author to M. de Villermon, who had added a note to the effect that the author was descended from the native brought by Gonneville to France, and was a man of great erudition and large knowledge of foreign affairs, having travelled all over Europe, and had been one of the plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Cologne. Animated by a strong desire of christianizing the country of his ancestors he had collected the materials from traditions and papers of his own family and the "judicial declaration" with the intention of presenting it in a memorial to the Pope. There is no record of its ever having been presented. Search was made for the original "declaration" among the Admiralty records in Normandy shortly before De Brosses wrote (1756), but an interval of two centuries and a half, and the confusion occasioned by the civil wars, had dispersed all the old papers, and all the information to be obtained was that a tradition still existed that such a document was once among the records, but they could give no account of what had become of it. This claim to the discovery of Australia is untenable, as the inhabitants described are wholly dissimilar to the Australians.

De la Borde's conjecture that the unknown land of De Gonneville is situate near the meridian of New Zealand is absurd. Without questioning the authenticity of the voyage, Burney and Flinders, followed by Major, believe the land and the people described to be Madagascar and the people of that island. The subject has been dealt with and discussed more recently by M.M. Margry and D'Avezac. Several works of fiction having reference to discoveries in southern regions appeared in French between 1660 and 1670, and were translated into other languages. That of De Gonneville may be classed with them. If such a voyage as that of De Gonneville was undertaken, and the "declaration" of it made, as asserted, what has become of the original "journals" which "fell into the hands of the English" and

Digitized by Google

were lost? How did they know they were lost? There is, however, no evidence of French navigators being in eastern or Australasian seas before Parmentier, in 1529. The earliest discovery of Australia, of which well authenticated accounts survive, was made by a Spanish vessel in the months of February and March, 1522, and will be related in the next chapter.

E. A. PETHERICK, F.R.G.S.

London.

Digitized by Google

MR. HIGINBOTHAM ON PULPIT INFLUENCE.*

"A long course of experience has clearly demonstrated the inefficacy of creeds and confessions to perpetuate religious belief. Whoever is acquainted with ecclesiastical history must know that public creeds and confessions have occasioned more controversies than they have composed; and that when they ceased to be the subject of dispute, they have become antiquated and obsolete. The doctrines of the Church, with or without subscription, are sure to perpetuate themselves where they are faithfully preached; but the mere circumstance of their being subscribed will neither secure their being preached nor believed." —ROBERT HALL, *Works*, vol. ii., p. 261.

THE unwonted harmony which prevails in the political world has diverted our national pugnacity into other channels. Having regulated our public affairs on the lines of "Peace, Progress, and Prosperity," we seek to improve our rare leisure by disturbing the lethargy and rectifying the errors into which we audaciously, but pretty generally, believe the representative Protestant churches to have fallen. Our estimable bishop, Dr. Moorhouse, complains that, as a community, we are too much given over to religious excitement; that we want to be thrilled by the delightful emotions we experience when mingling with the sympathetic throngs that crowd the services of lady evangelists, or marching with banners and bands of music in the ranks of a Salvation Army. But surely these ephemera cannot stir our pulses like the oft-recurring entertainment that is provided for us by a session of the Presbyterian Assembly, when an erring brother has to be admonished, or a recalcitrant lay member made to know his place, and not to venture to think for himself. It is easy to imagine the lofty disdain and cynical indifference with which, from her impregnable throne, the Church of

* *Science and Religion:* a lecture delivered by George Higinbotham in the Scots' Church. Melbourne: Samuel Mullen.

Scripture and Science, by the Rev. R. B. Dickinson, M.A. Melbourne: Samuel Mullen.

Science and Religion, by the Rev. A. W. Cresswell, M.A. Melbourne: George Robertson.

An Examination of Secularism, by the Rev. Robert Potter, B.A. Melbourne: George Robertson.

Review of Mr. Higinbotham's Lecture, by Rev. Samuel Robinson, St. Kilda. Melbourne: W. Hutchinson.

Sermons, Lectures, and Articles, by the Rev. Dr. Nish, Rev. A. J. Campbell, Rev. J. L. Rentoul, Ven. Archdeacon MacCullagh, Rev. J. L. Abernethy, and others.

Digitized by Google

Rome looks down upon the tribulation of the churches that went out of her fold to enjoy "the right and duty of private judgment," and now fail to find the enjoyment, and sternly denounce the exercise of the right.

Since the days when that zealous but conservative bishop, Dr. Perry, denounced the infidel teachings of the author of "The Origin of Species," and showed how his pseudo science and illogical deductions could never shake the faith of the elect in the infallibility of the revealed word, no layman has fluttered the clerical dovecotes of Melbourne like the honest and earnest gentleman who ventured recently to speak on the relation of modern science with the Christian churches, at the request of the Scots' Church Literary Association. All who know Mr. Higinbotham—and how few there are who do not—need not to be told that the tone of his address is reverent and temperate; that its allegations are, by the laity at least, all but universally admitted; that its literary merit is exceptional; and that it is utterly devoid of dogma, or self-assertion. With the modest gentleness, which is his characteristic, and with the courage of his opinions, which it is to be wished was more universal, he deprecates any idea that he is the depositary of great truths:—

"I have no thoughts to submit to you to-night," he says, "but such as have in one form or another passed through the minds of scores of the educated laymen I am addressing, and are now seething and breeding anxiety, and even despair, in the minds of thousands of thinkers amongst both the clergy and the laity."

Believing that a full and candid statement of the solution which he had found of some of these weighty problems would help others over their mental throes, he offered it to his audience for what it was worth; and, judging by the manner of its reception, there was no room to doubt of its appreciation. But when it took the concrete form of type, and passed into the hands of our spiritual guides, who are not troubled with doubts, and who desire no man's experience which will not harmonize entirely with their unalterable creeds and confessions, it fared differently. The wail of indignation and alarm which went up from the several pulpits of the land found varied utterance. The blazon on the banner under which our forefathers fought the hard fight of the Reformation was decried alike by Anglican priest, Presbyterian divine, Methodist minister, and itinerating preacher. Though they could not deny Mr. Higinbotham's right to form his private judgment, they held it

Digitized by Google

to be his duty to keep it to himself, and in more than one instance deplored that the lecturer's social status and general popularity would greatly influence the acceptance of his opinions. Could any expression be more calculated to show how the clerical mind, even in Protestant sects, still clings to the idea of authority, for all that it has so spiritedly deposed the historical head of the Church?

Before proceeding to notice the scope of the more important of the published replies, it may be useful to briefly epitomize the contentions of the lecturer; and in so doing it is perhaps as well to say here that absolutely no new ground is broken. The argument of the learned lecturer is that, without predicating any deterioration in the mental power of the general body of the clergy—nay, even conceding that never has there been more care bestowed upon the preparation and training of candidates, or more zeal and devotion displayed by the occupants of the priestly office than in the present day, yet the intellects of the great majority of educated and thinking laymen lie wholly outside of their influence.

> "In all the churches the clergy display more and more unwillingness even to allude, in their addresses to the laity, to the intellectual bases of religious truth and of moral obligation. In all the churches in all Christian countries the adult male laity, by whom the affairs of the world are managed, on whose judgment, and mind, and character the highest interests of mankind in the present and in future generations mainly depend, remain intellectually untaught by those whose mission, if they have any mission, it is to teach."

The reason of this waning influence of the churches as a teaching power is traced to the fact that the clergy, having entrenched themselves behind formulated creeds for which they claim finality and infallibility, turn a deaf ear to the teachings of modern science, and, where it would undermine their foundations, prefer to oppose it with the barrier of "authority." The laity, open to the influence of the broader conceptions of nature and of God which science irresistibly conveys to their minds, cannot reconcile these conceptions with the doctrines of the creeds, and make no effort to do so. But though from early training and associations they may shrink from giving active expression to their dissent, they come, in actual practice, to disregard and ignore the doctrines, and hence derive no benefit, but rather irritation, from hearing them continually expounded.

While firmly contending that in no case have the discoveries of modern science implied opposition to the religion communicated to the world by the Founder of Christianity, their irreconcilability is

Digitized by Google

clearly pointed out with the ecclesiastical dogmas of the fall of man, the origin of death, and the comparatively recent advent of human life on this planet. Inferentially, of course, the plenary inspiration and absolute infallibility of the Biblical narratives are also challenged; but since this ground has been abandoned as untenable by scores of eminent theologians, it can hardly be charged as a special heresy. The practical conclusion at which the lecturer arrives is:—

"That the creeds of the Christian churches, while they have been by far the most potent engine of ecclesiastical power, have also been the most dangerous and insidious enemies of the religion of Christ—that, so far as they have expressed His doctrine, they are merely an unauthoritative and superfluous repetition of that doctrine; while, so far as they have pretended to add to it, they have either obscured or falsified it, and in either case have imposed a burden on the intellect and the conscience of the Christian world which is now becoming wholly intolerable."

The remedy is supposed to be in the hands of the laity, who are urged to combine to abolish the creeds; to insist on the abandonment of compulsory subscription by the clergy to the cramping limitations of articles and standards of faith. Mr. Higinbotham believes that if such a reformation could be effected in one of the Protestant churches, the results would be so momentous and beneficial that the others would soon follow. Naturally the freer mental atmosphere would attract to the innovating church the men of the largest capacity and the greatest intellectual power. The creed-bound churches would lose their ablest men, and the congregations as a rule would follow them. In anticipation of such millennial days, remote indeed, but not past hoping for, the lecturer in an eloquent peroration urges:—

"That it were the part of highest wisdom for you and for me, and for all thinkers everywhere, in this day of rising floods and beating wind, to withdraw resolutely and with all speed from all the lower standpoints of thought that are no longer tenable, and to meet on the high central platform of thought—the rock of all ages, whereon every human mind may, if it will, build for itself a secure and indestructible abode—God 'the living Will that shall endure when all that seems shall suffer shock'—God, revealed to the intellect in every minute movement of matter and in all the phenomena of this vast universe—God, revealed anew to the intellect and also to the responsive human heart as the Father, the Friend, the Guide, and the Support of our race, and of every member of it, in the simple but profound philosophy, and also in the sublimest life, of Jesus of Nazareth, the Light of the World."

If this may be taken as a fair summary of the views propounded, and it is largely in the lecturer's own words, it cannot be denied

Digitized by Google

that the deliverance was imbued with the deepest religious feeling, and a pathetic, earnest anxiety to strengthen in every human soul the surest foundations of simple Christian faith; to clear from the narrow and difficult path to the higher life the hindrances with which contending creeds have strewn the way, and to remove the barriers which a conservative ecclesiasticism has set up. Not doing this with the iconoclastic fury of blatant atheism, or militant secularism, but, with a deep sense of responsibility, offering counsel to his brother laymen as to how the religious sentiment and the religious hope may be best cultivated, and more abundantly brought to bear its influence upon the masses.

If there remained any necessity for argument in support of the lecturer's contention that the educated laity are altogether outside the influence of the clergy to-day, it has surely been furnished by the attitude taken by the latter on the publication of the lecture. The vast majority of the public, and nearly the whole of the secular press, have emphatically endorsed Mr. Higinbotham's statements, though, necessarily, many will demur to his proposed remedies; and a pretty general concensus of opinion prevails with regard to the manner in which his clerical critics have met his views of religious reform. Instead of coming forward with kindly words in recognition of the deep earnestness which they cannot fail to see working under the perplexity and doubt—instead of proving their denied influence by securing the aid of the intellectual power represented by the lecturer, to work, together with themselves, for the general uplifting, they ridicule his pretensions and charge him with an insidious design to destroy the Christian Church.* The press organs of the Church have descended to the most scandalous vituperation, and, under cover of anonymity, have imputed the meanest motives to Mr. Higinbotham's address, even to the insinuation that it had been planned to gratify personal spite.

The culminating point, however, was reached in the last sitting of the Presbyterian Assembly, when, for two long days, the clerical members wrangled over the subject and the object of Mr. Higinbotham's lecture with a bitterness of spirit and volubility of denunciation that compelled some of the more self-contained lay members to enter a serious protest. The nominal object of the sitting was to deal with the pastor of Scots' Church, but the

* Since this article was in type the noble address of the Bishop of Melbourne to the Church Assembly has appeared. It is a perfect model of polemical theology, and the one brilliant exception that proves the rule.

Digitized by Google

temptation to pelt the member of another communion who had intruded his views amongst them was so great as to necessitate their being reminded that the learned lecturer was not on his trial before them. Continually brought back to the subject for which they had met, they as repeatedly strayed off to the attack, until at length, after discussing and rejecting nearly a dozen conflicting resolutions, they confessed their judicial incapacity by feebly remitting the whole matter to another tribunal. Perhaps it may be contended here, as in politics, that inability to conduct properly one's own affairs does not predicate a like inability to manage the weightier concerns of the community, whether in church or senate. But this is not the construction which common-sense persons put upon it.

Let us take a general glance at the manner in which the lecture has been handled by those who have given the support of their name to their published comments.

The Rev. R. B. Dickinson's lecture may, we assume, be accepted as the standpoint from which the extreme evangelistic section of the Anglican Church regard it. He dreads the danger of propounding theories on religion not drawn from Scripture by long years of reverent study. Mr. Higinbotham's advocacy of a most imperfect semblance of Christianity has given him much trouble and sorrow, and has doubtless wrought much mischief already in men's minds. It is full of fearful errors, impugning, amongst other things, the genuineness of much of God's written Word. With a pitying wonder and a strange shudder of holy fear he hears the voice of the lecturer—hollow sounding, icy breathed, as out of some dim phantom world—and the first thing to be done is to offer an earnest prayer that the clear, full ring of truth may be given to that hollow voice, &c. The school represented by Mr. Dickinson does not approve of this new-fangled desire for "an intellectual basis" of religious belief. It has no such paltry gift to offer, but it assures us that all who seek diligently for the truth require—not a great intellect, but a humble heart, emptied of its own conceit, and thus become capable of receiving it. It is not that ministers are unable to grapple with the difficulties which beset the layman, but that they consider them of secondary importance. He says the ministers of Christ would by all means keep abreast of the age in intellectual knowledge if possible, but their special work is to keep *above* the age in spiritual knowledge and practice, and to lead men to look upwards to the heavenlies. In brief, the aim of the typical minister of this school is not so much teaching, as inculcating a passivity of intellect and receptivity of mind, into which can be

Digitized by Google

poured what passes for faith, but is, in reality, but a listless acquiescence in authority and a reverence for tradition. The curious fact remains that Mr. Dickinson is unable to avoid falling back on the very position taken up by the lecturer when he triumphantly urges that the basis of our religion is Christ—"Other foundation can no man lay." Surely this is the exact contention of Mr. Higinbotham, and his labours are directed to clearing away the human and creedal obstructions that veil the beauties of that perfect life and its exalted teaching. It would have been better for Mr. Dickinson's reputation as a teacher, however lightly he may think of that qualification, if he had refrained from dealing with the scientific aspect of the lecture. Space will not permit the reproduction of the several errors and their refutation, to some of which the daily press has given publicity; and to argue about evolution now is as profitable as to question the existence of electricity. Finally, it may be said that the arguments of Mr. Dickinson are addressed to his brethren in the faith. They presuppose a "state of grace," or whatever the correct designation is, without which they are unintelligible to the ordinarily-constituted inquiring mind. To those who can understand them they will doubtless be comforting, and they are certainly inspired by an amiable and deep-seated enthusiasm.

The Rev. A. W. Cresswell devotes the principal part of his sermon to show that so much of modern science as appears to be in opposition to the historical portions of the Bible is in a nebulous and hypothetical condition, and will, when fuller light is thrown upon it, be found to confirm the doctrines on which the churches have built their creeds. He prefers to describe the waning influence of the churches as a decay of faith, apparently not seeing that this is rather a concession than an answer. He scouts the idea that the clergy are slow to recognize the influence of modern science, and stoutly maintains that it is men like Professor Whewell, Dr. Chalmers, and other clergymen who have thrown the brightest lights upon its progress in the present century. He does not approve of unauthorized persons, without proper qualifications, assuming the office of censor of the Church. The lecturer, he says, may be a very good judge in things pertaining to earth, but the Church, being a Divine and heavenly institution, is out of his jurisdiction altogether. Her sins may be very numerous, and her failings very great, but they are known unto God, and let no man usurp the judgment seat, for Satan is the accuser, and Christ is the

Digitized by Google

intercessor; who, therefore, shall be the judge but God himself? One can readily fancy a fulmination of this kind being hurled at the head of Luther or Melancthon, but it is startling to see it in print in the present year of grace. It is the more startling when one considers how hydra-headed the difficulty becomes if we remember that, of the hundred sects into which the Church is rent, most of them claim the Divine origin for themselves and deny it to the others. This loose and unreal method of description applied to an undeniably human organization does not augur well for the appreciation of scientific precision in the presentment of facts. Mr. Cresswell is not prepared to risk religion by reducing it to the two commandments on which the Founder of our faith believed it to rest—love to God and love to our neighbour—but emphatically declares that if we throw overboard the great historical doctrine of the fall of man, we should soon make shipwreck of the small fragment of faith which the lecturer leaves to us.

The publication of the Rev. Robert Potter's examination of secularism at this juncture may have been only a coincidence. He does not refer directly to Mr. Higinbotham, nor turn his arguments specially to meet any points raised by that gentleman; but, necessarily, it bears upon the relations of science to revelation. It is a broad, manly, and vigorous statement of the untenable ground which secularism takes up when it denies the existence of the unseen universe. He confutes its dogmatic teaching on spiritual matters by showing that it applies a course of deductive reasoning to material or scientific issues which it derides when applied to theories of religion. The existence of the interplanetary æther is as much a matter of faith as the existence of heaven; they are equally intangible, and absolutely imperceptible; but Professor Clifford, a most advanced materialist, builds his theory of matter on this unrealizable and almost unimaginable foundation. Setting aside the question of miracle as unnecessary to the issue, and assuming that secularists will concede the historical fact of the existence of Jesus Christ, and the reliability of the teaching ascribed to Him in the Gospels, Mr. Potter proceeds to show from the nature of that teaching, and the influence that it has exercised on humanity in the development of truth and virtue, that it had its foundations in a higher plane of life than our earthly senses are cognizant of; that Jesus Christ came out of the unseen world to reveal to us the character and attributes of the Father, and to make men—as the Father would have them to be—good, and just, and true. Happily,

Digitized by Google

Mr. Potter belongs to a liberal church, and he is not afraid to say that we ought to exercise our intellect on such questions; and, if we are in earnest, cannot help doing so. He believes that we have no right to expect to find the writers of the Old Testament speaking any other language than that of the best-informed science of their own time; and, therefore, must expect to find their statements at variance with the science of our own day, just as ours will, doubtless, be found at variance with that of a future and more enlightened era. Mr. Potter goes so far towards meeting Mr. Higinbotham as to say that he would not be sorry to see the Thirty-nine Articles authoritatively withdrawn, and he winds up his discourse with an eloquent and noble appeal for the acceptance of the belief in universal salvation. The more he meditates upon the work and life of Jesus, the more ground he finds for clinging to Tennyson's splendid hope—

> "That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish in the void,
> When God has made the pile complete."

It is an apparent anomaly that in the same pages the writer can plead for the retention of the Church of England creeds, and specially desires to retain that one named after Athanasius, that so unequivocally threatens eternal damnation for non-acceptance of its incomprehensible doctrine.

As might naturally have been expected, it is from the ministers of the Presbyterian Church that Mr. Higinbotham has received the fiercest denunciation. The select body of divines who, according to the Westminster Confession of Faith, keep the keys of heaven, and have authority respectively to shut or open that kingdom "as occasion shall require," could hardly have any toleration for a man who, by proposing to do away with creeds and confessions, would deprive them of that fearful and responsible power. Men, who, by an entirely unwarranted decree of their own body, have invested themselves with the traditional prerogative of the Apostle Peter, could not, in the nature of things, display much modesty; and hence the vigour of their polemics is backed up by a warmth of admonition that seems to indicate a keen personal grievance. In their hot zeal they strike at large, careless upon whom the blows may fall, so that their feelings are relieved. It is noticeable that after exhausting their denunciatory vocabulary, when they seek a lower depth still, they refer to Mr. Higinbotham as a Unitarian; or, as

Digitized by Google

some of them, with a strange jumble of ideas, write it, a Socinian. Unitarianism has been graced by the saintly life of Dr. Channing, by the deep piety and profound learning of Dr. Martineau, by the poetry of Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, and by the writings and labours of hundreds whom the world would not willingly let die; and that this form of a pure Christian faith should be selected as the most opprobrious epithet by which an earnest and intelligent thinker could be *disgraced*, would seem to imply that the so-called Reformation has not been altogether successful in establishing its fundamental principle of the right and duty of private judgment.

The palm must be given to Mr. Campbell as the greater offender against the amenities of controversy. His position as Professor of Systematic Theology at Ormond College, whence the future pulpits of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria will probably be filled, necessitated his vindication of the doctrines which are there taught. He is not insensible of the difficulties of the position, but he is angry that any outsider should presume to call attention to it deprecatingly. He declares that his students have the best general training to fit them to explore "the dark realms of theology," and that some of its doctrines, particularly that of the Fall, though a dark, sad, mysterious tale, to be read with a child's heart or not at all, affords him unspeakable relief, and he would not let it go for worlds! He has been engaged with his class during the last term in "constructing the character of God, from the materials furnished by the Old Testament," and thus, having possession of the latest ideas on the subject, absolutely denies Mr. Higinbotham's inferential statement that the semi-savage Israelites attributed arbitrary dealing, capricious favour, and vengeful punishment to their idea of Deity. He even denies that, what he calls, these dismal and devilish attributes were ever thinkable, or at least were ever thought to belong to the God of heaven, and asks Mr. Higinbotham what right he has to make assumptions and draw inferences which stand in glaring contradiction to the facts. Now, surely the progressive improvement in the conception of God is one of the strongest arguments in favour of the lecturer's theory that man has risen in the scale of being, and not fallen. Mr. Campbell, fresh from the studies he has indicated, cannot but be sensible that the attributes ascribed to the Deity in the historical books of the Old Testament are absolutely repulsive to the thought of our day. The God who is "a consuming fire," who makes bargains with

Digitized by Google

the Israelites, who repeatedly proclaims His jealousy and dwells continuously on His wrath, who repents Him of His creative work, and who is persuaded by Moses against destroying the congregation, after declaring His intention of so doing, is surely *thought of* as arbitrary, capricious, and vengeful. Not to multiply instances, is not the notion of a Deity who unexpectedly drops in to dine with Abraham, and enjoys a feast of a tender calf with meal cakes and butter and milk, "wholly unthinkable" in the present day? It is, at any rate, wholly incompatible with our notions of the Father revealed to us so fully by Jesus Christ. Mr. Campbell is not strong on the scientific issues, and in regard to the antiquity of man he practically abandons the question by agreeing to throw in a few thousand years to harmonize geology and revelation. But he reserves his great strength for the wholesale denunciation of all and sundry who were instrumental in causing the lecture to be delivered. The Scots' Church and its officers, including, of course, its minister, whose hands the deliverance was primarily intended to strengthen, have been guilty of an insult to the Presbyterian community by suffering the banner of Unitarianism to be unfurled in their midst. They brought Mr. Higinbotham there to do their work, and he passively did it for them. And this is what Mr. Campbell, with the lecture before him, says was the work he was set to do:—

"It was to smite with the breath of his lips the Divine Christ. It was to discrown the glorious head of our Church in the presence of His people. It was to degrade Him from the majesty in the heavens whom God hath set far above all principality and power. It was to drag Him down to the level of erring men. That is what Mr. Higinbotham did—did, as far as a man whose breath is in his nostrils could do it. But no farther."

If this had been the object of the Scots' Church officers, or even if it had been the unlooked-for consequence of according Mr. Higinbotham liberty of speech in their church, there might have been some excuse for a theological professor stigmatizing the lecture as "a deed of shame," and "an outrage" in the bosom of a Christian church, and attributing its enthusiastic reception to the incapacity of the audience to understand it. It is pretty evident that the misunderstanding was in quite other quarters; and, with the printed deliverance before them, the laity generally are still unable to twist its meaning into conformity with Mr. Campbell's allegations. The simple fact is that Mr. Higinbotham dealt with his subject from the religious standpoint, and its bearing upon our

Digitized by Google

daily life; Mr. Campbell from its theological aspect, and its incompatibility with the complicated scheme of salvation adopted by his church.

Space will not permit of more than the briefest reference to the remainder of the clerical critics.

The learned and vigorous Dr. Nish, of Sandhurst, spread his voluminous reply over three weeks, but it is evident that the labours incidental to a large and prosperous congregation have occupied his time to the exclusion of modern inquiry, and he is content to rest on the science of the last generation, which, if accepted, serves his dialectical purposes very well. It is much to be regretted, however, that a man so naturally genial and popular as Dr. Nish should have been so grossly unfair as to refer to Mr. Higinbotham's feelings having been turned to gall and wormwood, and that the bitterness of his "scalding invective" was due to the opposition which the clergy had in past times offered to his education scheme. Nothing could be more unwarranted than the suggestion, except the language in which it is made.

The Rev. J. L. Rentoul is greatly disappointed with the lecture, and proceeds to demolish its conclusions with amazing vigour, and a good deal of strong language. Portions of the address he thinks breathe the spirit of the secularist lecturer rather than of a scholarly gentleman. Mr. Higinbotham is irrational and absurd; his accusations are untrue with regard to the occupants of the pulpits, and are due to his ignorance of the Presbyterian student's curriculum; he is dogmatic, yet when he gets on the border-land of science his footing gets unsteady and erratic, and he stumbles upon unsupported assertions and inaccuracies at every turn; his position is ridiculous and laughable; he is labouring to break down the Christian doctrine of sin and a fall, and it would please him, of course, to show that man began as a brutal savage, evolving up; and so on at great length. This terrible caricature of Mr. Higinbotham is supposed to be justified by discovering that his mind has been moulded by his favourite poet, and that his religious ideas are founded on the "base naturalism" of Pope. By a sweeping denial of all scientific hypotheses that are supposed to be at variance with revelation, Mr. Rentoul saves himself the trouble of argument, but he is great on authority. He refers to quite a list of eminent men, including Dukes and Lord Chancellors, who think differently to Mr. Higinbotham. Even Mr. Ruskin, and a gifted literary man in London who was once an extreme Socinian,

Digitized by Google

whatever that may mean, are now believers in the resurrection. It is not easy to see the exact bearing of this on the lecture, but if it means that the numerical majority should be taken as the test of truth, the inevitable result would be that we should all accept Buddhism.

The Rev. Samuel Robinson deals less in invective than his brethren, and is very much in earnest. His sermons are addressed more to the heart than the head, for he candidly admits that no one could present the doctrine of the Atonement, or that of Regeneration, so that it would satisfy the intellect alone. He thinks that the laity are quite competent to look after their own intellectual improvement, and that the printing press supplies them with better material for doing so than the pulpit can. But he maintains that in the culture of the intellect the faculty of spiritual apprehension is starved and slain. Hence the functions of the clergy are to deal with the emotional side of our nature, and to maintain in its entirety "the faith once delivered to the saints." He holds somewhat exceptional views on the subject of creeds, apparently considering that if they were relaxed the clergy would be so affected by their unwonted liberty as to outrage the feelings of their congregations by sudden changes of front.

"Creeds do not create bitterness," he says. "If none would sign a creed but those who believed it; if none, having signed, would so far forget their ordination vows as to preach or act contrary to their creed, there would be very little bitterness among Christians. Suppose creeds were cast into the waste basket to-day, would it add to your Christian feeling and brotherly love to have a preacher declare next Sabbath that the Christ of the Gospels had no existence but in the imagination of a few cunning or misguided men in the second century? and the next Sabbath to hear that the Scriptures were no more inspired than Shakespeare? or the next to have doubt cast upon the very being of God? . . . I trust there are none here prepared to expose themselves Sabbath after Sabbath to have their most sacred feelings outraged and their most hallowed beliefs laughed to scorn for the sake of giving their clergy a liberty which very few of them indeed desire. . . ."

Surely the most rabid secularist never even hinted at the probability of Presbyterian ministers behaving in this manner if their bonds were loosed! Enough has been said to show the character of the criticisms on the lecture without setting forth more samples. They are only distinguishable from each other by the "personal equation" of the writers, for they nearly all give the same denials, and leave untouched the underlying questions.

Mr. Higinbotham implies—what Mr. Matthew Arnold said ten or twelve years since—that there are two undeniable facts about the

Digitized by Google

Christian religion in the present day. One is that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it *as it is*. But the majority of our clergy will see no possibility of blemish in their formulary, and when we strive to amend it for ourselves in conformity with later lights, we are warned off as interlopers, and denounced as profane meddlers with things beyond our comprehension.

Now, let us see how far Mr. Higinbotham is justified in the allegation that the waning influence of the churches is due to the ministry being so trammelled by the limitations of their creeds as to be unable to meet the laity on a common platform, and to be forced to take up antagonistic and untenable positions in relation to the bearing of modern science on those creeds. We may take it for granted that the waning influence is an admitted fact, because, under the cognate description of "decay of faith," it forms the burden of much of the stock-preaching of the day, and is admitted by some of the ministers already quoted. Even those who, like the Rev. J. L. Abernethy, deny it, base their denial upon census returns, which merely indicate the number of church-goers, necessarily increasing with the growth of population. The point is that the bulk of the adult male laity are left uninfluenced, and this must, undoubtedly, be conceded. Anyone desiring to be satisfied on this point should peruse the admirable and exhaustive essay of Professor Mahaffy, on "The Decay of Modern Preaching," published in London last year.

Canon Farrar, so widely and favourably known as the author of "The Life of Christ," which has been reprinted in Melbourne, is a man of the highest standing in his church, and of unblemished orthodoxy; yet fifteen years ago he delivered, before a congregation of ministers, at Zion College, London, a lecture on the attitude of the clergy toward science, from which the following extracts will show with what infinite gentleness Mr. Higinbotham has stated his case:—

"It must, I fear, be admitted that neither now, nor at any period of the past, have the relations between science and clerical opinion been what they might be. By science we mean demonstrative knowledge respecting the laws and phenomena of the universe; by religion we mean established facts respecting the relation of God to man. To assert that one can be hostile to the other is to assert that the God of the universe can be an enemy to the God of the conscience . . . How can there be any hostility to religion in a body of truths whose acceptance is the *necessary* result of their apprehension? . . . Read the annals of science, and they will, I fear, furnish abundant evidence

Digitized by Google

that her children have often been calmer, wiser, greater, better men than the theologians who attacked them . . . But when I say that religion and science can never come into collision, I do not say the same of science and theology. For the name of theology is often usurped to signify a multitude of traditional dogmas which may be safely excluded from the conception of true religion. . . . While a self-styled theology was but infecting Scripture with its own fallibility, science was revealing God's grandeur in His works, was ever making man's mind more expansive and his life more full of joy. With no weapon, save the prerogative of reason, science has many a time torn up and scattered to the winds the dearest prejudices of divines, and reversed their most positive assertions. The path of science is strewn with the wrecks of their defeated dogmas, and covered with the *débris* of their causeless threats."

After an able sketch of the crimes against science of which theologians have been proved guilty, from the time of Roger Bacon down to the clamour of the clergy against the establishment of the Royal Society, he goes on to say :—

"But, you will say, 'these have been our sins in the past; we are not intolerant or persecutors now.' We are *impotent* now, but we often show ourselves just as angry. We have lost the power to persecute, but we still show the will to annoy. We do not brand with hot irons, but many of us sear men's lives with social stigmas. Be it observed, I am not now speaking of the truth or falsehood of certain opinions, but solely of the manner in which we still treat opinions hostile to our own. In this very generation we have seen exhibitions of theological intolerance as disgraceful in spirit as those of the Inquisition. . . . From pulpit and platform we have seen men of science held up in theological discourses to the hatred of an unreasoning mob. We have seen discovery after discovery treated at first as an insult to verbal inspiration, though afterwards it was unhesitatingly accepted. . . . On such propositions as that mankind originated in a single pair, and that only eight people were saved with Noah in the ark, propositions rejected by such an immense number of scientific men, I need give no opinion; but on the utter unwisdom of staking the whole credit of religion on the support of such hypothesis after the proved and utter fallibility of our scriptural interpretations in so many other matters, I say that it is most perilous. It demonstrates how little as a body we have yet learnt the very simple truth that science can be refuted by science only. . . . I say that we must deliberately abandon that disastrous doctrine of scripture infallibility in scientific matters—that degrading idolatry of the dead letter—that doctrine of 'verbal inspiration,' as it is called, which leads, as Bunsen says, to fetichism in worship, to untruth in philosophy, and to unreality in religious thought. It is a doctrine which may be refuted by the plainest and most cogent arguments—literary, moral, and historical. It is a doctrine which has been pregnant with deep disasters; it has been the barrier to science, the bane of ethics, and the curse of theology."

And these sentiments were received with approval, not by an "ignorant audience" in the Scots' Church, but by an influential gathering of ministers in *esse* and *posse*, and afterwards published under the editorship of the Dean of Canterbury. What a reception the learned Canon would have met with in Melbourne!

Digitized by Google

Of course, men who are sworn to uphold the doctrines embodied in the Westminster Confession of Faith are practically bound in the fetters of dogmas formulated more than two hundred years ago, and cannot admit the progress of knowledge during that period without risk of perjuring themselves. Some of the recent deliverances would seem to indicate that there are men living amongst us who hold that fearful creed in all its literal horror. We do not meet them in real life, and it is almost impossible to conceive how they go about their daily avocations with the belief that nine-tenths of their fellow creatures are foreordained to everlasting torment. Yet there are hundreds who nominally profess an adhesion to this creed who wear smiling faces, and give dinner parties, and marry, and bear the outward semblance of peace and happiness. It is a kindly saying, that no man is as bad as his creed; but think of the ghastly unreality that underlies the condition. A sincere believer in these dreadful dogmas could hardly choose but to pass his life in sackcloth and ashes, pouring out his soul in anguished prayers of intercession. No wonder that John Calvin, who believed in this form, impiously wrote—"God generally manages His disciples in such a manner, that, whithersoever they turn their views throughout the world, nothing but despair presents itself to them on every side." Surely this is an unthinkable Deity who contrives to such fearful ends.

Finally, it only remains to consider whether Mr. Higinbotham's proposal to abolish all creeds is practicable, or would accomplish the object he has in view. The objections to creeds are twofold. In the first place, by their fixity and generally claimed infallibility they deny to the science of religion the progress which all other science makes with increasing knowledge. In the second place, they invent a new sin, in ascribing guilt to those who cease to hold them.

It may be urged that in these days such liberal interpretations are put upon the meaning of creeds, and that they are subject to such glosses, that they hurt no man's conscience. In the broad bosom of the Anglican Church it has been found possible for such men as Colenso and Jowett to utterly demolish Biblical infallibility, for Maurice to discard eternal punishment, for Robertson to plan a scheme of redemption without an Infinite Atonement, and for such free-thinkers as Dr. Temple and Dean Stanley to find favour and preferment. But all this is done by making words bear all kinds of non-natural senses, and mean what they never have meant, and

Digitized by Google

never by any possibility could have meant. It was some sense of this that made Professor Maurice say—"It is a blessing that the faith of scientific men in the Bible has not wholly perished, when they see how small *our* faith is, and by what *tricks* we are sustaining it."

It is, indeed, very doubtful if a church could attain any organization or strength without the rallying power of a creed, but the points of union might be reduced to a minimum quantity, and their denunciatory conditions abandoned, along with all those lower platforms of thought about which Mr. Higinbotham believes the fiercest controversies to be raging.

The Church of the future—if, indeed, there will ever arise a church that shall embrace the vast majority of God's children on earth—can be no more Anglican or Presbyterian than it can be Roman Catholic or Unitarian. The outline of such a church was shadowed forth a quarter of a century since by William Lloyd Garrison, but it has not yet taken hold of humanity. He said—

"It must be universal, without creed or Shibboleth, asking no conformity, requiring no promise or pledges. All mankind must have freedom to join, and no one shall question their right to withdraw. It must lay claim to no infallibility. It must not pretend that joining is a religious duty, or that the fact of membership predicates piety. Its distinctive object must be practical righteousness; the discovery of truth, and its application to individuals and to communities; the acknowledgment of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, binding all together in a friendly and loving spirit."

Has Mr. Higinbotham any hope that in some remote future such a communion of the saints may exist, when the Thirty-nine Articles shall be forgotten, and the Westminster Confession a dimly-fearful memory, like the horrors of the Holy Inquisition?

HENRY G. TURNER.

Digitized by Google

A ROSEBUD FROM THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ.

(Continued from page 288.)

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

YET once again my Rose inspires
  Another dream—Behold me stand
Where beat the northern solar fires
  On mosque and fort by Jumna's strand.

Day sickens, and the silver moon,
  A Moslem crescent in the sky,
Pales in the grey of afternoon
  To see a fallen monarch die.

Close pris'ner in his palace proud,
  To him, sweet Moomtaz, once thy babe,
His father's gaoler now—how loud
  The curse that follows Aurungzebe.

And as he dies, the Emperor dreams
  A dream he dreamt in days before—
He sees another Taj that beams
Like ghostly pearl whose radiance streams
  From Jumna's moonlit shore.

Fair figment of his fertile brain,
  The "might-have-been" now all complete,
Linked by a fairy marble chain
  To "Taj-Mahal," the bitter-sweet.

He gazes from his window now
(The breeze of evening fans his brow)
  On "Taj-Mahal," the rare—
Brave offspring of his love and pride—
And on the "Taj" the other side
  Of Jumna seems to bear.

Digitized by Google

His palaces and forts are naught,
The dream of dynasty is o'er,
The last of all his battles fought;
The son whose fame was all he sought
Shall prison him no more.

And here, neglected and alone,
His couch against the window-seat,
He looks on "Taj-Mahal," the sweet,
And dies without a moan.

* * * *

Then I, who dreamt about the dream,
I dreamt again, and either shore
A glorious tomb of marble bore,
And where no bridge was seen before
The marble arches gleam.

And midway 'tween the temples fair
High on the bridge—behold yon pair
In vales like Himalayan snow
Reflected in the tide below,
Beyond the ghâts so bare.

They gently glide and slowly meet,
Soundless the bridegroom's coming feet,
And soundless o'er the silver tide
That murmurs slowly, soft, and sweet,
The footsteps of the bride.

He clasps her in a long embrace,
And folds her silent in his arms;
The lamp of Love illumes his face,
Which she, all gentleness and grace,
Reflects with all her charms.

* * * *

A peal of thunder!—peacocks scream—
An owlet hoots—the jackals cry—
Cocks crow untimely—lightnings gleam—
Dissolves the dream about the dream—
One "Taj" but meets the eye.

Digitized by Google

And as I view each bank and ridge
Whereon the vivid flashes play,
Y'vanish'd is the ghostly bridge,
And prince and princess fade away.

Nor bridge need'st thou, brave Shahjehan!
Nor snowy arch yon stream to span;
No sister-Taj repeated there
Within another garden fair.

'Tis well! What Fate denied to Pride
Is giv'n to Love. Lo! side by side
The husband and the wife—
He sought again his blooming bride—
He sought her far—he sought her wide—
They met in Love's own life.

For what we sons of earth call death,
Is oft the gate of life to those
Who but resign a fleeting breath
To enter on a long repose.

What sweeter fate than here to lie
Inurned where sacred Jumna flows
Past the pure dome of majesty
That crowns the garden of the Rose.

* * * *

I wake—The thunders roar and crash,
The rain descends—one steady pour—
About my couch the lightnings flash—
I see my Rosebud on the floor.

One instant, and 'tis mine again,
Laid in my bosom as I lie
And listen to the hissing rain,
And watch the wild, electric chain
Of zigzagged fires that fly.

Digitized by Google

Or day or night,—or storm, or calm,
O, Rose of mine! we travel fast.
Joy crowns my brow—since mine the balm
The poet promised in the past.

And as we near the Orient shore
Methinks my dream drinks in the sun,
And all the beauties that it wore
Grow fairer, lovelier, one by one.

* * * *

Like floating cloud I drift, I fleet
(But shadowless) across a plain,
Where glimmering in the noonday heat
A village roofs o'ertop the grain.

And where a loop of dusty road
Winds snakelike on 'tween clumps of trees,
And rustling cane whose breathings bode
The north wind in their reveries,

I hear a sound of spur and hoof,
The creaking of a water-wheel,
Above a well with ruin'd roof
Through which the searching sunbeams steal.

But all beyond is dead and still;
I fly and skim the dusky grass,
I skirt a valley, cross a hill—
A change of scene now comes to pass.

A distant town, with fort and wall,
With arching gates and domes and tow'rs—
But first, where pepul shadows fall,
Some English graves 'mid Eastern flow'rs.

And here I halt, where all is cool,
The marble cross, the fragrant grass;
E'en death itself seems beautiful
As 'tween the emerald mounds I pass.

Digitized by Google

Here, where the wild Seringas bloom
'Mid the pale Roses as they shed
Their mingled petals o'er a tomb,
I find at length the long-mourn'd dead.

Her gentle name—when she had passed,
I see it all recorded here,
And then some Persian lines at last,
Half hid by drifted rose-leaves sere.

A husband's tender griefs o'erflow
In verse his lost one loved to know
That Hafiz sang—"Restore my Rose."
The words that every couplet close,
"Restore"—"Restore my Rose."

And as the Persian pray'r I read
Deep carven o'er that lady's head,
Methought the Rose fell from my breast
Whereto I long had held it pressed
And all its petals scattering shed
Upon her place of rest.

A mist crept o'er the tear-dimmed scene,
I saw no more the churchyard green
The wallëd town beyond;
No more the crescent's blazing sheen,
No more the gate Allah-o-deen,
Or water-wheel or pond.

Proud Delhi all dissolves in air,
Her domes and pinnacles retire,
Her walls and gates of beauty rare,
Instinct with sunset fire.

I turn, I wake; and on the floor
Behold thy scattered leaves, O Rose.
'Tis morning's ruddy beam that glows,
And warmly through the curtain flows,
And all my dreams are o'er.

* * * *

Digitized by Google

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

A long farewell—Bright Eastern dream
  Of pomp and splendour. Never more
May I behold blue Jumna's stream,
Whereon the mirror'd minars' gleam
  Sweep rippling past the shore.

Nor yet in silence and alone,
  Myself unseen of all the van
Of those before the Peacock-Throne,
  Gaze on the face of Shahjehan.

No more I pass within the wall,
  Moomtaz! that hems thy garden in,
Forbidden ground—to Taj-Mahal
  No entrance can the Rose-less win.

And never in the holy gloom
  That rests upon thy "marble hearse,"
Or on thy consort's lowlier tomb,
  Count pearls of praise in Persian verse.

And never 'neath the deathless blue
  Outspread above the palm and pine,
Dream I—Oh! Urjumund-Banoo!—
  Of all that makes thy name divine.

* * * *

I garnered all the Rose-leaves in,
The stem so withered, dry and thin,
And just ere midnight came I made
(Some impulse shook me—I obeyed)
  A tiny funereal pyre.

I built it up of sandalwood
  And fragrant cedar; and thereon,
While sadly lighting it, I strewed
  The pallid Rose-leaves one by one.

Digitized by Google

Upcurled a snowy incense-cloud,
Slow with a softly breathing sound,
And as above the flame I bowed,
With quickened beat and wild and loud,
My heart began to bound.

For o'er the cloud a face appeared
Uprising from an opening Rose,
In bloom of youth, not strange nor weird,
That long-lost one, whose husband's woes
I read in Hafiz's plaintive verse,
Whose burden still the skies rehearse—
"Restore—Restore my Rose."

"Sweets to the Sweet"—I now restore
Unto the gentle, gracious shade
The flower she in her bosom bore,
How many long dead years before?
A lovely bride arrayed.

* * * *

She looked, and joy was in her eyes,
That spake of calm and sweet repose,
As, smiling on my sacrifice,
Whose flickering flame expiring sighs,
She vanished with the Rose.

* * * *

G. G. M'CRAE.

Digitized by Google

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

MR. A. P. SINNETT, the author of the work, "Esoteric Buddhism," which is the subject-matter of this article, was until recently editor of *The Pioneer*, a newspaper published at Allahabad. This newspaper is a vehicle for writings of Indian officials, of high standing in services, chary in contributing to the press; and it is well understood in India that *The Pioneer* derives prestige, and a large circulation in India, England, and elsewhere, because it is thought to have access to information much sought for by other journals. Therefore Mr. Sinnett has at least the claim to have his work attentively considered, which must be granted to a man of the capacity and means of observation inseparable from the editing of a great newspaper. I make this explanation on account of the extraordinary character of his book, and I must confess that I have in view rather to narrate the circumstances which brought about its production than to criticise it; for it is indeed an exposition of a philosophy which begot all other philosophies.

Mr. Sinnett in his preface says:—

> "European philosophy, whether concerned with religion or pure metaphysics, has so long been used to a sense of insecurity in speculations outrunning the limits of physical experiment, that absolute truth about spiritual things is hardly recognized any longer by prudent thinkers as a reasonable object of pursuit; but different habits of thought have been acquired in Asia. The secret doctrine which, to a considerable extent, I am now enabled to expound, is regarded not only by all its adherents, but by vast numbers who have never expected to know more of it than that such a doctrine exists, as a mine of entirely trustworthy knowledge, from which all religions and philosophies have derived whatever they possess of truth, and with which every religion must coincide if it claims to be a mode of expression for truth."

This is a bold claim. The present article is intended to show how the claim arose, and on what it rests. Mr. Sinnett is one of some able men attracted to a society known as the "Theosophical Society," which obtained for Mr. Sinnett the means he has used for his work; and I do not digress, but proceed to show the origin and progress of the Theosophical Society.

This society was organized at New York in 1875. Its president was, and is, Colonel H. S. Olcott, of the United States Army,

Digitized by Google

who was attached to the war department from 1862 to 1865, from which he retired with acknowledgments of a highly distinguished service. With Colonel Olcott was associated, as a founder of the society, Madame Helen P. Blavatsky, a Russian lady, widow of a councillor of state and ex vice-governor of the province of Erivan in the Caucasus, and daughter of Colonel Pierre Von Hahn, and granddaughter of the Princess Dolgorouky, of the elder princely line. The object of the society is to obtain knowledge of all the laws of nature, covering the whole range of natural phenomena, and everything that concerns man and his environment. The inaugural address of the president was delivered 17th November, 1875. Comparing the society with the Neo-Platonists and Theurgists of ancient Alexandria, the fire philosophers of the middle ages, and the ancient and modern Spiritualists, and finding no exact parallel, the founder said: "We are neither of these, but simply investigators of earnest purpose and unbiassed minds, who study all things, prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. We seek, inquire, reject nothing without proof; we are students, not teachers; we desire to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, or colour."

In course of these endeavours it became apparent to the founders that they must go to India. There, they ascertained, is the source of human knowledge, and the repository of much unknown to Western science which is of the last importance for it to know. During the first three years of the life of the society, Colonel Olcott being engaged in inquiries consonant with his purpose, came in contact with a body of men, potent, mysterious, to a degree beyond the habit of Western thought to contemplate out of the limits of imagination and fiction. I will not at this point of my writing say more of "The Mahatmas," under whose directions, and from whose impressments "Esoteric Buddhism," the work I am reviewing, was produced, than that it was by their advice, permission, and command, that the head-quarters of the Theosophical Society removed from New York to India, where the founders have been since February, 1879, and where it is their avowed purpose to live and die to secure the objects of their society.

Progress has been so far achieved, that in France, Holland, the West Indies, Java, Ceylon, the Bombay Presidency, the Deccan, Southern India, Gujerat, Kathiawar, Rajputana, the Punjab, N.W. Provinces of India, Oudh, Bengal, Australia, United States

Digitized by Google

of America there are now fifty-six branches of the Theosophical Society, chartered since the arrival of the founders in India, on 17th February, 1879, and up to 10th January, 1883, each being a separate society, but all having common objects; and there are upwards of 50,000 members of all castes, creeds, and colours pledged to brotherhood, and a desire to discover truth, and abide in its light. The society has no religion; admitting there is good in all religions, and holding that what is not good and true in each religion ought to be got rid of, since there is no religion higher than truth. Embracing, as it does, men of the highest culture—European and Asiatic—the movement proceeds rapidly, fearlessly; standing altogether aloof from politics, which it will not discuss or meddle with at all, and refraining from religious polemics, except when attacked. In India, to a degree very remarkable to persons whose career in life has obliged them to watch carefully for social changes, where change is so rare, caste, hitherto for centuries inert and unsympathetic, has permitted advances and responded beyond what was expected, or even hoped for within a much longer period than the few years the society has been at work. Notably, Colonel Olcott was admitted to the inner court of an ancient Hindoo temple at Tinnevelly, where he, and a committee of Buddhists of Ceylon, amid the deafening plaudits of 5,000 high-caste Hindoos, planted a king cocoanut tree, ancient emblem of peace and respect, and that within the temple enclosure, where no profane foot had trod before. To foreign readers it must be told that such an occurrence is unknown in the history of caste. The Brahmins said —"The like has not been seen in India for two thousand years!"

I hope now to have shown sufficiently the constitution and intent of the Theosophical Society, and I will state how the book "Esoteric Buddhism" originated from "The Mahatmas," who stand behind the Theosophical Society, influencing and directing its essential designs. These "great souls," for that is what the Sanscrit word Mahatma means, are recluses, rarely, very rarely, leaving their retreats, which are, many of them, in the Himavât, in Tibet, in the hills of Southern India. But there are members of the brotherhood in other countries. Colonel Olcott knows fifteen of them, being Copts, Tibetans, Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, a Hungarian, and a Cypriote. Whatever may be their nationality, however much they may differ externally as to race, religion, and caste, they are in perfect agreement as to the fundamentals of occult science, and as to the scientific basis of religion. They claim for

Digitized by Google

their brotherhood an existence extending over many thousand years, during which they have worked always with the utmost scientific precision, their observations having extended over vast numbers of phenomena, which they have generalized, apprehended, and so deduced natural law and truth. Having mastered principles, and perceived truth, they have been called Adepts, their achievement being the result of natural aptitude developed and perfected by the practice of *Yoga*, which is a Sanscrit noun derived from the radical *Yuz*, to join; Yoga being the steady application and direction of the mind towards the universal soul. The Bhagavat Gita states that the Yoga doctrine places an Independent and Infinite Deity above all existence, and finds the true means of obtaining everlasting bliss in the most profound and abstract contemplation of the nature of the Infinite. Baron William Von Humboldt, in his essay on the Bhagavat Gita, says:—"This Yoga doctrine has essentially a moral tendency, in so far as it is founded on the subduing of the passions and on the renouncing of selfishness in action, and constantly inculcates the necessity of preventing sensual emotion, establishing the sovereignty of knowledge, and directing the mind towards the Godhead." The principles which govern the Adepts may be summarized thus:—(1.) Perfect abstinence from spirituous liquor. (2.) Perfectly pure and chaste life. (3.) Truth, justice, and honesty in word and deed. (4.) Absence of pride, hate, malice, envy, anger, greed, and craving for worldly advantage. (5.) Subordination of self to others to be done as a pleasure. (6.) A thorough realization of the empty and transitory character of all earthly things, and concentration of all desires on the unseen and imperishable, and on the attainment of that higher knowledge which leads to these. Granted a nature capable of a rigid adherence to those rules, then the person abiding by them may become a "Mahatma," and acquire control over forces of nature which ordinary science knows nothing about; and so an Adept can converse with another Adept, whatever intervals on the earth's surface may be between them.

This psychological telegraphy is wholly independent of all mechanical conditions and appliances whatever. Nor is this all that an Adept can do. Claiming, as he does, to work naturally, and by knowledge of the laws of nature—utterly scouting the very notion of a miracle, which he says is impossible—having immense natural means at his command, his powers are transcendental; he can do almost anything he wills to do. He acts on established

Digitized by Google

mechanical principles. Action and reaction are equal; therefore every impression made by words or movements upon the ether, air, water, or earth will produce a series of endless changes. A spoken word must cause waves of air, expanding everywhere, till they have affected all the atmosphere of the globe, and beyond it too. So also in case of disturbed water; and the earth, too, preserves every impression made upon it. The path and traces of such pulsations and impressions are definite, and subject to mathematical law. But it needs very superior power of analysis to follow and discern such sounds, traces, and impressions. Nevertheless, as all this is due to physical laws, it is not too much to suppose that this must be within the reach of human beings. The *Yog Vidya*, the science of *Yog*, has always taught India that all men have these powers, mostly latent, within them; and within the last five years there has been much evidence to prove that Mahatmas alive, and not altogether personally unknown in India, can do all that I am indicating, aye, and more.

It will be seen from the book under consideration, that the real constitution of man is hardly at all understood by Europeans; that it is possible for Adepts, knowing how, as they do, to eliminate what is without precision and unintelligently spoken of by Englishmen as the soul, from the envelope of flesh which contains it; and that then they can instantaneously penetrate greatly into the cosmos, and discern everything, even to the infinitesimal parts of creation. So, speaking of the Mahatmas, who guide Mr. Sinnett and the society he belongs to, he says, in "The Occult World," a work which preceded "Esoteric Buddhism":—

"The clairvoyant faculties of the Adept are so perfect and complete that they amount to a species of omniscience as regards mundane affairs. The body is the prison of the soul for ordinary mortals. We can see merely what comes before its windows, we can take cognizance of all that is brought within its bars; but the Adept has found the key of his prison, and can emerge from it at pleasure. It is no longer a prison for him—merely a dwelling. In other words, the Adept can project his soul out of his body to any place he pleases with the rapidity of thought."

Further, Mr. Sinnett continues:—

"As an incidental discovery it will be observed the Adept has thus ascertained beyond all shadow of doubt that he really has got a soul. A comparison of myths has sometimes been called the science of religion. If there really can be a science, it must necessarily be occultism. On the surface, perhaps, it may not be obvious that religious truth must necessarily open out more completely to the soul, as temporarily loosened from the body, than to the soul as taking cognizance of ideas through the medium of the physical senses.

Digitized by Google

But to ascend to the realm of immateriality, where cognition becomes a process of pure perception, while the intellectual faculties are in full play and centred in the immaterial man, must manifestly be conducive to an enlarged comprehension of religious truth."

Having arrived at this point, proof should follow that the "Mahatmas" have really the powers asserted of them. I have available voluminous evidence, which, if it were produced in a court of law, subject to the laws of evidence, would prove the existence of the "Mahatmas" and the powers they are said to have. But the space available for this article will not permit me even to brief my case. I reluctantly confine myself to stating, that they are known by persons in India, Europeans of rank, and others, whose affirmations on the subject are conclusive. Anyone seeking for evidence concerning "The Brothers" and marvellous phenomena exhibited by them, may obtain a copious literature on the subject published at Calcutta; and, here, I wrote in the *Leader* of the 13th and 20th January of this year a paper dealing with the matter, headed "Modern Miracles."

I gather, from what I have read of the Mahatmas, that notwithstanding the enormous power and knowledge they claim to have, they are but men who have developed largely the higher principles of their human condition. I emphasize this, because a mind suddenly called to consider these personages, and their alleged achievements has to guard against an inclination to assume that such men, and such powers, must be supernatural—such as might be conceived of as resting with God alone. This predisposition might often result from Christian surroundings and education; and for some minds, dominated by habit and faith, even to think seriously concerning the existence of such a being as a Mahatma would be held to be blasphemous.

Here is, perhaps, the proper place to explain, that the Mahatmas, in making the disclosures they have permitted to be published during the past two years, are acting tentatively; because, as they assert, their long experience of human nature has taught them that the mass of mankind are not only unprepared to receive knowledge derived from Spirituality, but have not even enough morality and appreciation of what is real and good to suffice for the needs of the average human condition as it is at present. So they have said plainly to the few persons they have approached, that their communications are meant for the recipient minds which may welcome them; and that, if they thought their teaching, and the

Digitized by Google

phenomena by which they have a few times reluctantly supported it, were likely to attract the attention of the mass of mankind, they would not have made any disclosures at all. They state that they were influenced to do so principally because the world has arrived at the first stage of disenthralment of spirit from matter. This will be noticed again in referring to Mr. Sinnett's book. At present I hope to have written enough about the Mahatmas, their powers and objects, to permit of my passing on to an explanatory review of "Esoteric Buddhism," a book which, I have said, is beyond me to criticise.

The first chapter contains the sort of exposition I have just made. But I will quote one paragraph Mr. Sinnett wrote of the Mahatmas:—

"The development of these spiritual faculties, whose culture has to do with the highest objects of the occult life, gives rise, as it progresses, to a great deal of incidental knowledge, having to do with the physical laws of nature, not yet generally understood. This knowledge, and the practical art of manipulating certain obscure forces of nature, which it brings in its train, invests an Adept, and even an Adept's pupils, at a comparatively early stage of their education, with very extraordinary powers, the application of which to matters of daily life will sometimes produce results that seem altogether miraculous; and, from the ordinary point of view, the acquisition of apparently miraculous power is such a stupendous achievement that people are sometimes apt to fancy the Adept's object in seeking the knowledge he attains has been to invest himself with these coveted powers. It would be as reasonable to say of any great patriot of military history that his object in becoming a soldier had been to wear a gay uniform, and impress the imagination of the nursemaids."

The second chapter is headed "The Constitution of Man." It is trite to say that a man is composite. But the philosophy the Mahatmas teach states the complexity to a degree far beyond anything known to, or observed by, modern chemistry, and the sciences. It does so reasonably, scientifically. Taking the system of Aristotle to represent the inductive methods employed in Europe since Bacon for the investigation of phenomena, and that of Plato as representative of deductive methods; it must be observed that Eastern philosophers observe and teach very much by means of the latter system. They no more disregard the necessity of proof than is the case in the West; but the East provides its proof differently. It enables the student to search nature for himself, and verifies its teachings in those regions which Western philosophy can only invade by speculation and argument. In the East it is said:—"So and so is the fact; here is the key of knowledge—now go and see

Digitized by Google

for yourself." The teaching carries its authority with it. A consequence of this method is reasoning from generals to particulars, which has been discarded in the West for good reasons, as being incompatible with the direction of intellectual development. But Plato wrote in fetters. He was an initiate. So were Pythagoras and St. Paul. They wrote mystically, to preserve the secrets of the brotherhood.

Mr. Sinnett continues:—

"The higher principles of the series which go to constitute man are not fully developed in the mankind with which we are as yet familiar. But a complete or perfect man would be resolvable into the following elements. To facilitate the application of these principles to ordinary and esoteric Buddhist writings, the Sanscrit names of their principles are given, as well as suitable terms in English.

1. The Body	*Rupa.*
2. Vitality	*Prana or Jiva.*
3. Astral Body	*Linga Sharira.*
4. Animal Soul	*Kama Rupa.*
5. Human Soul	*Manas.*
6. Spiritual Soul	*Buddhi.*
7. Spirit	*Atma.*

"Directly conceptions so transcendental as some of those included in this analysis are set forth in a tabular statement, they seem to incur certain degradation, against which, in endeavouring to realize clearly what is meant, we must be ever on our guard. Certainly it would be impossible for even the most skilful professor of occult science to exhibit each of these principles separate and distinct from the others, as the physical elements of a compound body can be separated by analysis and preserved independently of each other. The elements of a physical body are all in the same plane of materiality, but the elements of man are on very different planes. The finest gases of which the body may to some extent be chemically composed are still on one scale at all events, on nearly the lowest level of materiality. The second principle, which by its union with gross matter changes it from what we generally call inorganic, or what might more properly be called inert, into living matter, is at once a something different from the first example of matter at its lowest state. Is the second principle, then, anything that we can call matter at all? The question lands us, at the very outset of this inquiry, in the middle of the subtle metaphysical discussion as to whether force and matter are different or identical. Enough for the moment to state that occult science regards them as identical and that it contemplates no principle in nature as wholly immaterial. In this way, though no conceptions of the universe, of man's destiny, or of nature generally, are more spiritual than those of occult science, that science is wholly free from the logical error of attributing material results to immaterial causes. The esoteric doctrine is thus really the missing link between materialism and spirituality.

"The clue to the mystery involved lies, of course, in the fact, directly cognizable by occult experts, that matter exists in other states besides those which are cognizable by the five senses."

Digitized by Google

One of the best Brahman occultists of India states, that his science knows that matter and spirit are one—that they are aspects of "the One Reality;" that life, being an emanation of the One, pervades all things; that a difference between inorganic and organic matter is, that in the former life is passive, in the latter active.

Of the seven principles it must be explained that the three first of them die when the body dies; that the fourth and fifth, constituting the soul, endure for a time after death; and that the sixth and seventh, being purely spiritual, are immortal.

The second principle (*Jiva*, vitality) is described by occultists as being a form of force, indestructible, which, when disconnected with one set of atoms, is attracted immediately by others.

Now, I have before me an able scientific paper by Dr. Leopold Salzer, concerning the observations of Dr. Yaeger, of Stuttgart, regarding the important part odorant matter plays in living organisms, especially in animals. On this subject, also, Salzer quotes Dr. Carpenter, Humboldt, and other European names of great scientific weight. Salzer concludes a masterly inquiry as to whether the description and existence of *Jiva*, the second principle of occultists, can be verified and accepted according to modern scientific experiment, by stating—

"By the aid of Professor Yaeger's theory this difficulty can be explained in a most satisfactory way. The seat of the vital principle, according to Yaeger's theory, is not the protoplasm, but the odorant matter imbedded in it. And such being the case, the vital principle, as far as it can be reached by the breaking up of its animated protoplasm, is really indestructible. You destroy the protoplasm by burning it, by treating it with sulphuric acid, or any other decomposing agent. The odoriferous substances, far from being decomposed, become only so much the more manifest; they escape the moment protoplasmic destruction or decomposition begins, carrying along with themselves the vital principle, or what has been acting as such in the protoplasm. And, as they are volatile, they must soon meet with other protoplasma congenial to their nature, and set up there the same kind of vital activity as they have done in their former habitat. They are, as the occultists rightly teach, indestructible, and when disconnected with one set of atoms they immediately become attracted by others.

"The third principle—the Astral body or Linga Sharira—is an ethereal duplicate of the physical body, its original design. It guides *Jiva* in its work on the physical particles, and causes it to build up."

The third principle—the Astral body, or Linga Sharira—is an ethereal duplicate of the physical body, its original design. It guides *Jiva* in its work on the physical particles, and causes it to build up the shape which these assume. Vitalized itself by the higher principles, its unity is only preserved by the union of the

Digitized by Google

whole group. At death it is disembodied for a brief period, and after some abnormal conditions, may even be temporarily visible to the external sight of still living persons. It may then be taken for the ghost of the departed person. Spectral apparitions may sometimes be caused otherwise. But the third principle, when *that* results in a visible phenomenon, is a mere aggregation of molecules having no life or consciousness. Broadly speaking, the Linga Sharira never leaves the body except at death, nor migrates far from the body then. But in some very peculiar cases of spiritualistic mediumship it may for a short time exude from the body, and be visible near it. In such cases the medium is in danger of losing his life. Disturbance of the conditions under which the Linga Sharira was set free might impede its return. The second principle would then cease to vitalize the physical body as an unity, and death would ensue.

The fourth principle—the *Kama Rupa*, often translated "body of desire"—is the animal soul, the highest *developed* principle of the brute creation, susceptible of evolution into something far higher by its union with the growing fifth principle in man. But still it is the animal soul, which man is by no means yet without, the seat of all animal desires, and a potent force in the human body as well, pressing upwards, so to speak, as well as downwards, and capable of influencing the fifth principle for practical purposes, and of being influenced by the fifth for its own control and improvement. It is this principle which the Mahatma expresses from his body by an effort of will when he desires to penetrate the cosmos; and by also taking with him his "Manas," or fifth principle, or part of it, he can not only appear away from his body of flesh, leaving it vitalized by the second and third principles, but he can converse with other persons and entities with whom he may be *en rapport*.

The fifth principle—the human soul, or *Manas*—is the seat of memory and reason. Well it has been said, the mind is the chariot of the soul. But even this principle is but imperfectly developed in the majority of mankind, who are in some respects hardly responsible beings.

Since the fifth principle is not yet fully developed, Mr. Sinnett says:—

"It goes without saying that the sixth is still in embryo. This idea has been variously indicated in recent forecasts of the great doctrine. Sometimes it has been said we do not truly possess any sixth principle, we merely have germs of it. It has also been said the sixth principle is not in us—it hovers over us, it is something that the highest aspirations of our nature must work up

Digitized by Google

towards. But it is also said, all things—not man alone, but every animal, plant, and mineral—have their seven principles, and the highest principle of all—the seventh itself—vitalizes that continuous thread of life which runs all through evolution, uniting into a definite succession the almost innumerable incarnations of that one life which constitute a complete series. We must imbibe all these various conceptions, and weld them together, or extract their essence, to learn the doctrine of the sixth principle. Following the order of ideas which just now suggested the application of the term animal soul to the fourth principle, and human soul to the fifth, the sixth may be called the spiritual soul of man, and the seventh, therefore, The Spirit itself.

"The finer principles themselves even are material and molecular in their constitution, though composed of a higher order of matter than the physical sense can take note of. So they are separable, and the sixth principle itself can be imagined as divorcing itself from its lower neighbour. But in that state of separation, and at this stage of man's development it could simply re-incarnate itself in such an emergency, and grow a new fifth principle by contact with a human organism; in such a case the fifth principle would lean upon and become one with the fourth, and be proportionately degraded. And yet this fifth principle, which cannot stand alone, is the personality of the man, and its cream, in union with the sixth, his continuous individuality through successive lives."

Concerning the matter of re-incarnation. Premising that the higher Buddhism does not teach metempsychosis—since it holds that nature, though she may sometimes appear to fail in her designs, never goes back in her work, and that, therefore, a spiritual monad which has once associated with the human economy never again animates any lower form of life—I have now to deal with arrangements by which the spiritual monads progress through many incarnations towards their goal, "*Nirwana*."

Of "*Nirwana*" it would be misleading to say a single word touching its etymology; to dissect it into the Sanscrit roots from which it is formed would be simply useless. I must quote from "Esoteric Buddhism" as follows:—

"All that words can convey is that Nirwana is a sublime state of conscious rest in Omniscience. It would be ludicrous, after all that has gone before, to turn to the various discussions which have been carried on by students of esoteric Buddhism as to whether Nirwana does, or does not, mean annihilation. Worldly similes fall short of indicating the feeling with which the graduates of esoteric science regard such a factor. Does the last penalty of the law mean the highest honour of the peerage? Is a wooden spoon the emblem of the most illustrious pre-eminence in learning? Such questions as these but faintly symbolize the extravagance of the question whether Nirwana is held by Buddhism to be equivalent to annihilation."

I had to mention Nirwana at this point of my explanations because the spiritual monads originated there, and I proceed to sketch the course of their vast evolution back again to Nirwana.

Digitized by Google

Here I must remark that, though Adepts are aware of the whence and whither of the evolution, they know, I presume to pronounce, nought of the Great First Cause and the mystery WHY it was set going.

The evolution of which human progress is a part, is of seven kingdoms, or modes of spirit and matter—which are in their highest aspect one—through seven planets. The seven kingdoms consist of three unknown to Western science, and of the systems known as mineral, vegetable, animal, human. The planets, or worlds through which they have their course, are—two, invisible by telescope or eye, but still having place in space and an attenuated materiality; Mars, the Earth, Mercury, and two other worlds not known to Western science. These seven worlds, in the order in which I have placed them, constitute the planetary chain in which humanity has its evolution; and, separated as the planets are in regard to the gross mechanical matter of which they consist, they are still closely and intimately bound together by subtle currents and forces, whose existence, I notice, Western science begins to discern. The existence of some connection—of force or ethereal media—uniting all visible celestial bodies is proved by the mere fact that they are visible. Light must have a vehicle for its undulations, which could not operate *in vacuo*. It is along these subtle currents that the life elements pass from world to world. They are known of by occultists as "*akas*," the Sanscrit word for "sky," and it is by a knowledge of the properties of this most subtle and potent element, and how to use it, that Adepts convey themselves, in the "Myavi Rupa," instantaneously through space, conveying with them letters, clothes, and other gross aggregations of matter, which, by an effort of will, they disintegrate into their ultimate or akasic atoms, pass them through the currents of "akas," and again re-integrate to the form of their original gross aggregation.

Mr. Sinnett describes the progress of the tide of life through the seven worlds as follows:—

"Thus is evolution accomplished, as regards its essential impulse, by a *spiral progress* through the seven worlds. The tide of life—the wave of existence, the spiritual impulse, call it by what name we please—passes from planet to planet by dashes or gushes, not by an even, continuous flow. For the momentary purpose of illustrating this idea, the process may be compared to the filling of a series of holes or tubs sunk in the ground, such as may sometimes be seen at the mouths of feeble springs, and connected with each other by little surface channels. The stream from the springs as it flows is gathered up entirely by the first hole or tub A, and it is only when this

Digitized by Google

is quite full that the continual in-pouring of water from the spring causes that which it already contains to overflow into tub B. This in turn fills and overflows along the channel which leads to C, and so on. Now, though, of course, a clumsy analogy of this kind will not carry us very far, it precisely illustrates the evolution of life in a chain of worlds like that we are attached to, and indeed the evolution of the worlds themselves. For the process which goes on does not involve the pre-existence of a chain of globes, which nature proceeds to stock with life; but it is one in which the evolution of each globe is the result of previous evolutions, and the consequence of certain impulses thrown off from its predecessors in the superabundance of their development. Now it is necessary to deal with this characteristic of the process to be described. But, directly we begin to deal with it, we have to go back in imagination to a period in the development of our system very far antecedent to that which is specially our object at present—the evolution of man. And, manifestly, as soon as we begin talking of the beginnings of worlds, we are dealing with phenomena which can have had very little to do with *life*, as we understand it, and, therefore, it may be supposed, nothing to do with life impulses. But let us go back by degrees. Behind the human harvest of the life impulse there lay the harvest of mere animal forms, as every one realizes; behind that, the harvest of growths of mere vegetable forms—for some of these undoubtedly preceded the appearance of the earliest animal life on the planet. Then, before the vegetable organizations, there were mineral organizations—for even a mineral is a product of nature from something behind it, as every imaginable manifestation of nature must be; until, in a vast series of manifestations, the mind travels back to the unmanifested beginning of all things."

The course of evolution in its earlier stages is so far continuous that the preparation of several planets for the final tidal wave of humanity may be going on simultaneously. Indeed, the preparation of all the seven planets may at one stage of the proceedings be going on simultaneously. But the important point to remember is, that the main wave of evolution—the foremost growing wave—cannot be in more than one place at a time. This is a description of the process. Make a diagram consisting of seven circles (representing the worlds) arranged in a ring. Call them A, B, C, D, E, F, G. Then D stands for our earth. Then kingdom 1 being, as I have said, of astral and elementary condition, evolves on globe A, and passes on to B, as kingdom 2, also elementary, begins to evolve on A. Carry out this system, and of course it will follow that kingdom 1 is evolving on globe G while kingdom 7, the human kingdom, is evolving on globe A. But what happens as kingdom 7 passes on to globe B? There is no eighth kingdom to engage the activities of globe A. The great processes of evolution have culminated in the final tide wave of humanity, which, as it sweeps on, leaves a temporary lethargy of nature behind. When the life wave goes on to B, in fact, globe A passes for the time into a state of obscuration. This is not decay, or death, or

Digitized by Google

dissolution; it is rather a state of rest or sleep. Animal or vegetable life goes on as before, but recedes rather than advances, and the animal and vegetable kingdoms gradually return to the condition in which they were when the great life wave first reached them. Enormous periods of time are available for this slow process by which the obscured world settles into sleep; for it will be seen that obscuration in each case lasts six times as long as the period of each world's occupation by the human life wave. The process thus accomplished and described in connection with the passage of the life wave from globe A to B is repeated all along the chain. When the wave passes to C, B is left in obscuration as well as A; then D receives the life wave, and A, B, C are in obscuration. When the wave reaches G, all the preceding six worlds are in obscuration. Meantime the life wave passes on in a certain regular progression, the symmetrical character of which must satisfy scientific instincts. The fourth race is obviously the middle race of the series. When this point is turned, and the evolution of the fifth race on any given planet begins, the preparation for humanity begins on the next. The evolution of the fifth race on E, for example, is commensurate with the evolution, or rather with the revival of the mineral kingdom in D; and so on. That is to say, the evolution of the sixth race on D coincides with the revival of the vegetable kingdom on E; the seventh race on D, with the revival of the animal kingdom on E; and then, when the last monads of the seventh race on D have passed into the subjective state, or world of effects, the human period on E begins, and the first race begins its development there. Meanwhile the twilight period in the world preceding D has been deepened into the night of obscuration in the same progressive way, and obscuration there definitely sets in when the human period on D passes its halfway point.

Space will not permit me to do more than indicate as a skeleton the intricate designs of the book I am reviewing. In continuation of the progress of a human being through the evolution of the seven worlds, I must explain that what is known as human death is by no means a sudden passing of the soul and spirit to a state or place where it remains for ever. On the contrary, as I have previously stated, the fourth principle of the economy may linger about the earth before the fifth principle, which is the real man, assumes a state of rest. That state Mr. Sinnett describes in his fifth chapter under the heading "Dewachan," a Sanscrit word meaning the subjective condition of souls awaiting in it re-incarnation.

Digitized by Google

The re-incarnation, whatever it may be, is caused by what is known to Buddhists as "*karma*," meaning acts done while the individual was alive and active; the principle involved being summed up in the sentence, "As you sow, so shall you reap." It is held, that our present condition in this life we are now living, was caused entirely by deeds done in former incarnations, and so also will our condition in future incarnations depend on deeds in course of being done now. The rest in Dewachan is the effect of our conduct here. It is a purely subjective state, in which the individual is alone, but happy and contented, not at all realizing his condition of loneliness, but absorbed in contemplation of the best part of his character, and mentally satisfied that he has with him the objects he loved and cared for while he was an active person in the world of causes, as the planetary existence may be defined to be.

This Dewachanic condition lasts for great periods of time. The Mahatmas have withheld precise numerical statistics concerning the history of the stages of human evolution through the worlds; but Mr. Sinnett is able to give the following approximate account:—

"Since large numbers of lives have been recognized in the above calculations as following one another in the successive incarnations of an individual monad, it is important here, with a view of averting misconceptions, to point out that the periods of time over which these incarnations range are so great that vast intervals separate them, numerous as they are. As related above, we cannot just now give the actual period of the round periods. Nor, indeed, could any figures be quoted as indicating the duration of all round periods equally, for these vary in length within very wide limits. But there is a simple fact which has been definitely stated on the highest occult authority we are concerned with. The present race of humanity—the present fifth race of the fourth round period—began to evolve about one million of years ago. Now, it is not yet finished; but, supposing that a million years had constituted the complete life of the race, how would it have been divided up for each individual monad? In a race there must be rather more than 100; and there can hardly be 120 incarnations for an individual monad. But say even there have been 120 incarnations for monads in the present race already; and say that the average life of each incarnation was a century, even then we should only have 12,000 years out of the million spent in physical existence, against 988,000 years spent in the subjective (Dewachan) sphere, and there would be an average of more than 8,000 years between each incarnation. Certainly, these intervening periods are of very variable length, but they can hardly even contract to anything less than 1,500 years—leaving out of account, of course, the case of Adepts who have placed themselves quite outside the operations of the ordinary law—and 1,500 years, if not an impossibly short, would be a very brief interval between two re-births."

The outline I have given of the ample description in "Esoteric Buddhism" of the great evolution in which humanity is concerned is

Digitized by Google

barely sufficient to indicate the chief points of Mr. Sinnett's work, which, considering the difficulties inseparable from its composition, is complete enough to enable a careful reader to grasp the design of the occult scheme. But occultism itself is impossible for me, or for anyone in the common condition of mankind. The Chelas, or pupils of the Mahatmas, do not come in contact with them till after a very severe probation, testing to the utmost all the moral quality, which lasts for at least seven years; and even then many probationers are refused access to the teachers they seek, on the ground that they lack the requisite aptitudes. When a Chela has succeeded in preparing himself for instruction, it is not conveyed to him orally, but impressed on him by his preceptor. So the occult method is required for teaching occultism; and it must, therefore, follow that Mr. Sinnett's book, derived, as it is, direct from the Mahatmas, requires the closest study of the lay reader to render it as intelligible to him as its excellent literary treatment deserves that it should be.

I make this apology because I find myself getting towards the limit of the space this article will be allowed to occupy, and yet I have left untouched at least three-quarters of the subject-matter of "Esoteric Buddhism." I have merely mentioned Nirwana, and indicated that the commonly received notion of the meaning of that state is ludicrously wrong. Dewachan I have shown to be a subjective state occupied in the intervals between incarnation and incarnation. I have done something towards explaining the round periods, meaning gradations in the process of evolution which mark the human condition while it is passing seven times round the seven worlds. But I have said no word about the state of "Avitchi," parallel to, or analogous with, the rest of Dewachan, into which lives pass that have erred, and well-nigh failed altogether to accomplish a good normal evolution. Nor have I alluded to an eighth sphere, a sort of *cul-de-sac* attached to the seven worlds, into which will be attracted such absolute failures as may in course of the evolution fall out of it through their own wilful obduracy and contumacy. This course towards the annihilation—and even that must be a gradual process, to satisfy the great law—of desperate wickedness has apparently not yet commenced at the present stage of fourth-round humanity. The real struggle, which will decide whether the monad will proceed in its individuality to its goal of Nirwana, will not begin till the great life wave has brought humanity to the stage of the fifth round. During that round men will have arrived at a full responsibility for the freedom of *will*

Digitized by Google

which actuates their conduct. Until then the "Karma" of the preceding incarnations was preparatory, and therefore, of course, greatly important, as sowing must end in reaping. But, still, up to the harvest time of the fifth round the crop has opportunities of growth, and it is not till the proper ripeness of the fifth round has been attained that the utter condemnation to the eighth sphere can occur. The wicked, erring soul may till then fall into the misery of Avitchi, instead of into the rest of Dewachan; but it will emerge out of its misery into incarnation again, whereas the last condemnation of the eighth sphere, involving gradual and miserable annihilation, cannot happen to any of us till the fifth round of the evolution of humanity has been reached. Clumsily, it may be said Dewachan is that balm to the weary, rest; Avitchi is a miserable awaiting for further trial. The eighth sphere is the damnation of gradual extinction; and Nirwana is the ultimate state of intensest blissful rest, in the enjoyment of all the potentialities conceivable under the solar cosmos, and more besides past all human ken.

Running through this system of evolution the number seven will have been observed prominently. It so often occurs in other philosophies and religions, and in the minds of great teachers of mankind, one of whom Shakespeare was, who divides human life into seven ages, that, looking to the frequent recurrence mystically of the number in the Bible, in Revelation and elsewhere, some remarks on the subject force themselves upon me. There is, as Bulwer Lytton wrote in one of his papers, called "Caxtoniana," a clairvoyance of genius having an affinity for truth. Goethe, he mentions, who never was in London, wrote an admirable description of the view from Westminster Bridge. So, may it not have happened that Shakespeare and the writers of sacred volumes may have been directed towards the number seven, because of the great hidden truth of Nature in which it is involved? A learned Brahmin occultist explains, that, as a general rule, whenever seven entities are mentioned in the ancient occult system of India, in any connection whatever, it must be supposed that these seven entities came into existence from three primary entities, and that these three are evolved out of a single entity or monad. To take a familiar example, the seven coloured rays in the solar ray are evolved out of three primary coloured rays, and the three primary colours co-exist with the four secondary colours in the solar rays. Similarly, the three primary entities which brought man into existence, co-exist in him with the four secondary entities which

Digitized by Google

arose from different combinations of the three primary entities. These seven entities, it has been shown, in their totality constitute man; and, as the esoteric philosophy teaches, the microcosm and macrocosm correspond. This continency of seven, as I will emphasize it, carries the sevenfold man by means of seven kingdoms through a chain of seven worlds, a part of seven such chains, constituting seven multiplied seven worlds, belonging to the solar cosmos, and that cosmos again expanding to universes numbering infinitely, seven to the N*th* power, and all derived, sustained, and governed by a primordial One, the Great First Cause of all that is. This huge system of evolution, symmetrical and mathematically inexorable, teaches that as the microcosm man sleeps, and wakes, and dies, so also do the worlds sleep, and wake, and die. It says of the chains of worlds that they have their *Manvantaras*, awakenings, and their final *Pralaya*, or death. The seven worlds of the chain in which we are all now involved, after the obscurations and awakenings gone through in process of evolution, at the end of the seven rounds pass into Pralaya, lose their cohesion, and die. And so it will be with the vast evolution progressing through the forty-nine worlds of the solar cosmos, and so, too, of the infinite universe. The Mahatmas say, we have every indication, that at this moment such a solar Pralaya is somewhere taking place, while there are two minor ones ending somewhere.

But, dealing with these fractions of infinity to a degree far beyond the scope of ordinary intellect to contemplate intelligently, the Adept still rigidly adheres to the definite certainty of mathematics, and explains the origin and cogency inherent in the sevenfold system of evolution by a plain statement that the seven principles of microcosm and macrocosm alike are evolved from the three primary entities, being—

I. *Parabrahmam.*—The Universal Spirit.

II. *Sakti.*—Its aspect of energy. The crown of the astral light, combining in itself all the powers of nature.

III. *Prakriti.*—Matter which in its original or primary shape is represented by *Akasa* (really, every form of matter is reducible to Akasa).

On the basis, and reasoning process, by which, algebraically, the number of combinations of n things, taken one at a time, two at a time, and so on $= 2^n - 1$, and applying this formula to the

Digitized by Google

present case, the number of entities evolved from different combinations of these primary causes amounts to $2^n - 1 = 8 - 1 = 7$.

As a coincidence of modern scientific research and the teaching of esotericism, it is curious to remark that the French astronomer, Flammarion, in a book called "La Resurrection et la fin des Mondes," has approached very nearly to what is meant to be conveyed by the "*Pralaya*" of a world. He says, speaking of natural causes at work tending to destroy the cohesion of the atoms of this earth —"The attraction of the moon would itself undertake the task of demolition by producing a tidal wave of earth particles instead of an aqueous tide." But this last idea must not be regarded as countenanced by occult science, except so far as it may serve to illustrate the loss of molecular cohesion in the material of the earth.

Of Siddartha Gautama, the Buddha, I must explain that he was the fourth of the series who have as yet visited the worlds. At the beginning of each great planetary period, when obscuration comes to an end, and the human tide wave, in its progress round the chain of worlds, arrives at the shore of a world where no humanity has existed for millions of years, a teacher is required from the first for the new crop of mankind about to spring up. Who, then, are these teachers? They are known to esotericism as *Dhyan Chohans* —the planetary spirits entrusted with the government of the seven worlds. These planetary spirits, as I faintly apprehend, all of them embody themselves in a Buddha, and serve and teach mankind. They leave Nirwana, where they are *en rapport* with the advanced Dhyan Chohans, of solar systems, expanding infinitely; and they will do so seven times, till the evolution of the seven worlds is complete.

Here, I must confess, I am not upon such sound ground as suits my intelligence; for "Esoteric Buddhism" teaches that Siddartha Gautama Buddha was born of his mother Maya, as all other men are born into the world; and that he, until he was nearly twenty years old, recollected nothing of his former incarnations. For, though individuality is retained throughout the numerous incarnations into which a spiritual monad is induced, the recollection of each personality is not perpetuated in each incarnation; but when the monad at last emerges through its evolution into Nirwana, it then and there recollects all the circumstances of all its incarnations. And this happened to Siddartha after his meditation under the Bo tree. But if he came from Nirwana, and was all the Dhyan Chohans there entrusted with the

Digitized by Google

government of the seven worlds, I can't understand how it came to pass that his attainment of Bhodisat under the Bo tree was the completion of a vast number of incarnations through which he had passed. But perhaps it may have happened, that his, or really their (the Dhyans') incarnations occurred in a state apart from this planetary chain with which we are concerned.

The Bhodisat, and all appertaining to Nirwana, must in their very nature transcend human intelligence in its ordinary condition to explain. That the laws which govern the microcosm and the macrocosm alike are unswerving and never change—not even in the case of a Buddha taking upon himself from choice to leave Nirwana and live on the earth, so far like an ordinary mortal, that he is born, dies, and does not recover recollection of his antecedents for the first twenty years or so of his life—is a plain teaching of esotericism which admits that even the Buddha erred after he had attained here on earth to a full collection of his memory and powers. For the Adepts admit that Buddha came back to the earth about sixty years after his death, in the person of Sankaracharya, to fill up some gap, and repair certain errors in his own previous teaching; and then again as Tsong-ka-pa, in the fourteenth century, in which personality he was in Tibet, exclusively concerned with the affairs of the Adepts, then chiefly collected in Tibet, where they were too rapidly increasing, and not sufficiently guarding their knowledge against the encroachments of persons undeserving of it. There is, therefore, no contention of the present Mahatmas that even a Buddha can be absolutely right at every moment of his career; much less do they claim infallibility for themselves. Much as they know, they are still aware of their ignorance of much more. They bow low in the presence of a profound consciousness of the impossibility of knowing the unknowable.

Briefly, the well-known salient points in the earthly history of Siddartha Gautama Buddha are: his father was Saddhodana, king of Kapilavasta, in India, about 100 miles north-east of Benares, on the river Rohini. His mother was Queen Maya; and he was born on a Friday in May, 623 years before the Christian era. He married Yasodhara, daughter of the king Supprabuddha, and his son was Rahula. While quite a young man, in spite of the utmost precautions to keep him within a happy home, he abandoned palace, home, his wife, and his child, went into the jungles, and after terrible self-inflicted ordeals, which he came to know were useless, he emerged into Bhodisat under the Bo tree, and died at the age of eighty years.

Digitized by Google

I will conclude this paper by begging readers of Mr. Sinnett's work on "Esoteric Buddhism" to read attentively chapter iv., where in course of writing concerning the round periods, copious extracts from communications from the Mahatmas to the author are quoted literally. No cultured European can read these writings and not feel how firm they are, full of learning and wisdom, expressed with great ability. The Mahatmas exhibit careful familiarity with the course of modern science. Their geological remarks are very valuable, If they can, as they declare, go back into time and observe what happened, and see, too, the results in the earth's bosom where they lie hidden, their disclosures must be conclusive.

This, is very much what they told Mr. Sinnett in regard of the lost Atlantis, and the subsidence of another continent:—

"The proper home of the fourth race of mankind, which directly preceded our own, was the continent of which small memory has been preserved even in esoteric literature—the lost Atlantis. But the great island, the destruction of which is spoken of by Plato, was really the last remnant of the continent. In the Eocene age, the Mahatmas state, even in its very first part, the great cycle of the fourth race men, the Atlanteans, had already reached its highest point, and the Great Continent, the father of nearly all the present continents, showed the first symptoms of sinking—a process that occupied it down to 11,446 years ago, when its last island, that, translating its vernacular name, we may call Poseidonis, went down with a crash.

"Lemuria (a former continent stretching southwards from India, across what is now the Indian Ocean, but connected with Atlantis, for Africa was not then in existence) should no more be confounded with the Atlantis continent than Europe with America. Both sank and were drowned, with their high civilization and gods; yet between the two catastrophes a period of about 700,000 years elapsed, Lemuria flourishing and ending her career just about that lapse of time before the early part of the Eocene age, since its race was the third. Behold the relics of that once great nation in some of the flat-headed aborigines of Australia."

The approach of every new obscuration of a world is, the Mahatmas affirm, always signalled by cataclysms of fire or water; and, apart from this, every root race has to be cut in two, so to say, by either one or the other.

A leading exegesis of this amazing philosophy is that the objective—be it the corporeal man himself or the solid rocks of a continent—are all, all *Maya*, delusive, illusions of imperfect sensations. May we not then ask, is not, too, this cunning portrayal of universal growth—ingenious, symmetrical, mathematical though it be—still nevertheless Maya?

GILBERT ELLIOT.

Digitized by Google

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

A MEMOIR.

IT is thirteen years since Adam Lindsay Gordon—by far the truest of Australia's short list of poets—wandered forth on a winter morning to end his life among the scrub on the Brighton beach. During that time no memoir of him has appeared beyond the twenty-three lines of elegant inaccuracy prefixed by Marcus Clarke to his collected poems. Much of the information that was once available has now been lost; that which is still to be obtained is here put lightly together as a means of preserving the salient features, at least, of a career which was not only in itself eventful, but also intimately connected with that poetry in which a wide circle of Australian readers find much that is of good omen for the foundation of a national literature.

A glance first at the family from which he inherited that nervous temperament of his, so refined yet pre-eminently manly—those scholarly instincts, which, blending with the commonplaces of life in a new and democratic country, infused into them the fine old flavour of gentle breeding—that perfect courtesy and considerateness which, amid a hundred faults, seemed always to relieve his weaknesses with the genuine ring of the gentleman.

Early in the last century, Robert Gordon, merchant, of Bordeaux and Boulogne, acquired a fortune by his industry, and settling down in his native country, Scotland, he purchased a barony named Esslemont, which he entailed, as he thought, with perfect strictness, on the nearest male heir among his descendants. Marriages and ability added other domains to the family possessions, but these mostly belonged to the elder branches, while the younger members wandered abroad to push their fortunes. The poet's grandfather had settled in England, at Worcester, and had seen his sons attain distinction in the church, in the navy, and in the army. Adam D. Gordon chose the latter service in the midst of stirring times. Napoleon was at Elba, and Waterloo was not yet dreamt of, when, with his ensign's commission newly gained, he sailed for Barbadoes, commencing in the West Indies a soldier's life of constant change.

Digitized by Google

He spent many years in India, but seems to have returned in 1825 to England to marry his cousin, Miss Harriet Gordon, whose attractions included a fortune of some £20,000, strictly settled, however, on herself and her children.

Some years later, when he had become Captain Gordon, he retired from the service, but only to continue his wanderings in search of a climate mild enough to recruit his India-smitten frame. It was while he was resident at Fayal, in the Azores, that his third child, and only son, Adam Lindsay, was born, in 1833.

Truly a charming place for a poet's early years, this verdant little island, set with constant smiles, in a tropic ocean, yet beneath a sky of cool and temperate blue! The captain writes that—

"The distant hills and valleys seem like the blessed regions of holiness, never blighted by frosts nor withered by the too fervent sunbeam, but fragrant with verdant pastures and everlasting roses."

In one of his letters he gives a glimpse of the boy as seen in his third year—

"A sweet little fellow he is; indeed I think him almost too pretty. Very slight and upright, carrying his little curly head well back, and almost swaggering along. He talks with a sweet, full, laughing voice, and a face dimpled and bright as the morning."

A father's picture of his only son will by most be accepted with no little degree of scepticism, yet in this case it tallies sufficiently with what we know of the man; for wherever he went he was a favourite, and that in spite of a host of failings.

Captain Gordon, fearing, no doubt, to be charged with partiality, adds:—

"He is seen here, perhaps, to too great advantage, in very light clothing, scampering amid the large and airy playrooms. We have just finished the joyful vintage after a summer of extraordinary beauty. Our house is in the midst of a vineyard, and the delicious baskets of grapes have rained upon us for these two months."

Three or four years later the family were resident at Madeira, but eventually Captain Gordon's health was sufficiently restored to allow him to settle in England. In 1841 the great and justly famous proprietary school of Cheltenham was founded, and as it was proposed to make its studies in part lead up to Woolwich and the army, the Hindustani language was a necessary part of the curriculum. Captain Gordon was offered, and accepted, the position of teacher of Oriental languages and history; so to Cheltenham he

Digitized by Google

removed with his family. Lindsay, as the boy was generally called, was now in his eighth year, and not a little spoilt at home, as is the general custom with only sons. He made his first acquaintance with learning at the great school where his father taught; but although his progress was all that could have been desired, his heart was set on the open air and the sports of the country, and we can imagine that the little Chelt, or the grander Severn flowing a few miles away, amid its magnificent valley, its broad meadows and rich dairy farms, its famous orchards its legend-haunted ruins, and its famous battlefields, absorbed all the leisure of the boy and the chosen spirits among his companions.

Immediately behind the town there rises the northern shoulder of the Cotswold Hills. There, upon the breezy uplands, and beside the mossy sources of the slender-volumed Thames, young Gordon learnt to follow the hounds, and acquired that life-long devotion to horses which was his most prominent characteristic. Whatever be the position to which the absolute merit of his poetry may entitle him, I feel sure of the sympathy of many who know and love our English literature, in the statement that Gordon stands easily first as the poet of the horse. He writes:—

"If man, of all the Creator planned,
His noblest work is reckoned,
Of the works of His hand, by sea or by land,
The horse may at least rank second.

"No slave, but a comrade true in this
Is the horse, for he takes his share
Not in peril alone, but in feverish bliss—
In the longing to do and dare."

So the lad learnt to ride and hunt; he became well versed in the points of a horse, and familiar with the sensation of splashing head first into ditches, or landing with a dull thud on stone walls and stout fences. All that would have done no great harm if he had not also become intimate with horsey people, a race of men whose influence on tender youth is rarely elevating. And so he became a source of anxiety to the worthy captain, and to the pious but perhaps slightly injudicious mother. Some of his escapades were wild enough, and such as only very objectionable companions would have led him into: he does not seem ever to have acted dishonourably, but folly, extravagance, and defiance of authority are bad enough.

He was sent for a time to Woolwich, and must there have got

Digitized by Google

himself into some scrape, for he never went on for his commission. Then for a time he kept terms at Merton College, Oxford; but his studies cannot have been very assiduous amid the distractions he permitted himself. And yet it is only fair to mention that, in spite of all his follies, he managed to acquire a scholarship which, if not extensive, was both elegant and varied. He well knew the opportunities he was throwing away, but it was not till many years after that he fully realized how flimsy were the pleasures he was taking in exchange.

> "I once had talents fit to win
> Success in life's career,
> And if I chose a path of sin,
> That path has cost me dear."

He never proceeded to his degree, for in his nineteenth year an exposure occurred which compelled him to leave the country. There was a certain livery-stable keeper named Oliver, the "black Tom Oliver" referred to in the poem "By Flood and Field," who became a great friend of these gay but reckless youths of the Cotswold. Gordon and another wished to buy from him a race-horse named "Tim Whiffler," for which they saved up their cash and paid frequent instalments. They considered that they had paid enough to have acquired a proprietary right in the animal, and Gordon wished to ride it at a certain race-meeting. Oliver refused to let him have it, and the two youths broke into the stable at midnight, took out the horse, and appeared next morning at the races. Gordon rode and won a steeplechase, and he was in the midst of the universal applause which his bold riding had called forth when Oliver appeared with a warrant for his arrest. By the connivance of his companions he escaped, and remained in strict seclusion until his father interfered and settled the affair.

This was in the year 1853, when all Europe was ringing with the excitement connected with Australia; and when his friends urged him to seek a new country and a more careful manner of life, he chose South Australia as the scene of his exile. The parting was a bitter one; he never again saw father, mother, or sisters, or indeed any relative or early friend, nor did he ever again set foot in England.

In those verses of his—which once read are never forgotten—those sweetly pathetic "Whisperings in Wattle-Boughs," as he quaintly calls them, he says:—

Digitized by Google

"Oh tell me, father mine, ere the good ship crossed the brine
On the gangway one mute hand-grip we exchanged,
Do you past the grave employ, for your stubborn reckless boy,
Those petitions that in life were ne'er estranged?

"Oh tell me, sister dear, parting word and parting tear
Never pass'd between us—let me bear the blame—
Are you living, girl, or dead? Bitter tears since then I've shed
For the lips that lisped with mine a mother's name.

"Oh whisper, buried love, is there rest and peace above?
There is little hope of comfort here below;
On your sweet face lies the mould, and your bed is straight and cold,
Near the harbour where the sea-tides ebb and flow."

His friends gave him introductions to the Governor at Adelaide and to influential colonists, and on the 7th of August, 1853, he sailed away from all that was dear, to take his place among strangers in a distant land.

"Across the trackless seas I go,
No matter when and where;
And few my future lot will know,
And fewer still will care.

"My parents bid me cross the flood,
My kindred frown at me;
They say I have belied my blood,
And stained my pedigree."

These verses, immature as compared with the others, and in places exhibiting a sentimentality like that of Byron at his weakest, were written three days before he started, and found among his papers long afterwards, when he was dead, by his friend and benefactor, Mr. John Riddock, of Yallum. They were addressed to his younger sister, Ignez, and contained the following feeling reference to his other sister, Ada, who had died some time before:—

"There is a spot not far away
Where my young sister sleeps,
Who seems alive but yesterday,
So fresh her memory keeps.

"For we have played in childhood there,
Beneath the hawthorn bough,
And bent our knees in childish prayer,
I cannot utter now.

"Of late so reckless and so wild,
That spot recalls to me
That I was once a laughing child,
As innocent as she.

Digitized by Google

"And there while August's wild flowers wave,
I wandered all alone,
Strewed blossoms on her little grave,
And knelt beside the stone."

His experiences were bitter, but, unfortunately, only partially reformatory. Years afterwards he wrote in Australia:—

"I've cut my cake, so I can't complain,
And I've only myself to blame.
Ah! that was always their tune at home,
And here it is just the same."

Landed in Adelaide, he presented no introductions, but resolved to rely solely on himself. The mounted trooper's life seemed to him a merry one, and he joined the force. In the previous year the South Australian Government had with great difficulty formed a track from Adelaide to Castlemaine, and established an escort in order to attract in that direction some of the gold which the other colonies were so busy with. Gordon seems to have been for a time engaged in this service, and liked it. Indeed, the charms of a good horse, the constant life in the open air, and the frequent possibility of adventure were quite to his mind. He used to tell a story of one of these adventures, which will serve to describe the strange life of a trooper in those days. He had been instructed to take a lunatic to the nearest asylum—I am not sure how many hundred miles away—and was obliged to mount him on a half-broken horse. They jogged along happily enough all day, side by side, and at night lay down on the grass handcuffed to one another. One night the madman was so restless that Gordon could get no sleep till he used the threat of a severe thrashing. This produced quietness; but next day Gordon imprudently suffered his prisoner to mount his trooper's horse with the pistols in the holsters, while he himself undertook to manage the more vicious animal. The tables were now turned, and the madman coolly drew the pistols and fired a well-directed, but ineffectual shot, before he was overpowered.

Another of Gordon's adventures was that described in his spirited verses "From the Wreck." A fine ship, the *Admella*, had struck on a rocky coast near Cape Northumberland; the place was lonely, and four days elapsed before the crew or passengers could give any intimation of their danger—four days, during which the vessel slowly settled downwards, and the people hourly relaxed their grasp and were swept into the relentless surf. At length a boat, with two sailors, reached the nearest lighthouse; the keeper

Digitized by Google

sent word to the police, and Gordon rode to Mount Gambier with the news, whence it was telegraphed to Adelaide. His description exhibits him in all his strength :—

> "And over the wasteland and under the wood,
> By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
> She galloped, and here in the stirrups I stood
> To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
> To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
> Of the track near the troughs,—then she reeled on the rise
> From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
> And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes.
> I pulled her together, I pressed her, and she
> Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
> And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
> I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps hard."

He was in the habit of thus expressing his experiences in a poetic form, and the verses "De Te," "Wolf and Hound," and others, have thus their origin in the trooper's life. But some of the incidents were not so agreeable; and on one occasion, when Gordon was directed to escort a very vile woman to gaol with the prospect of being her solitary companion on a ride of two or three days' duration, he preferred to resign rather than comply.

On leaving the force he engaged in the business of a horse-breaker, and spent some time training colts for Mr. John Robertson, of Struan House. He became well known, not only as the boldest rider of the south-east district, but as a man of kindness and generosity, and a perfect gentleman.

He subsequently took a share in some livery-stables at Narracoorte, but his incapacity for business was very apparent. Money slipped through his fingers in a very purposeless way, and any scheming jockey, or broken-down horsey man, could wheedle him this week out of money that he himself would absolutely require the next.

He was relieved from difficulties by the receipt of money from home. His father had died in 1857, his mother in 1860; he was, therefore, entitled to his share of the money settled on his mother at her marriage, and that amounted to the respectable sum of £7,000. But so reticent had his father been about money matters that he never knew he was heir to anything; and as the people at home were quite ignorant of his address or whereabouts, he might never have received a penny, had it not been for the zealous efforts of one of the trustees, Sir Alexander

Digitized by Google

Trotter. His mother had been dead four years before he received the money.

He might now have returned to England and started the world afresh at the age of thirty, but he had lost all taste for the life of the older countries. In spite of his natural refinement, and his proud self-reserve, he had in these few years of bush life altered very much from the Oxford young man of fashion, and feared that he would feel constrained in English life.

"Booted and bearded, and burnt to a brick,
I loaf along the street;
I watch the ladies tripping by,
And I bless their dainty feet.

"I watch them here and there
With a bitter feeling of pain—
What would I not give to feel
A lady's hand again?

"They used to be glad to see me once,
They might have been to-day,
But we never know the worth of a thing
Until we have thrown it away."

Changed as he was, the free life of the colonies seemed to him the more agreeable. But he was determined to be careful of his money, so he invested most of it in land. He bought a place at Penola, and another at Port Macdonnell. It is true he speculated a little in Western Australia, but he was resolved on settling down as the steady going landholder.

Two years previously, in 1862, he had married; the marriage partaking of the singular vein that ran through all he did. He had been thrown from a horse and injured at Robe, a town on the shores of the Southern Ocean. Lying at the inn, he was nursed by the innkeeper's daughter, who completely won the heart of her grateful patient. As soon as Gordon could again get into the saddle the love-smitten couple mounted a pair of horses, and, after a sixty miles' ride, presented themselves at the house of the Rev. Mr. Don, at Mount Gambier, and were duly united.

He thus obtained a partner, who, though scarcely on his own level of intelligence or education, was, nevertheless, a very faithful and devoted wife, and one whose influence was for good. Six years after their marriage Gordon wrote:—

"She has more pluck in her little finger than I have in my whole body. Through all the worst of our troubles she bore up with wonderful spirit, and always cheered me and kept me straight."

Digitized by Google

In 1864 Gordon first appeared in print. Sir Noel Paton's illustrations to the old ballad, "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," had recently been published. Gordon was struck by them, and wrote a poem illustrative of the story as told by the six plates, and this was published at Mount Gambier with this title, "The Feud, by A. Lindsay."

The poem is not superior to the old ballad, and is in every way inferior to the fine version written by Hamilton, under the title of "The Braes of Yarrow." But they are interesting as showing Gordon's strong individuality. He treats an old subject, yet handles it in a new, and, one might say, Australian fashion. There is only one passage, however, which indicates any of Gordon's usual fire. The wife has risen from the body of her slaughtered lord, and dashed her silken hair back from her crimson face, and thus she replies to the insinuation that she will get another and a handsomer husband :—

"His next of kin by blood and birth
May claim his house and land ;
The groom may black his saddle girth,
And bid his charger stand ;
But never a man on God's wide earth
Shall touch his darling's hand."

Being now in a fairly comfortable position, and regarded in the district not only as a gentleman, but as a man of means, his old ambitions revived, and he stood for Parliament. The province of Victoria, in the year 1865, returned him along with Mr. John Riddock, who then first became acquainted with him, and who remained his most intimate friend until his death. On the 23rd of May he was sworn in as a member, and took his seat. A week later he made his first speech, on the squatting question, which was then agitating the people of South Australia. This little effort made no great impression, but shortly afterwards he returned to the charge, and made an elaborate speech against the proposal to confine the squatters to annual leases. Like himself, and all he ever did, it was singular and even eccentric, exhibiting on the one hand the culture and scholarship of the gentleman, on the other the free-and-easy style of the bushman and horsebreaker—Oxford on the one hand, and many a country public-house on the other.

"Well, Mr. Speaker, I'll be hanged if I will;" or, "the Government may understand this measure, but I'm blest if I do"—there spoke the ex-trooper and horse dealer; and yet by a perfectly

Digitized by Google

natural transition he would pass on to a piece of genuine eloquence in which the language was elegant and the ideas refined.

But it was clear from this speech that he would not shine in politics: references to Sisyphus, the Augæan stables, and so forth, with elaborate Latin quotations constantly interspersed, were charming intellectual recreation for himself, but only very sleepy work for the worthy business men who were his listeners. He talked of the Danäi whilst they were vastly more interested in the land valuators. His sensitive disposition soon appreciated the fact that the impression he had made was not favourable, and he felt it absurd to lay the blame on his listeners, so he relapsed into silence. Being a really clever draughtsman, in an amateur way, he filled up the tedium of debate by sketching; for, in the South Australian Parliament, each of the members is provided with table, paper, pen, and ink. Interminable were the caricatures of all sorts, the little pictured poems, the quaint fancies which he thus knocked off to amuse the idleness of the hour. But after a time he ceased to attend the debates, and did not present himself for re-election.

The fact was, he found more attraction on the Victorian side of the border, where the great racing festivals of Melbourne and Ballarat presented him with irresistible temptations. Had he been wise, he would never again have appeared on a racecourse. He not only frequented them, however, but also risked his money and made no little havoc in his fortune, so that he found it necessary to mortgage his land at Penola. He also indulged in the expensive luxury of keeping racehorses, and found the greatest pleasure in riding them himself. He gained much celebrity in sporting circles by the manner in which he rode his famous horse "Ballarat," at the close of 1865, and ere long acquired the reputation of being the best steeplechase rider in the colonies. Not that he was an elegant rider—his tall, spare figure, and his invariably eccentric appearance made him look rather ungainly; but then he had that indomitable will which makes the horse feel its absolute master, and that daring resoluteness which prevented his ever hesitating for a second. The result of this absolute indifference to danger was disastrous to his health, for the numerous falls he sustained all left their impression. One frightful blow he received at Ballarat about this time left him unconscious for days, and when he recovered he had a hollow at the back of his head in which two fingers of the hand might lie.

But his misfortunes were not all of his own brewing. He was

Digitized by Google

a great deal too much blest with "friends"—not those of the Yallum stamp, on whose sound advice and hearty assistance he could always rely, but sporting people, who took advantage of his impulsive and unsuspicious disposition. Hence his money speedily came to an end, and he had no land left but that in Western Australia. Accordingly he left his wife with the Riddocks at Yallum, and went round to Perth to look after his affairs there; but after some laborious experience, exploring a very difficult country, and enduring hardships which told severely on his rapidly declining frame, he returned, and rejoined his wife at Yallum.

There he stayed for several months, enjoying a life of quiet leisure, free from the excitement which had been so severely injuring him. But his restless mind could not be idle, and so this became the period of his greatest poetical activity. "The Sick Stockrider," his most popular poem, was written at this time, and the scenery is carefully described from the neighbourhood of Penola.

In all his ways he was singular, and his favourite manner of composing is a matter of tradition in the neighbourhood. When the bell rang for meals he was rarely at hand, but could generally be discovered high among the gnarled arms of a certain old gum tree, where he loved to sit and smoke a favourite "old black pipe," well known to readers of his verses. There he would either croon over the poems of greater authors than himself, or compose his own. About this time it became his custom from time to time to send an occasional poem to the Melbourne papers, at first chiefly to *Bell's Life in Victoria*, the sporting organ of the country.

In it appeared the first of those poems which established his reputation. "Visions in the Smoke from the Old Black Pipe" was inserted in the issue of 4th August, 1866. It is merely a spirited description of a race for the "Melbourne Cup," but with two or three passages of true poetic feeling interspersed. In October of the same year he commenced in *Bell's Life* that series of eight pieces, to which he gave the title "Ye Wearie Wayfarer." They profess to be only sporting pieces, but there are charming little bits of description, touches of genuine pathos, and a constant undercurrent of a somewhat sad philosophy—that melancholy which must of necessity arise in the speculative mind that looks out on the universe, and feels that our knowledge of it is confined to the merest symbols—that the real nature of the things around

Digitized by Google

us, of ourselves, of the past, and of the future, is for ever shut out from human capacity—which must be content to deal with signs and treat them as realities. But the outcome of his perplexing speculations is a manly exhortation—

"Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none.

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

As a specimen of the pleasant manner in which he hit off the scenery and surroundings of the neighbourhood, these lines are worthy of quotation :—

"Hark! the bells on distant cattle
Waft across the range,
Through the golden-tufted wattle,
Music low and strange.

"Like the marriage peal of fairies
Comes the tinkling sound,
Or like chimes of sweet St. Mary's,
On far English ground.

"How my courser champs the snaffle,
And, with nostril spread,
Snorts, and scarcely seems to ruffle
Fern leaves with his tread.

"Cool and pleasant on his haunches
Blows the evening breeze
Through the overhanging branches
Of the wattle trees.

"Onward to the Southern Ocean
Glides the breath of spring;
Onward with a dreamy motion,
I, too, glide and sing.

"Forward, forward, still we wander,
Tinted hills that lie
In the red horizon yonder,
Is the goal so nigh?"

The lines are simple, but they convey the impression of a ride on Australian hillsides without that hateful affectation of being, like beer and other commodities, "manufactured expressly for use

Digitized by Google

in the colonies;" that obtrusive determination to be Australian which characterizes our feeble versifiers. They are under the impression that to insert a sufficient number of colonial names into pieces which in spirit and tone are only echoes of the old world poetry, is to write "Australian poetry." Gordon very evidently went straight to nature, painted what he saw, and was not careful to make it more Australian than nature had made it.

During 1866 and 1867 he contributed to *Bell's Life* numerous poems, of which "Banker's Dream" and "Ex Fumo Dare Lucem" were the most noticeable. In the latter year he contributed to the *Australasian* some fine verses entitled "Whither Bound," and that charming song which he at first entitled "Frustra," but afterwards inserted with a few alterations in "Ashtaroth" as "Thora's Song." It is all of it musical, but the second last verse will serve as a specimen—

"Thy voice in mine ear still mingles
With the voices of whispering trees;
Thy kiss on my cheek still tingles
At each kiss of the summer breeze;
While dreams of the past are thronging
For voice and for touch in vain.
I am waiting, watching, and longing—
Thou comest not back again."

In 1866 he had published in the *Australasian* "The Old Leaven," a piece which has not yet been inserted in his collected works. It is a dialogue in which Maurice expresses to his friend Mark the feelings he experienced on meeting his sweetheart of ten years ago, who jilted him and married a squatter. There are the children of the man of sheep, fat and clumsy; he looks on them with a somewhat spiteful feeling, which his comrade condemns as ungenerous and pitiful. The piece, though not of Gordon's best, is by no means ineffective.

In 1867 the *Australasian* printed some political verses of his called "Exodus Parthenidæ; or, the Lay of the Last Squatter." They have never been reprinted, and are not high-class poetry, but they are interesting enough. A squatter who has been ruined by free selectors, and is sitting with his wife in the deserted house after the sale of all his property is concluded, gives a somewhat humorous, if one-sided, account of the political situation and the chief politicians of South Australia.

At the close of 1867 Gordon ventured on the publication of two small volumes. To the first he gave the title "Sea Spray and

Digitized by Google

Smoke Drift;" it contained the best pieces he had contributed to the journals, with a few additional.

In some quarters it was received rather coldly, but there were a few who clearly perceived that it contained what were, so far, the highest efforts of the Australian muse. The first piece is charming, both for its music and its quiet pathos; the subject is classical—Achilles, dying on the bosom of Briseis, addresses to her his last words. Gordon has defied all precedent but Shakespeare, and, abandoning that cold, statuesque method which is the conventional style for such subjects, has made the great warrior, not the grand impersonal hero, but a simple earnest man, dying with a pride in what has been done, but a wistful longing for what might have been in the future.

"Courage! we must part for certain;
Shades that sink and shades that rise,
Blending in a shroud-like curtain,
Gather o'er these weary eyes.

"O'er the fields we used to roam, in
Brighter days and lighter cheer,
Gathers thus the quiet gloaming—
Now, I ween, the end is near."

The second poem of this volume has for its subject the fate of Burke and Wills. Here, again, the unmistakable individuality of the author appears. Gordon was a thorough hater of sentimentality, and when he pictured to himself the explorer, his work done and his heart light, lie down to die in the centre of a continent he had been the first to explore, it is with no hysterical tears, no wailing, none of that weakness which would be so much out of keeping with the stout-hearted heroes of the poem.

"With the pistol clenched in his failing hand,
With the death-mist spread o'er his fading eyes,
He saw the sun go down on the sand,
And he slept—but he never saw it arise.

"'Twas well; he toiled, and his task was done,
Constant and calm in his latest throe;
The storm was weathered, the battle won,
When he went, my friends, where we all must go."

"Unshriven" and "Fauconshawe" are ballads, both of excellent execution, but not so distinctly original as Gordon generally is; while "Rippling Water," "Sunlight on the Sea," and "Confiteor" are ballads in that modern style of which Rossetti is the best

Digitized by Google

exponent—a style which captivates at the first reading or hearing, but ceases to charm when the trick is discovered.

"Bellona," "The Song of the Surf," "Delilah," "Quare Fatigasti," show the influence of Swinburne, and, though agreeable in many ways, are not of the highest order of art. He especially exaggerates that trick which Swinburne uses sparingly, and not unpleasantly, of building up rhymes to words of more than one syllable. "Sidon" rhymes with "wide on," "nor can it" rhymes with "pomegranate," "her pent" with "serpent," "lamps on," with "Samson." All these are from one poem, and the effect is not agreeable. Byron used these combinations with humorous effect—"intellectual" rhyming with "henpecked you all," for instance; but, unless with the greatest care, it seems as if this particular artifice should be reserved for burlesque.

The fact is, that Gordon succeeded best when he relied on his own thoroughly original genius, with perhaps a hint of Byron and Tennyson as his guides, but not following them as though they were masters to be imitated and re-echoed, but rather as elder and more proficient brethren of the art of poesy. But whatever were the elements of beauty and of vigour in the volume—and those who read the "Roll of the Kettledrum" will surely deny neither—it is still a fact that the volume owed its moderate success almost wholly to the sporting community, who were its chief purchasers, being attracted by "Ye Wearie Wayfarer" and "Hippodromania," as he called his collection of pieces from *Bell's Life*.

This work has since then asserted its excellence and become popular; but there was another, issued from the press at the same time, which is never likely to be popular. This was "Ashtaroth," printed in 1867, by Clarson and Massina. It is one of those tantalizing stories whose meaning is so darkly hidden until the reader nears the end, that he reads on and on with little comprehension and less interest. A second and a third perusal, when the tale is known and the mind free to observe the beauties of detail, in all probability establish the poem as rather a favourite; but few are inclined to read thus and study. Besides this, it is planned on too elaborate a scale. The painter who works up a picture of twenty feet with the same amount of finish to the square inch that he would bestow on a picture of two feet, makes a fundamental mistake in his treatment, and is assured of failure from the beginning. A certain freedom of brush is necessary for the larger work, and if the scale is to be that of scene painting for a theatre, a

Digitized by Google

whitewash brush is fine enough for the purpose; any more elaborate working is lost to the eye which is far enough off to grasp the effect of the whole.

So in poetry. When Gordon cramps himself with intricate rhymes, and, indeed, adopts throughout the finest lyrical style, giving to every part the finish that would suit for a song of two or three stanzas, he produces a work of which a page or two at a time may please, but ninety pages of it seem too much like task work.

The story and the characters have more than a casual resemblance to "Faust." There is Hugo, a Norman baron, deep in the black art; there is Orion, the prince of the air, with troops of evil spirits, acting the part of Mephistopheles, and leading the *blasé* baron into mischief. There is Agatha, who, to a certain extent, is an imitation of Gretchen; and in other respects the machinery reminds one distressingly of Goethe. The piece is called a drama, but has nothing dramatic. You might read aloud a dozen speeches of a dozen different persons, and your hearer would not detect that there had been more than one speech intended. To the reader Gordon has remedied this defect by setting the name of the speaker duly at the head of each speech, but that does not make the speech characteristic of the speaker. Though "Ashtaroth" contains some charming songs, it is to be feared it will never as a whole be greatly admired; and, of the five hundred copies printed, the bulk remained the property of the author.

Thus poetry was not a business to live by, and Gordon had to look about him for some means of earning a livelihood, for his money was now nearly all gone. Scraping together all he could save, he bought a livery-stables business in Ballarat, and settled down to the hiring out of horses and traps, the keeping of the dogs and horses of the Ballarat Hunt Club, and such work in the way of buying and selling horses as he could get to do. He was careful and industrious, but it was his fate to be imposed on, and there were many people who used his animals and vehicles without afterwards encroaching on his time by calling to pay the bills. Gordon was a man who disliked to dun his creditors, and made but little success at it when he tried. His rent was high, horsefeed was dear, money was scarce, and so his little capital vanished. He had commenced business in November, 1867. In the following October he was so much in debt that, on the receipt of a small sum as a legacy on the death of his father's first cousin, he thought it wisest

Digitized by Google

to use the money in clearing off all he owed, and abandon the business.

It is a sad thing that those who have given pleasure to the world have often had no great abundance of pleasure themselves. Poets, musicians, painters, actors—how many sad spectacles their lives afford! Gordon was no exception. Though young enough yet, he had what Byron called an "old feel." These lines are sad when we remember they were written by Gordon when only a little over thirty :—

"Young! Well, yes, I suppose
As far as the seasons go,
Though there's many a man far older than I
Down there in the town below—
Older,—but men to whom,
In the pride of their manhood strong,
The hardest work is never too hard,
Or the longest day too long."

He now saw his goods and chattels sold by public auction, with a desperate feeling and a disbelief in his powers of doing any good in the world. Mrs. Gordon and he, during their stay in Ballarat, had lost their only child, a little girl of about two years old; and the bereaved mother seemed to need a change, so she started for South Australia to spend a few months at her father's home. Gordon saw her off by the steamer from Melbourne, and then went back to Ballarat, where the sight of the empty house and the gloomy nature of his prospects tempted him for the first time to self-destruction. The wound in his head caused him to be far from sound in his mind, and the least stimulant seemed to destroy his reason.

Better thoughts prevailed, and he began to think of going as a shepherd, or something of that sort, on a station; but the circle of racing men with whom he was involved seem to have retained their influence over him, and postponed the execution of his project; but he was sincerely anxious to withdraw from the temptations of racing life.

"You have no idea," he wrote, "how sick I am of steeplechasing and horse-riding, but when a man gets so deep into the mire it is hard to draw back. I have to ride three races in Melbourne next week. . . . I never got over that fall, and since then I have taken to drink—at least, though I never get drunk, I drink a great deal more than I ought to do; for I have a good deal of pain in my head and neck, and I am sometimes so low spirited and miserable that if I had a strong sleeping draught near me I might take it. I have carried one that I should never wake from, and if I could only persuade myself that I

Digitized by Google

am a little mad I might do something of that sort. I really do feel a little mad sometimes, and I begin to think I have more trouble than I can endure; I would almost say more than I deserve, but this would probably be untrue."

From this state of depression he was partly relieved by going to stay with Mr. R. Power, at Toorak, where he superintended the stables, and occasionally rode such horses as he took an interest in. His popularity on the racecourse was as great as ever. "Here comes Gordon," was the cry, and all necks were strained to catch a glimpse of the daring rider. He says in one of his letters:—

"It shows what fools the sporting public are; nothing will go down with them now unless I ride, and my mount is always backed."

But those who looked on at the eccentric rider, cheering and shouting whenever he appeared, had little notion what was in his mind—the scorn of it all, the feeling that he was being used; the certainty that if he broke his neck in some one or other of his numerous falls, it would only be the climax of a pleasant afternoon's entertainment. In November, 1868, he rode and won three steeplechases in a single day, with the hope of ending it all by a death that would be instantaneous.

He never took money for riding, lest he should be confounded with the ordinary jockey; but, even so, there seemed to be something degrading in the life he was leading. He says—

"If I stopped much longer at this sort of game, I should not be so particular as I ought to be. If I could find any sort of work that I could live by, I would swear against ever going near a racecourse again. I am heartily sick of the life I have been leading, and have never enjoyed a ride since my fall, except a hunt, when Mrs. Gordon rode well alongside of me."

In December, 1868, he received a very favourable offer from the proprietors of the *Australasian* to join their staff as a sporting reporter and contributor, but after some consideration he declined, on the ground that he would like to be clear of sport and its surroundings, to escape once and for all from turf associations and their dangers. But it seemed very difficult for him to find any other remunerative work for which he was suitable; and when Mrs. Gordon returned to Melbourne, he took very quiet and cheap lodgings with a fisherman at Brighton. Here they lived almost in want, Gordon walking into town every day to save the fare, and examining the advertisements in search of a situation.

But in 1869 news came from Scotland which altered all his prospects. The barony of Esslemont, now worth £2,500 a year,

Digitized by Google

had been held till 1864 by Charles Napier Gordon, who at his death bequeathed it to his daughter, Mrs. Woolridge. But Gordon, our Australian poet, was the nearest male heir, and if the entail still held good, the estate ought to be his. But by the "Entail Amendment Act" of 1848 certain classes of entails were rendered inoperative, and it became a question of some little legal nicety to determine if the entail executed in 1738 was still valid. Gordon's uncle and cousins in England bestirred themselves in his interests, and as the lady who had held the estates for the last four years was abundantly provided for with other possessions of her father which were not entailed, he made no scruple in contesting the ownership. Upon the facts submitted, Mr. J. C. Stewart, the best exponent of Scotch law to be found in the colonies, declared that Gordon's claim was valid, but advised him to take the advice of some lawyer in Edinburgh more familiar with recent decisions of the Scotch courts.

A case was therefore stated and sent home for the opinion of counsel, Gordon being altogether sanguine of the issue. Not that he anticipated the enjoyment of the estate himself, for he felt assured of approaching dissolution. But, as he said, the rents from 1864 to the date of his death would accrue to his widow, and that, at the rate of £2,500 a year, would leave her well provided. A load was thus taken from his mind, for he had long contemplated with gloomy feelings the destitution she must experience when he died.

Years ago he had received a severe sunstroke; then there was his fall at Ballarat, and many minor falls, one of which had fractured his skull at the base. Then the use of laudanum for sleeping draughts, and an occasional excess in alcohol when his mind was intolerably depressed—although, as a rule, he confined himself to one glass a day of stimulant—had not mended matters, and he felt himself too much shattered in mind and body to be of much use in the world. Only the thought of his wife, he said, reconciled him to life.

Feeling certain that the answer from Scotland would be favourable, and that he would soon have to start for home, he thought no more of taking a situation, but on the strength of his prospects borrowed a sufficient sum for temporary needs, giving a bill to the money-lenders with whom he negotiated.

Meantime, when his mind was clear enough, he was busy with his poetical work; and during this period there appeared in the

Digitized by Google

Australasian "From the Wreck," that description of his ride from the *Admella*, which has already been mentioned. "Wolf and Hound," the story of a trooper who tracks a bushranger into a dark cavern, where a pistol duel terminates the career of the outlaw. The poem is vigour itself, and the scenery is drawn from nature with bold strokes. Then came "The Sick Stockrider," which was at once popular, and is, perhaps, the best known poem ever written in Australia. Several excellent pieces were also contributed to the *Colonial Monthly* about this time, an excellent magazine, in which he took some interest, and which made him acquainted with Marcus Clarke, Horne, Kendall, Telo, M'Crae, Shillinglaw, and others who frequented the lively office of that journal.

Unfortunately, he was still easily tempted to ride, and in March, 1870, while bringing Major Baker's steeplechaser, "Prince Rupert," out of the training ground, he was thrown against a gate and picked up insensible and bleeding; but no sooner had he somewhat recovered than he mounted again and rode the race, leading for some distance over high fences till faintness overtook him and he fell to the rear.

The injury this time was internal, and he felt his end drawing near. "I don't think I shall get over this fall easily, but whatever happens, if I get the Esslemont estate, all the back rents go to my wife." So he wrote in a private letter; and in an exquisite little song written for the *Australasian* about a fortnight later, and entitled "A Song of Autumn," he predicts that this would be the last autumn he should ever see.

"Child, can I tell where the garlands go?
Can I say where the lost leaves veer,
On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild winds blow,
When they drift through the dead-wood drear?

"Girl! when the garlands of next year glow,
You may gather again, my dear;
But *I* go where the last year's lost leaves go,
At the falling of the year."

In the month of April he busied himself in getting ready for the press a new volume of poetry, which he hoped to pay for when the news from Scotland should arrive; his reason for not waiting being that he felt himself failing fast. If he could only hold out to see this volume finished, and to secure these back rents for his wife, was the hope with which he was dragging out the weeks, when the June mail arrived and brought the fatal news, that by recent

Digitized by Google

decisions of the Scotch law courts entails of that particular form were null and void.

The news was a sharp blow to Gordon, who had imprudently acted as though the case was certain. On the 23rd of June his book appeared; he dropped into Clarson and Massina's office in the morning, heard some friendly criticism from Marcus Clarke and others, insisted on knowing how much was due for the book, then went out in search of means to pay the various debts he had imprudently incurred. But the kind of talents he had to dispose of were not marketable, and the only people who seemed glad to see him were his creditors, with some of whom, however, he had unpleasant conversations. As ill-luck would have it, he met a brother poet late in the afternoon, one who had also sorrows to drown, and they were foolish enough to drop into an hotel. Gordon, when he reached home, was excited, and again ill-luck brought another friend to his lodgings that night, who talked to him indiscreetly, and agreed with him that suicide was the only thing left for a man of spirit when he feels himself not wanted in the world and only a trouble to his friends and relatives. Besides this, Gordon had for some time been ruminating on the question whether he was bound to live when death was evidently not far off, and every day dragged out, with such a poor battered head as his, was only torture to no purpose.

Next morning he rose early, without waking his wife, who, however, started to semi-consciousness at the touch of his long beard as he bent over to kiss her; but he whispered that he was going for a walk, and she fell asleep again. He loaded the rifle, which, as a member of the Brighton Artillery Corps, he had in his possession; put it on his shoulder and sallied forth along the beach. He passed some fishermen, whose cheerful salutation he did not as usual return; walked on till he had nearly reached Picnic Point, then turned into the scrub. He was never again seen in life.

It seems probable that he lay down on the sand, placed the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth, and by an ingenious arrangement pushed the trigger with his feet. And so a soul of lofty nature departed—a life of folly, weakness, unhappiness was ended. No one could lay the fault of his death seriously to his charge, however, with mind and body in such a state. His own lines are applicable—

> "And crime has cause—Nay, never pause
> Idly to feel a pulseless wrist.
> But close those eyes, through film and mist

Digitized by Google

That keep the old defiant glare,
And answer, wise Psychologist,
Whose science claims some little share
Of truth, what better things lay there?"

Was he the victim of a resistless set of circumstances, or was he sinfully wilful? As he himself puts it, was it "may, or must?" For he often speculated on such things, and now his wish was fulfilled.

"And yet I wonder when I try
To solve one question—may, or must?
And shall I solve it by-and-bye,
Beyond the dark, beneath the dust?
I trust so, and I only trust."

His volume "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" was immediately successful; the reason being, let us suppose, the genuine merit of the fine poems it contained, and not the mere sensation of its author's death.

No poetry yet produced in these colonies has been so spontaneous, so evidently the work of a poetic mind giving expression to thoughts that would not keep silence. There are mistakes in it; there is often an indifference amounting to culpable carelessness, but the true poet rings through it all. "The Sick Stockrider" could not have been improved on if Tennyson had taken a trip to Australia and given the result of his observations in verse. The dying man, conscious of a somewhat reckless, yet not a bad life, stands before us with a few strokes.

"I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil—
And life is short, the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

"For good undone and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble; this I know,
I should live the same life over if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go."

Let not Australians be diffident in claiming for the writer of such verses a high rank among the poets of the present generation.

"From the Wreck" and "Wolf and Hound" have before been mentioned; they combine the Australian and the equestrian elements of Gordon's poetry in the most perfect manner. "De Te" is probably a reminiscence of his trooper's career. A man is found in

Digitized by Google

the bush, lying dead; he has evidently killed himself, and the situation raises in the observer's mind strange speculations as to the meaning of life and its outcome in the future. "The Romance of Britomarte" is a ballad of cavalier times, describing the ride of a certain "Sergeant Leigh" on a splendid mare to procure relief for a beleaguered fortress. If you read five verses you feel you are among them, those Pyms, and Hampdens, and Cromwells, with their great jack-boots and steel morions donned for grim work; you are aglow with the excitement of that ride on which so many lives and a sweetheart's kind regards depend, and you are struck with dismay at that sweetheart's wedding with the stern "Lord Guy." In short, it is one of the finest ballads in the language.

"The Rhyme of Joyous Guard" is the description of Lancelot's remorse for his sinful amour with Guinevere. There is no hint in it of any other poet. Gordon, unfortunately, had experienced only too much of that bitter feeling which he portrayed, and the reader feels that he draws from nature.

"How we Beat the Favourite" is a popular piece after the style of Whyte-Melville. There is no poetry in it, but as a "galloping rhyme" it has probably no superior. The rhythm is wonderfully suggestive of the excited rush of steeds over the sward, and when delivered as a recitation, with due fire, it reawakens that enthusiasm which is well known to those who have witnessed a "close finish," but it has no qualities of a higher order.

It is to Whyte-Melville that the volume is dedicated, in some Swinburnian verses, giving a graphic description of the Australian surroundings amid which it was written:—

> "In the spring, when the wattle-gold trembles
> 'Twixt shadow and shine,
> When each dew-laden air-draught resembles—
> A long draught of wine.
> When the skyline's blue burnish'd resistance
> Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,
> Some song in all hearts hath existence—
> Such songs have been mine."

A charming, though vague enough, description of the origin of his poetry.

But there is no need to criticise in fuller detail verses that are well known to every Australian who has a taste for poetry. My task has been fulfilled if I have given some notion of the character and career of him who has lain these thirteen years in the Brighton

Digitized by Google

Cemetery, after a truly fitful life; a life that to himself seemed wasted pitifully, yet cannot really have been so, when he has left a volume which will from year to year acquire a more and more permanent value in the eyes of Australian readers.

ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A.

Digitized by Google

TASMANIA.

BUT few persons, who have long resided in Tasmania, are aware of the fact that their island home is almost unknown to the outer world. In its early days, when it was a penal settlement, it was well but unfavourably known, as the debates in the British House of Commons plainly testify. But since it has ceased to be a penal settlement, and up to a few years ago, little or no attention has been paid to it by the outside public, and Tasmania sank into what was not unaptly termed a "sleepy hollow." Nor can we wonder at this when large and costly works of geography treat it with the utmost indifference. Clyde's "School Geography," consisting of 481 pages, contains only twenty lines referring to Tasmania, and, for all useful purposes, might have reduced the number to five. The meagreness of the information there given perhaps indicates less the want of will than the want of ability to say more, and is, therefore, confirmatory of the statement that Tasmania is comparatively unknown.

It is better to be silent upon subjects of which we are ignorant, than to give utterance to statements which are not in accordance with truth. W. F. Collier, LL.D., the author of several historical works, says in his preface to his "British Empire," published in 1875:—"Since the exactness of historical knowledge depends greatly upon chronology and genealogy, these have been made prominent features of the work." On page 344 he says South Australia was colonized in 1834; it should have been 1836. Victoria 1837; it was actually 1835. North Australia 1838; it should have been 1865. His chronology in those instances is certainly not very exact. He says the capital of New Zealand is Auckland; we know that in 1875 Wellington was the capital. The chief Australasian exports are said to be wool, gold, tallow, and train oil. Not one word is said about wheat, copper, wine, &c. So, after all, it may be better to remain little and unknown, than to be misrepresented by even a suppression of truth.

The non-expansive character of the agricultural interest has very materially tended to retard the progress of Tasmania. Hence, we find that there was produced in 1847, or say 35 years ago,

Digitized by Google

882,000 bushels of wheat, oats, and barley *more* than in the present year, and that, too, when the population was only 58 per cent. of what it is now. In that time horses have only increased about one-third, horned cattle not so much, and sheep have remained the same. These figures will show that the term "Sleepy Hollow," as applied to Tasmania, was not altogether out of place. The value of grain, &c., exported had dwindled down from £141,000 to the sum of £25,000, and the produce of the whale fisheries from £67,000 to £12,000. Had it not been for the increase in fruit, jams, &c., from £10,000 to £150,000, as well as in wood and wool, the consequences must have been disastrous. The fact that there are only 3,300 names on the electoral roll for the Legislative Council will show that the number of property holders, of any consequence, must be small; and when we consider that there are only 15,000 electors for the House of Assembly, we can only infer that the interest which the people take in political matters is not of any intense character. This must, in a large measure, be attributed to the stationary, or, rather, retrogressive condition of the colony for the past thirty years. During the period named, with the exception of Western Australia, all the other colonies have been highly progressive.

When Victoria was first settled, Tasmania had a population of 40,000. When South Australia was proclaimed a colony, Tasmania had 43,600 inhabitants. When Queensland was colonized Tasmania, had 86,000; and now the population of Victoria exceeds that of Tasmania by 822,000, South Australia by 240,000, and Queensland by 132,000. There was nothing in the Tasmanian climate, or the capabilities of the soil, to account for this want of progress. It cannot be said that the people themselves are an inferior class, for it has been proved that they can hold their own, when put to the test, in any walk of life. At the Melbourne International Exhibition Tasmania was well placed for wool, tin, shot, coal, barley, oats, wheat, hops, oatmeal, flour, building-stone, timber, and a variety of other articles. The greatest surprise has been expressed at the possibility of this colony retaining a stationary position when she possessed the many natural advantages which visitors behold on every side. The total area of Tasmania is 16,778,000 acres; of this under 4,200,000 acres have been sold, so that the remaining, nearly three-fourths, are Crown lands, thus affording ample scope for increased settlement and occupation.

Digitized by Google

Ten years ago there were upwards of 2,000 houses in the island without a tenant. The question is very natural—How could this condition of things be accounted for? There cannot be the least doubt, if we compare the legislative action of the Tasmanian Government with that of the Governments of the other Australian colonies, that to the Parliament of Tasmania must be attributed this very humiliating position which Tasmania has been forced to assume before the other progressive sections of our Southern Empire.

The various Parliaments appear to have been too proud, too indifferent, or too selfish, either to copy the grand developmental policies of the other colonies, or to independently legislate for the people's good. It is now, however, pretty well understood that the few in power were making large fortunes at the expense of Tasmania's best interests; and that it was a wise policy, so far as their selfish interests were concerned, to keep Tasmania in the back ground, while they "improved the occasion." Hence we find in the other colonies thousands of persons battling with difficulties almost indescribable, facing a blazing sun and burning winds, ploughing an almost arid desert, which they have purchased at from £2 to £5 per acre, carting water for household purposes a distance of six miles, and posts and firewood twenty-five miles, for an annual return of from four to eight bushels of wheat to the acre! While in Tasmania we have the most delightful climate, soil of immense richness, water in vast abundance, and forests of inexhaustible wealth. This land can be purchased at £1 per acre, by private contract, and thirteen years be allowed in which the purchaser may complete his contract. This is for land which will produce nearly all kinds of fruit and vegetables to perfection, and where the average yield of grain is nearly four hundred per cent. more than in South Australia—the "Granary of *Greater Britain*." All this, however, has been unknown to the other colonies. It has been most carefully kept from the knowledge of those who have been flocking in thousands, and tens of thousands, from the United Kingdom to Canada and the United States.

The people in the mother country, as a rule, still regard Tasmania as only another name for penal Van Diemen's Land, and of that error the authorities have taken but little or no trouble to disabuse the public mind. Thus the very mention of Tasmania revives the unpleasant memories of our readings of that "hell upon earth," as Macaulay describes it—Norfolk Island; or the dungeons,

Digitized by Google

chains, and sweating hole of Macquarie Harbour. We know that not a trace of the old system remains, and, because we know, we think that every person else must know it also; but it will be a most difficult operation for the emigration lecturer to convince even the intelligent labourer and artizan of England that Tasmania is not the home of brutality which public writers have represented it to be.

Tasmania of to-day is not what it was ten years ago even, and is far from what it will be in ten years to come. She will come to the front now, in spite of the indifference or selfish greed of a few. And for this she will be indebted to her vast stores of mineral wealth. In this respect Tasmania is unique amongst the islands of the world. This fact, in conjunction with the metalliferous character of the age, must make her assume a prominent position among the various Australasian colonies. The discovery of payable gold and the development of tin mining are doing for this colony what copper did at the Burra and Wallaroo mines for South Australia; and, on a smaller scale, what the gold-fields of Victoria did for that prosperous colony. The outlook for Tasmania was, in 1870, gloomy in the extreme; but the discovery of payable gold gave an impetus to trade, which has been increasingly felt, year after year, ever since. In that year, gold, to the value of about £7,400, was produced, which has gone on increasing until the large sum of upwards of £200,000 was reached, and there is every reason to believe that this will be more than annually sustained. Only ten years ago, but four tons of tin was produced, valued at £220—now the value of the annual export is about £340,000. The dividend-paying mines are not few in number, and the amounts paid to shareholders have been very considerable. The gold mines have paid away in dividends more than one-quarter of a million sterling; and Mount Bischoff alone, a tin mine, has paid about £340,000; while, on the east coast of Tasmania, many handsome fortunes have been secured by tin; and, during the last few months, valuable gold discoveries have been made at Mount Victoria, in the same district. I remember an old saying that South Australia was to the north of Adelaide, so I feel compelled to say that the wealth of Tasmania will be found on its west coast, which at present is comparatively unknown, and practically undeveloped.

Tasmania, in respect to mineralogy, presents problems which upset all old, and what were once regarded as reliable, theories.

Digitized by Google

Mount Bischoff is about 3,000 feet above the sea, and is the highest mountain for a distance of many miles, yet it has splendid *stream tin* upon its summit, and in places almost as pure and clean as if it came from the sluicer's box. Upwards of £10,000 worth has been taken out of a surface area of only a few yards and extending to an insignificant depth; but how deep it does go is altogether unknown. And this is alongside of a lode of high percentage ore, rivalling in width the famous Comstock of America, which is said to be 600 feet wide. This mine is one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made in the southern hemisphere, and is worked at an immense profit. The appliances for dressing the ore are as complete, modern, compact, and efficient (so experts declare) as any in the world. There are valuable mines in the same locality, and no doubt other discoveries will be made in the course of years. But perhaps the most wonderful discovery of the day is that known as Specimen Reef, consisting of gold, and situated about twenty miles in a westerly direction from Bischoff. It is unlike any other discovery of gold yet made in any other part of the world. Nothing in Victoria or California is like it. The reef, or whatever else it may be called, has been struck at a depth of about thirty feet from the surface, and should it continue equally rich only for a depth of, say, two or three hundred feet, each original shareholder will not unlikely become a millionaire. The golden specimens broken out of the reef remind me more than anything else I ever saw of the rich malleable copper taken from the celebrated Moonta Mines of South Australia. If a manager were to discover a lode as rich in tin as this is rich in gold, I believe he would pronounce it to be a payable lode. The dreams of the alchemists and the fables of Arabian visionaries seem likely to be realized. And when we remember that this is but one outcrop in a wide belt of country which has an auriferous character, which has produced large quantities of alluvial gold in more than a dozen places, and which reaches for a distance of eighty miles parallel with the west coast, one can scarcely trust to words to describe the bright future there is in store for Tasmania. We are fortunate, in this year of grace 1883, in being blessed with a government which recognizes its position and responsibility, and is doing much to develop this almost *terra incognita*, so that the day cannot be far distant when the stores of mineral wealth will be unearthed, and this wilderness will become the scene of busy and remunerative industry. Mr. Thureau, the Government Inspector of Mines and

Digitized by Google

Mineralogist, in his report upon Heemskirk, a large stanniferous district, also on the west coast of Tasmania, near Macquarie Harbour, says:—

"Without the slightest doubt it will in the course of time, if the mines are continuously and efficiently worked, become a place of importance to the colony. I am surprised at the perfect network of tin-bearing deposits which exists over an extent of ground not comprehensible to those who have not yet seen the locale."

The large deposits of valuable coal found in various parts of the island, together with argentiferous and rich iron ores, are deserving of more than a passing notice, but I fear I have made my paper more than sufficiently long. From the facts I have stated I have, I think, good grounds for believing that Tasmania will not much longer remain little and unknown. In the development of her resources there is scope for the exercise of the highest intelligence of her statesmen, of the capital of her men of wealth, and the energies of her people in preparing her to be the home of a vastly greater population she now has. There are conflicting interests to be harmonized, the incidence of taxation to be adjusted, alterations and improvements to be made in her laws, the relations between capital and labour to be improved, a more comprehensive public works policy to be formed, and then there is no reason to fear that Tasmania will not experience a prosperity equal to that of her thriving neighbours.

EDWARD STEPHENS.

Waratah, Tasmania.

Digitized by Google

SPIRITUALISM.

Is it a faith or hope? For we would gladly
Deem that an exercise of faith and will
Could bring back those we parted from so sadly
To talk with us who are in earthland still;
It is not that we doubt the revelation
Given to those who would have us believe,
But that we dare not hope such consummation
Of all our dearest longings as 't would give.

For what so glorious as the pow'r to render,
But for a minute, in their dear old shape,
Spirits for whom we had regard so tender,
That when they vanished past the stormy cape
Which bounds the landscape of our life, we thirsted,
If they must go, to follow by their gate,
And cared not if our own heartstrings were bursted
Now that their strings would never more vibrate?

And what more glorious privilege than communion
With the beloved who have gone before,
To feel that they but changed their mode of union,
And not the fact, when they were wafted o'er
The icy stream, upon whose brink we shiver—
The dark waves that have filled us with dismay—
What we have called th' inexorable river,
The bourne from which no pilgrim wends his way?

I am not, but would fain be, a believer;
I am in darkness waiting for the light
That will make Death no longer a bereaver,
But benefactor, giving pure delight
To those we love, and let them hover near us,
When called in faith and duty from their home,
To tell us of their perfect state, and cheer us,
Until we, too, to Spiritland may come.

Digitized by Google

I am not a believer, but will gladly
Yield to conviction, when I can, that all
The dear ones, whom I parted from so sadly,
Will come to me, when in due faith I call,
And fain would be convinced that they do hover
About the places where they loved to be,
Awaiting but the summons to discover
In shape or symbol their approach to me.

I had a mother—holier had no man—
And often have I pictured the white wings
Of angels in the form she wore as woman,
Shielding me in my earthly wanderings;
And when, obedient to an inward moving,
I soar for once superior to self,
I seem to hear a message of approving
Whispered to me, though I am by myself.

Many a time while fleeing the avenger,
Or in some dire disaster, when there seemed
No ray of hope, I have been snatched from danger
By unseen hands, by unseen pow'rs redeemed.
Many a time, when seemingly good-fortune
Has crowned my brow with easy victory,
Have I dreamed that some spirit did importune
On my behalf before the Deity.

I love to think that souls of heroes linger
About the fields where they their glory won,
That where the giant fell to the boy-slinger
King David, in his new life, roams anon:
I love to think that each scene consecrated
By presence of the Christ, when He was here,
Is, though we comprehend not, permeated
With somewhat that we seek in vain elsewhere.

I love to tell myself that liberators,
Who died upon the eve of their success,
Witness the work, of which they were creators,
In all its consummated perfectness:

Digitized by Google

I love to tell myself that those who carried
The cross, can see their loved ones wear the crown,
And those whose fame came not till they were buried
Can know at last their well-deserved renown.

I dare not disbelieve in haunted houses,
Though I have seen nought, felt nought in the gloom
Beyond the feeling of dismay one rouses
When one invades a spectre-haunted room:
I dare not disbelieve in apparitions
Of friends at point of death beyond the seas,
Nor in the host of well-attested visions
To give forewarnings of calamities.

I am no disbeliever in the mystic
And hidden presences that awe us so,
Although I trust not in the cabalistic
Control that their professors fain would show:
I think that airy powers hover round us
With some capacity for intercourse,
Although would-be interpreters confound us
With hollow icons for the real force.

I disbelieve not, though not a believer;
I am in darkness waiting for the light,
Waiting to meet a real undeceiver,
Waiting to be convinced, if I but might,
That we on earth can exercise communion
With the beloved who have gone before,
And that they have but changed their mode of union,
And not the fact, and leave us nevermore.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S LIBRARY TABLE.

ALL honour is due to the two gentlemen, Mr. J. K. Howe and Mr. J. H. Doyle, who have at their own expense republished the works of the poet Charles Harpur. This writer, so much less known than he deserves to be, has been dead for fifteen years, and many of his admirers have been looking with no little expectancy for this volume,* which ought surely to have appeared long ago. In Harpur's lifetime he published two small volumes in pamphlet form, but of these only one is to be found in our library, the other being, so far as we know, inaccessible in this colony. Hence Harpur was known only in name to all but the very few who were willing to hunt up his works in long past files of the *Sydney Empire*.

The present volume is beautifully printed, bound in smart style, and in every way presents a cheerful contrast to the slovenly form in which the author himself saw his works presented to the public. But we turned over the pages of the book with some disappointment, for many of the pieces that are most effective are not here to be found. "Ned Connor," "The Bush Fire," and even better pieces, scattered through forgotten Sydney magazines, have been omitted, for what reason we cannot guess.

The present volume opens with a little poem of apology, the author telling that

> "All of his aptest years were past
> In primal solitudes wild and vast,"

and that his poetical efforts were carried on

> "While toiling along the plough's first tracks,
> Or 'twixt the strokes of the felling axe."

But the book needs no apology so far as culture is concerned. Its chief want is the element of human sympathy, for Harpur's poetry is cast in that high imaginative mould which few care to follow. For instance, the first piece, and one of the longest in the volume,

* *Poems by Charles Harpur, New South Wales.* George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.

Digitized by Google

is a very nightmare in the wildness of its fancies. It is called the "Tower of the Dream," and opens with a grand panegyric on dreams, then passes into the story of a wonderful medley of a vision supposed to have been seen by the author. Its story we cannot profess to give, because the *disjecta membra* are so many and so very incoherent. There are some very fine descriptions in the piece; not one of them, however, drawn from nature, but rather from the lurid glare of a theatrical witch-scene on the one hand, or, on the other, of a grand transformation scene at a pantomime got up regardless of expense.

The opening description of the story strikes the key-note of *diablerie* which is sustained throughout.

> "In the mid-hour of night, methought
> I roamed the margin of a waveless lake,
> That in the knotted forehead of the land
> Deep sunken, like a huge Cyclopean eye,
> Lidless and void of speculation, stared
> Glassily up—for ever sleepless—up
> At the wide vault of heaven."

Surely that scene is no transcript of what the author ever beheld in reality, but rather the reminiscence of some typhoid fever delirium or opium-begotten vision.

Again we have—

> "The darkness darkened, until overhead
> Solidly black the starless heaven domed,
> And earth was one wide blot."

There is a frightful giant—

> "A horrid gloomy form that shapeless seemed,
> And yet, in all its monstrous bulk, to man
> A hideous likeness bare! Still more and more
> Deformed it grew, as forth it swelled, and then
> Its outlines melted in a grizzly haze."

At these, and similar passages, on the stage they would burn red and blue lights with good effect. There are some in which the limelight and abundance of tinsel and silver gauze would be needed.

> "She witched me towards her, soft she beckoned me
> With tiny hand more splendid than a star;
> And then she smiled, not as a mortal smiles,
> With visible throes, to the mere face confined,
> But with her whole bright influence all at once
> In gracious act, as the Immortals might,

Digitized by Google

God-happy, or as smiles the morning, when
Its subtle lips in rosy beauty part
Under a pearly cloud, and breathe the while
A golden prevalence of power abroad."

There is here no hint of nature. Even Spenser, when he is most hyperbolically poetical, never heaps such an effulgence of glory upon the loveliest lady.

But grant to Harpur, to begin with, that nature is not to be looked for in his poetry, that everything is to be transcendently imaginative, and then you can understand and even enjoy him. There are passages which, of their kind, are as charming as anything the language contains.

"Then in a voice, keen, sweet, and silvery clear,
And intimately tender as the first
Fine feeling of a love-born bliss she spoke."

Or again—

"Of how great worth
Is love within the world! By the fair spring
Of even the lowliest love, how many rich
And gracious things that could not else have been
Grow up like flowers, and breathe a perfume forth
That never leaves again the quickened sense
It once hath hit as with a fairy's wand!"

The reader finishes this poem with a sense of undefined, but certainly fragmentary grandeur. He has been, like "bonny Kilmeny," in a land of vision "he kenned not where," but, certainly, not anywhere about Australia. The poem is possibly an allegory, but though we have read it perhaps a dozen times on different occasions, the solution has not yet begun to dawn.

"The Witch of Hebron" is a companion piece of some 55 pages in length. There is the same characteristic of indefinite grandeur about the "Creek of the Four Graves," though it is only in itself a simple bush tale of some pioneers who penetrate into lonely wilds, and are murdered in their sleep.

"Then the four men stretched out their tired limbs
Under the dark arms of the forest trees
That mixed aloft, high in the starry air,
In arcs and leafy domes, whose crossing curves,
Blended with denser intergrowths of sprays,
Were seen in mass traced out against the clear
Wide gaze of heaven; and trustful of the watch
Kept near them by their master, soon they slept,

Digitized by Google

Forgetful of the perilous wilderness
That lay around them like a spectral world :
And all things slept : the circling forest trees,
Their foremost boles carved from a crowded mass
Less visible by the watch-fire's bladed gleams
That ran far out in the umbrageous dark
Beyond the broad red ring of constant light ;
And even the shaded mountains darkly seen,
Their bluff brows looming through the stirless air,
Looked in their stillness solemnly asleep :
Yea, thence surveyed, the universe might have seemed
Coiled in vast rest ; only that one dark cloud,
Diffused and shapen like a spider huge,
Crept as with scrawling legs along the sky."

There is no doubt about the intrinsic grandeur of such descriptions, but they are somewhat too heavy, and encumber a poem which, if cast in a simpler key, might have been more effective. A crowd of savages burst upon the little camp; the four sleepers are murdered, but the watcher escapes and finds safety in a little cave in the overhanging banks of a stream, though his pursuers rage all round in search of him.

The weird exaltation which an unchecked imagination of the Coleridge character throws into almost all the work of Harpur seems to be the most distinctly original of his qualities. Kendall, who professed the highest possible admiration of Harpur, imitated, but did not excel him in this quality, in such poems as the "Glen of Arawatta" and "Orara."

Harpur is seen to advantage in some of his shorter pieces. "The Cloud" is a charming, though slightly fantastic, idea. A cloud has wandered from the sea, and, passing over the land, is distressed to see beneath her the busy crowds of men who toil wearily on the dusty soil; she wishes to befriend them, but learns that only by self-destruction can her pity avail them, and she resolves to die—dashes herself against a mountain-top, and dissolves in gentle rain for the thirsty land. "The Forgotten," "A Lament," and others are marked by a genuine pathos, quiet and gentle; the pathos, not of a passionate but of a reflective nature. On the other hand, some of the profoundest mysteries of existence are suggestively treated in such pieces as "To the Comet of 1843."

There is a collection of sonnets as elegant and finished as any that have appeared in the English language for many a long year. There are some, which, if the reader came upon them unawares, he would be inclined to attribute to Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google

There are, however, many pieces which seem to fail of their object through too great a preponderance of the element of imagination, which lifts them hopelessly out of the reach of human sympathy. But the general effect of the volume is such that Australians will be able to point to it with satisfaction as genuine poetry, entitled to rank as a respectable contribution to the English literature of the period.

A. S.

It is well recognized, and often reiterated, that the children of Australia should learn, as a foundation to all their other knowledge, the main facts about their own country; its geography, its flora, its fauna, and so forth. In that case we may hail the appearance of such a work as Mr. De La Poer Wall's* as a national benefit. The young people of these colonies have had no facilities for making themselves familiar with the nature of their own continent for the simple reason that the necessary text-books have not been in existence. Nor could even the conscientious teacher, who was anxious to do justice to his pupils, find, unless with many visits to libraries, and much wading through bulky volumes, that information which he would have wished to impart.

Mr. Wall's neat little volume will make the work easy. It is a compilation, from a great variety of authentic sources, of all that should be taught the young as to the physical features and the biological conditions of Australia, but all bound together by means of the author's own experiences. The work therefore loses the dryness of the mere compilation, as the reader feels that the descriptions are not wholly taken from books, but are, in part at least, direct from nature.

Mr. Wall has a careful and pleasant enough style, and is everywhere in thoroughly good taste; remembering to make everything plain and simple for the use of the young, yet always avoiding that painfully condescending style in which some naturally grandiloquent writers fancy they are making themselves agreeable to children. Young folks readily see through, and instinctively resent, anything of that sort; but a straightforward, unaffected

* *Manual of Physical Geography of Australia.* Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide: George Robertson. 1883.

Digitized by Google

manner, with a little of the piquancy due to picturesqueness, is always appreciated by them.

Mr. Wall begins with a careful description of the topography of Australia. The information he gives as to its mountains and table-lands is of the most recent date, and a great deal of it has never yet appeared in any text-book, being mostly drawn from the reports of Australian travellers. The seas and tides are then described, and much space is judiciously given to the underground reservoirs of Australia, the situation in which they occur, and the operations for obtaining from them supplies of water for unwatered districts. The rivers are described in great detail, and the climatology is very effectively, though briefly, explained.

The most interesting part of the volume will be found by Australian schoolboys and schoolgirls in the concluding chapters, where the plants and animals of the world around them are described in a suggestive way, with no encumbering mass of details, yet with a satisfactory care and correctness in such as are given. We are greatly pleased to find that the manner in which this portion of the subject is treated is such as will tempt the young to go to nature for verification, and, probably, for extension of the knowledge here given.

We could note a fault of detail here and there as we read, but not such as need be singled out for comment in dealing with a work so thoroughly satisfactory in its general execution.

A. S.

THERE is much that is suggestive, but little that is conclusive, in Mr. Wakelin's little book.* There can be no doubt that the ideas of scientific men are by no means uniform as to the nature of force, or the nomenclature to be employed in dealing with its various phenomena. Witness the angry onslaught recently made by Professor P. G. Tait upon Professor Tyndall, for entitling a certain book "Heat a Mode of Motion." Heat, according to the Edinburgh professor, is no mode of motion, but "a form of energy;" and every mathematician will agree with him, though allowing to Professor Tyndall the right to use words in an expressive popular sense rather

* *Force: a Reconsideration of our Views of Force, Energy, and Accelerating Force.* By T. Wakelin, B.A. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, 1883.

Digitized by Google

than in their strict scientific signification for popular lectures. Mr. Wakelin recounts the history of a squabble long anterior—the fight of *momentum* against *vis viva*, or, as we should now call it, *kinetic energy;* and proposes to start a similar combat on the question—"Is our present system correct in treating an accelerating force as finite, and an impulsive force as infinite? Ought we not rather to call an impulsive force finite, and an accelerating force infinitesimal?"

If one billiard ball strikes another, the one that is struck appears at that moment to move forward with a finite velocity. But when a finite velocity is produced in no time, the force employed must be infinitely great. Hence an impulsive force is *conventionally* spoken of by mathematicians as an infinite force; but that is merely because of another convention, which they make explicitly, for it is always mentioned that for their purposes bodies will be considered as absolutely rigid, although such bodies are not only impossible, but inconceivable. The fact is, that each of the billiard balls is compressed, and by their elasticity they spring back to their original form, thus being caused to rebound from one another; but during the time of compression, and subsequently of restitution of form, the ball that has been struck is by degrees acquiring a velocity progressing from nothing up to the full velocity with which it subsequently travels. It is this interval of time which converts the force exerted from that inconceivable monstrosity, an "infinite force," into a force of ordinary dimensions. But in proportion as the elasticity of the bodies is diminished, so does the impulse tend to become greater, and *if* the elasticity were nothing the force *would be* infinite; not, however, that it really is so.

Suppose a man were to expend exactly the same force in throwing an air ball, an orange, a cricket ball, a billiard ball, and a solid ball of chilled steel successively against another person's head. The *force* of the blow, as we call it, would be greater in proportion as the elasticity diminished. The air ball would be deprived of its momentum in a space of time not inconsiderable, and hence the blow would be trifling. The orange, the cricket ball, the billiard ball would all give severer blows, because their less elasticity would cause their momentum to be destroyed in much less time. The ball of chilled steel would yield so little as to produce a very much greater blow than any of the others. That is independent of the elasticity of the man's head. The harder the part struck, the more severe the blow. We thus get an idea that if the head and the ball

Digitized by Google

were infinitely hard, that is perfectly rigid, the force of the blow would be infinitely great. Till bodies are discovered that are altogether devoid of elasticity, Mr. Wakelin's paper will remain merely a useless speculation. He is conscious of this flaw when he says, "There must be something solid or hard about matter somewhere. If no atoms whatever are hard, then a *part* of an atom must be hard." Such a statement is wholly at variance with the works of Clausins, Kŏnig, Maxwell, and Thomson, in the region of molecular physics. That an atom, or any part of one, should be hard, or indeed other than perfectly elastic, is, in the face of recent researches, impossible.

The first part of Mr. Wakelin's book is devoted to the task of showing that force is only a measure of the rate at which energy is transferred from one body to another, but this has been already demonstrated over and over again of late years, and is only a definite statement of what the labours of Joule and Helmholz long ago made evident.

The second section, on "Energy," is the worst of the three, being hopelessly vitiated by a flaw in the reasoning. The object of the section is to overthrow the established definition of "work," which the author endeavours to do by means of the illustration of a moving carriage met by jets of sand, and so brought to rest. As he takes into account only the momentum of the sand, and pays no attention to the reaction—that is, he considers only the work which the sand does on the carriage, and neglects the work which the carriage does on the sand—his results are wholly incorrect. It would be out of place to examine the fallacies of this little book in detail; we can only add that it is in very good taste, and clearly written.

A. S.

A SMALL volume, entitled "Banking in Australasia from a London Official's Point of View,"* received by the last mail, is, we believe, the first attempt at a compilation which will be found of great interest to that large section of the community whose avocations connect them more or less closely with the numerous and influential financial institutions of the colonies. Probably the public at large associate the idea of banking only with masses of figures and reams

* London: Blades and Co. Melbourne: Sands and M'Dougall.

Digitized by Google

of dry, comparative statistics, enlivened at not very rare intervals with official frauds and speculative actions for damages. But to those who can look beyond the shop aspect of the question, and appreciate the advantages which the colonies have derived from the use of the hoarded savings of the thrifty, and the importation of British capital, there is no surer indication of the state of our commercial health than is to be derived from an examination of the elaborate quarterly returns published by direction of Parliament. The special organ of the money dealers, *The Banking and Insurance Record*, has, for some years, utilized these returns in a more valuable manner, and its forecasts of the financial barometer have been singularly accurate. The stand taken by this journal is far in advance of any of the kindred publications in Great Britain, and its vast accumulation of material has been freely used by the author of the book under notice. The earlier chapters are devoted to the history of the rise and progress of those banks now doing business throughout the colonies, and one chapter is filled with the disastrous chronicle of those institutions that have succumbed to "bad times," defective management, or fraudulent perversion from their original objects. It is to be regretted that this doleful chronicle is somewhat slurred over; whether because the subject was unpleasant, or because the materials were not at hand, there is no indication. It would, however, have greatly added to the value of the history if the causes of failure had been set out with sufficient detail to "point a moral" and act as a warning.

A considerable portion of the book is taken up with technical matters relating to exchange, wool shipments and their handling, banking combinations, coin reserves, and liabilities of shareholders, which will have a special interest only for those who move within banking circles.

A novel feature in such a compilation is the introduction of slight biographical sketches of deceased bank managers who have been prominent in their day; but the selection is not altogether a very judicious one, and indicates a want of local knowledge in the treatment accorded. The most interesting is that of a banker who was notorious rather than prominent—Mr. Benjamin Boyd, whose wild and reckless career is told partly in the language of the Judge of the Bankruptcy Court that dealt with his affairs, and partly from the repository of Mr. Henniker Heaton's "Australian Men of the Time." When it is remembered how all but universal Kanaka labour now is in the northern parts of these colonies, the following

Digitized by Google

extract will show how apt a man is to be discredited by being in advance of his time :—

"Among the many enterprises of Mr. Boyd it deserves to be mentioned that he was the first, or amongst the first, to attempt to procure cheap labour by the employment of South Sea Islanders. He engaged a large steamer, with five smaller vessels, as tenders, for this enterprise, and the experiment was made with natives from the New Hebrides. He landed several shiploads of the natives at Twofold Bay, and despatched them to his stations in the interior at Deniliquin and Ulupna on the Murray. They were engaged to act as shepherds or hut keepers for a term of years, at sixpence per week, with a new shirt and Kilmarnock cap every year. But a very short trial proved their unfitness for a pastoral life. Instead of being of any service on the stations, they stood in need of constant watching to keep them out of mischief. By some means or other most of them found their way to Sydney, where they created no small consternation among the women and children, as they marched through the streets all but naked, bearing their formidable clubs and other weapons, as if ready to commence an attack. Finally, after being experimented upon in various ways, amongst others as seamen on board Mr. Boyd's whalers, some of them got back to their native shores."

Considered apart altogether from the banking question, there are elements of adventurous romance about the career of Boyd that should afford ample material for an unwritten chapter of colonial history fully equal in interest to the most sensational fiction which has been domiciled in Australia.

The one defect of the "London Official" is that his point of view is not that which he would take had he acquired his information on the spot; and, if the demand justifies a second edition, it would be a decided advantage to have the pages revised by some one in Melbourne or Sydney practically acquainted with banking affairs.

H. G. T.

WHEN philosophy is cast into the poetical form, it is probable that either the philosophy or the poetry will suffer. In Mr. Brereton's little work* both fare badly by the combination. There are a few passages that are really elevated in tone and feeling, and there are some signs of thought, but to most readers the same ideas expressed in plain and unpretending prose would have given more both of pleasure and of profit.

However, taking it in the guise the author has given it, we shall

* *The Goal of Time: a poem.* By John Le Gay Brereton. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. 1883.

Digitized by Google

give a sketch of its nature. A philosopher, whose "form had not been seen for many a year in all our city," for the satisfactory reason that he had not been there, but buried in the bush, suddenly appears in a theatre—when, how, or where we cannot say, having only the poem to go by. He has throngs of eager listeners, and lifting up his voice he prophesies. This introduction we do not admire, but what this unusual bushman has to say is superior to his introduction. The purpose is to trace the divine law in the progress of man, beginning with a poetical sort of Darwinism, and concluding with a Hegelian Christianity. The principle of natural selection is thus described, with reference to what are called the "first, rude, shaggy monsters" of men:—

> "God taught these men, as still He teaches us,
> And will teach all men ever. Through themselves,
> And through their grim surroundings, age on age,
> He spake this truth to them—the best shall rule.
> No other law was needed in that age,
> Nor could be given till that law was learnt.
> They fought for life, and, fighting, won the rule.
> From age to age they fought and kept the rule,
> Till that one truth, grained in their very bones,
> Could never be forgot, 'the best shall rule.'"

The principle that by struggling for existence men progressed in intelligence and body, applies for a long time. At length a man of slightly loftier nature than his fellows suggests the idea that the ability to slay the beasts of their forests, or even other men, did not make the true "best."

> "What if we slay the beast within ourselves?
> That were a worthy conquest: slay the lust
> That bids us slay each other."

So he spoke, and the others felt his words present a higher prospect than they had thought of. So love—not the instinctive love of wife or child, but that which prompts considerateness for all others—sprang into existence; for, though Divine love had all along been steadily raising men through slow stages from plane to plane of being, still man had known nothing of self-denying love. Thus by degrees

> "The savage dies,
> And so the man, the angel, springs to life
> In all the beauty of perennial youth,
> And all the glorious liberty of love."

Digitized by Google

This theatre-prophet has rather an exalted notion, however, of pre-historic man—

> "All men then
> Were seers and prophets : then no priest usurped
> Authority and taught a dubious creed."

There is much of this part of the poem which is absurdly elevated. You would imagine that a spotless innocence reigned among these children of nature—

> "No worship theirs, save the spontaneous chime
> And ebullition of harmonious souls
> Together drawn, in song or mystic dance
> At morn or eve, or 'neath the summer moon."

Rather a fancy picture of, say, South Sea Island worship! But there are three lines which are both true and suggestive—

> "When rules the best, though on the lowest plane,
> Life's course is upward ; but when not the best,
> Then downward, though our heads be 'mid the stars."

But this gentleman from the bush has only a poor account to give dress circle, pit, and gallery of the state of man when self-love and law began to struggle for mastery. Tyrants then became necessary, and those beautiful beings before described become

> "A helpless world of slaves—the slaves of beasts."

God then gave the Jews a banner to wave aloft, but instead of doing so they trailed it in the mud.

The author then proceeds to prove—always in poetry, however, in which strict logic is not to be looked for—that the only cure was for the Infinite to assume a finite form, and mingle as man among men. How the "poetry" suffers will be clear from this extract:—

> "From this stage
> Wherefrom I speak this night, I've heard ere now
> Our Shakespeare speak to twice a thousand hearers,
> Thrilling them with his presence ; unto each
> A veritable Shakespeare, to himself
> Not less the undiminished Shakespeare still."

After telling us that

> "A star is not the less for shining, nor
> A rock for being seen,"

the poet becomes more difficult to comprehend ; and, as we have failed in three perusals to become even dimly conscious of the

Digitized by Google

meaning of some passages, it would manifestly be unfair to criticise them. Yet there are here and there a few lines which are not only intelligible, but even felicitous :—

> "Only those
> Who make a heaven on earth as best they can,
> Will find a heaven hereafter."

He tells us—

> "Human all
> Are angels' joys, for angels are but men
> Advanced to perfect manhood."

To this might be objected Josh Billings' flippant but decidedly suggestive remark, "Don't prophesy unless you happen to know." We have no sympathy with those who dogmatically settle the scenes and conditions of future life out of their own internal consciousness. If future existence is to be in a spirit world, we cannot readily conceive how "human joys," which are mostly of the senses, can affect what Milton calls

> "The immortal soul that hath forsook
> Its mansion in this fleshly nook."

When the eloquent bushman has finished, an "old man, a weather-beaten sailor," rises and starts a song—

> "Keep the channel! Steady! steady!
> Clear the shallow! Shoot the eddy!
> Now we've passed them: all is ready.
> Spread the sail! Away we go."

The theatre, full of people, take up the chorus, and the poem ends. The expression, "Away we go," being, perhaps, intended to describe that stampede for the door which is usual when all the company on the stage join hands and advance to the footlights.

Mr. Brereton's poem shows its author to have some little knowledge of science, considerable facility in handling blank verse, and no little share of intellectual power; but we fear it is nevertheless a mistake, and doomed to perish of its own frailties. But its lot will be a common one. The present year will, probably, see some three or four hundred volumes of poems published in the English language, of which, perhaps, only one or two will survive for twenty years; and we do not think that either Mr. Browning's "Jocoseria" or Mr. Brereton's "Goal of Time" will fare happily under the stern law of the survival of the fittest.

A. S.

Digitized by Google

A HIGHLY-DILUTED dose of Byron at second-hand forms the contents of Mr. F. S. Renwick's little volume.* There is poetry in it, but only as a very mild flavouring. There are homœopathic medicines which are prepared by mixing a single drop of a liquid with a bucketful of water, then taking a drop of this mixture and adding it to another bucketful of water. The compound is not likely to be of an actively operative character; but it is, in its way, typical of much of Mr. Renwick's versification. The author, we learn from his preface, has composed his verses in the heart of the Gippsland hills, surely the very place where originality and poetry might have a chance to flourish. In justice we must add that, in his preface, he apologizes for any unwitting appropriation of other people's thoughts and in a footnote to one of the poems he not unnaturally ejaculates, "Shade of Byron, forgive!" which it may conveniently enough afford to do.

The first piece in the little volume is entitled "Betrayed." It is in blank verse, which the author evidently finds much handier to wield than rhyme. The lines are not without a certain ease, and the story, merely as a story, attracts the interest of the reader; but all else is hopeless weakness. We are introduced to the heroine in a convent, where she is being educated. She is saying her prayers, with a sort of operatic sentimentality, at midnight, in the chapel. The second part introduces her when out in the world, unsuspiciously listening to the honeyed words of a *gentleman*, as he is ironically called, who betroths himself to her in secret before the altar in some cathedral—St. Patrick's is meant, we fancy—then betrays his victim. In the third part she appears after being deserted by her lover; plays sweet music, and passes into what is called the "Shadow of the Dream." The story is pathetic, and is apparently founded on some real incident; though well worn, a writer of genuine fire might have made something out of it, with local colouring and original details.

"Mara" is a Maori legend; but beyond a quantity of lines in the Maori language, and a sprinkling of Maori names, we can see nothing characteristic in it. Mara loves Rewi, but her father betroths her to the son of Hira. She dies, and Rewi avenges her death by a vigorous indulgence in bloodshed, himself and Hira falling dead together as a grand finale.

* *Betrayed: an Australian Tragedy, and other Poems.* By F. S. Renwick. George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. 1883.

Digitized by Google

In "Madeleine" a lady and gentleman discuss the widely debated details of materialism. What they have to urge is excellent—she against, and he, until he confesses himself converted, in favour of materialistic doctrines; but the views they express are at present the common property of every newspaper in the empire.

Then follow some shorter pieces. We had marked a number of passages for favourable consideration; but, on consideration, we fear they must all be assigned to deceased authors. Mr. Renwick is all himself in such lines as these—

> "There woman's soft form
> Contends with the fierce storm,
> Sinking at last.
>
> "Farewell the love and care,
> Watching and praying!
> All whom you cherish are
> Through the wave straying."

We trust and hope that Mr. Renwick has had pleasure and mental profit in writing his verses. The Muse smiles kindly on him who woos her, though only one here and there can win her for himself; and while this volume will probably remain on its author's hands for years to come, to be liberally distributed among his friends, he will, perhaps, not regret the time and labour spent in its composition.

A. S.

To those who watch Australian publications as an index of the progress of general Australian culture, this brochure of forty pages* is rather interesting, as being the first essay in the field of research by a young doctor who has quite recently completed his medical studies in the Melbourne University. The interest lies not so much in anything very new in the way of results as in the promise given of good work to come. Taken as a study in the selection and gathering of suitable statistical facts, and in their judicious handling when gathered, this little publication indicates that Dr. Barrett possesses, in a high degree, the faculty of taking pains, and of turning the result of his pains to the best account.

He first lays himself out to make a certainty of the prevailing conviction that all the forms of continued fever (low, gastric,

* *Typhoid Fever in Victoria.* By J. W. Barrett, M.B.

Digitized by Google

colonial, and typhoid fever) are continuous—that is, that they are different degrees of the one fever; and, as far as statistical and general non-experimental evidence avails, he succeeds. His next point of interest is the establishing of a relation between the rainfall and the prevalence of typhoid fever in Victoria, and he proves quite completely "that a wet season means a mild typhoid fever season, and a dry one a severe typhoid fever season." His suggestion that a wet season causes the typhoid season to be mild, because during it the rain is scouring the face of the earth and flushing the drains, will hardly hold in face of the fact that typhoid is undoubtedly spread through fluid media; he shows himself that an outbreak of typhoid anywhere on the banks of a creek means a flow of the fever down stream—that is, we may call running water a good conductor of typhoid. Now, the wetter the season, the better the water connection between the habitations of men and their sources of water for washing and drinking; and, accordingly, the greater ought the prevalence of typhoid to be. The etiological connection between rainfall and typhoid fever must, therefore, be deeper, and offers scope for research. Another matter that calls for investigation, and which ought to yield important side results, is the law "that the prevalence of typhoid fever is inversely as its mortality," or, in other words, "the contagiousness of typhoid is inversely as its virulence," which is in curious contrast with those zymotic diseases that have been most completely examined experimentally, where the contagiousness varies directly as the virulence. In those cases where the virus is attenuated by any treatment experimentally discovered, the disease in its tempered form is less contagious—that is, when the vitality of the bacteroid is diminished in the subject, it is diminished outside the subject, so that in passing from one subject to another it has less chance of survival. The above law that holds in typhoid seems to indicate that the more the bacteroid gets adapted to development in the subject, the more unfit it gets to survive under extra-subject conditions—that is, it finds more difficulty in passing from subject to subject.

As Dr. Barrett calls this brochure "Section I.," and expresses the intention of bringing out a complete work on typhoid fever, we may have the pleasure some time hence of noticing the results of his investigation on the above points. He has shown great tact in using so thoroughly the graphic method of presenting his statistical facts.

W. S.

Digitized by Google

MR. JAMES MACGREGOR'S book about Australia* is a laudable attempt to advertise the colonies. It is a neatly prepared little work of a hundred and thirty pages, published at the small price of sixpence, and intended to be sold broadcast throughout the British Islands. Mr. Macgregor will scarcely, we should imagine, make any profit out of the venture, and so we take his assurance to be true, that his only object is to make the colonies widely known in Europe. The colonies should be grateful—and yet they might almost have preferred another champion. Mr. Macgregor is, in the first place, too belligerent. For instance, he applied to all the Agents-General in London for advertisements—he prints all the replies at the end of the book, making sarcastic references to those that refused. The Queensland Agent-General sent a simple answer in the negative, with no reasons assigned. Mr. Macgregor indicates his belief that that course was wisest, for had the Agent-General given his reasons he might have been "written down an ass." Such a writer is no doubt energetic, but certainly injudicious. The whole tone of the book is indiscreetly glowing. Australia in it becomes the land of fable: overflowing with wealth, blest with unfailing happiness, characterized by the highest intelligence, and enjoying a "heavenly liberty." We fancy we see the honest British farmer looking through these "Facts," which in very truth are facts, but too richly overloaded with adjectives. He shakes his head sceptically, and says it reads a little too much like the literature of patent medicines. No cautious man would be induced to start for the colonies by such an overdrawn picture, and the incautious one would land here only to blaspheme.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Macgregor had only presented his "Facts" without his fulsome praises, his book would have been of great use to the colonies, for there is no doubt that both the colonies and the industrious but half-starved labourer of the old world would benefit by an influx of emigrants among us.

In this respect it is unpleasant for Victorians to observe at the end of the book how New Zealand, New South Wales, South Australia all make liberal provision for attracting some of that vast potential wealth, the labour that is running to waste in over-populated lands. Should not the name of Victoria be at the head of all such useful movements?

* *Fifty Facts about Australia.* By James Macgregor. London: Letts, Son and Co. Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane: George Robertson. 1883.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Macgregor's "Facts" cover the whole extent of useful information about Australia, and are written in a pleasant, cheerful style, which is never at all dry. His chief failings are a tendency to be discursive, and a tincture of dogmatism. He is fond of introducing illustrations often no more forcible than the following:—"'A penny saved is a penny gained,' is a maxim at the bottom of all thrift, as much as punning is at the foundation of all wit."

We can recommend the book to Australian readers, who will probably be surprised at the growth that is going on comparatively unnoticed around them, without being either provoked or misled by that distressing feature of inordinate boasting to which we have referred.

A. S.

THOUGH of slender literary pretensions, Mr. Robert C. Miller's little work on books* is interesting enough to repay perusal. Though professedly only a compilation, the author has had the tact to select from a great many sources only such items as would tempt the reader to wander on and on till, if leisure served, he reached the end. By the way, he may sometimes wonder whither he is going, and what was the object of throwing together such a collection of miscellaneous facts, with no very apparent principle of cohesion among them. But there can be no doubt that the ninety-three pages of gossip about books that Mr. Miller has here provided are read with greater pleasure than many more ambitious efforts.

The author is one of those artless mortals whose inmost thoughts are no secrets when they take pen in hand. As he rambles along among books and authors he pours forth his opinions on men and things with a *naïveté* that writers of greater shrewdness would avoid; thereby, however, only losing a fresh and personal charm which, slight though it be, this little work possesses.

Mr. Miller informs his readers, in the preface, that for a shilling they can obtain in his book the essence of a hundred volumes, worth seventy pounds! The truth is, that in reading a number of standard works which he mentions in this preface, he seems to have noted all the passages which struck him, and, selecting all that had any connection with books, he has condensed them, re-written them in his own words, and thrown them into a little book, which,

* *Books, their History and Influence.* An Essay by Robert C. Miller. Melbourne: M. L. Hutchinson. 1883.

Digitized by Google

though useless as a work of reference, is still interesting in a gossipy way.

The author has evidently drawn largely upon "Allibone's Great Dictionary of British and American Authors," and has to some extent adopted the pietistic and didactic digressiveness of that industrious compiler. Mr. Miller's style is not polished; its frequent violations of grammar, want of care in punctuation, and defiance of method make it sometimes disagreeably crude. It is to be expected that in such a mass of facts there must be some inaccuracies, but there are here more than there is any good excuse for, and some are such as ought to be easily detected by any one of a moderately extensive reading.

But, disregarding details, and treating the book as a whole, it is to be commended as a means of diffusing in a handy form a great deal of interesting literary facts. The best read man will find some curious and interesting information in its pages. The general effect is something like that of the elder D'Israeli's works; but, of course, its value is enormously lessened by the consideration that it is only a compilation from compilations. Nevertheless, we recommend it to our readers who may have a difficulty in finding a light and entertaining, yet not wholly uninstructive, book to pass away two or three hours pleasantly. The main use of the book, however, will obviously be to those whose tastes are not literary, but who may, by it, be tempted to visit the Public Library or the booksellers in search of the works for which it may, perhaps, whet their appetites.

A. S.

It is not easy to deal with a book like that of Mr. J. Wood Beilby.* The author proposes to revolutionize all our existing cosmographic science, and yet his own scientific knowledge might be described in Milton's phrase as only light enough to make darkness visible. His object is to prove that the axis of the earth has changed, and will again change, producing, as it does so, the most frightful catastrophes. His style is not clear; but we gather that the cause of this change of axis is the enormous collection of ice near the poles. He is startled by the weight given for a single iceberg in Baffin's Bay. According to Parry, it was over a billion tons; but

* *Eureka: an Elucidation of Mysteries in Nature—The Problems of Science.* By J. Wood Beilby. Melbourne: Walker, May and Co. 1883.

Digitized by Google

as the weight of the earth must be something like five thousand billion billions of tons, it is clear that five thousand of these icebergs would only amount to the billionth part of the earth's weight. That would not, under any circumstances, cause a serious deflection of the earth's axis; but when situated near the pole, and distributed with moderate evenness round it, the change is infinitesimal, and we may rest satisfied that the sea will not rise, and never has risen, six miles above its present level anywhere on that account.

The reader of Mr. Beilby's pages has a suspicion throughout that science is not the real object of the book, and this ripens into grim certainty in the last chapter, where he finds the prophecies of the Apocalypse all fully sustained by Mr. Beilby's theories. It then becomes plain that Mr. Beilby's scientific process is to take these prophecies as facts for the future, and torture our existing scientific knowledge into some semblance of support for them. We have read the book with some little care, and find it a tissue of undoubted facts culled from many sources, but all pressed into the service of a hopelessly useless theory, which a thorough scientific training would have exhibited to Mr. Beilby in all its weakness.

A. S.

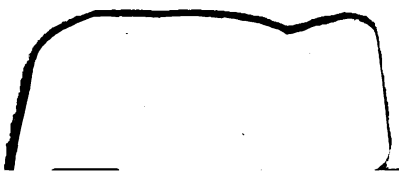
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google